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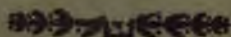
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VICTORY-SONGS

BY
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

AND
JAMES H. RUEBUSH



PUBLISHED BY
THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.
DAYTON, VIRGINIA.

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Victory-Songs

**A superior and varied collection of Gospel Songs and Hymns
for Sunday Schools, Church Services, Prayer Meetings,
Revival Meetings, Young People's Societies
and all kinds of Religious Work**

BY

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY AND JAMES H. RUEBUSH

PUBLISHED BY

THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.

DAYTON, VA.

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PREFACE

We have thought of Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple. According to Thy name, O God, so is Thy praise unto the ends of the earth.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless His name.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song, for He has done marvelous things. His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the VICTORY.

Praise ye the Lord, for the Lord is good; sing praise unto His name. for it is pleasant.

Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live I will praise the Lord; I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

Sing unto the Lord and praise Him in the congregation of Saints.

THE BIBLE.

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VICTORY-SONGS

No. 1.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Haste we on, the Mas-ter call-eth, Fold our i - dle hands no more,
2. Haste we on to those that per - ish, On the drear - y waste of sin,
3. Haste we on with zeal and cour-age, Hear a - gain our Lord command,
4. Haste we on our sheaves to gather, For the reap-ing soon will come,



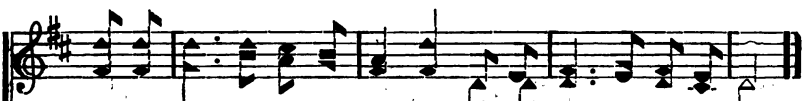
For the sum - mer days are wan - ing, Soon the har - vest will be o'er.
To the feast of love that waits them, Quickly go and bring them in.
To the weak and heav-y heart - ed, Go and lend a help-ing hand.
Then with joy, if we are faith-ful, We shall sing the har-vest home.



CHORUS.



Slumber not, the time is pre - cious, Bid our ev - 'ry pow'r a-wake,



O im - prove the gold-en mo - ments, Do-ing all for Je - sus' sake.

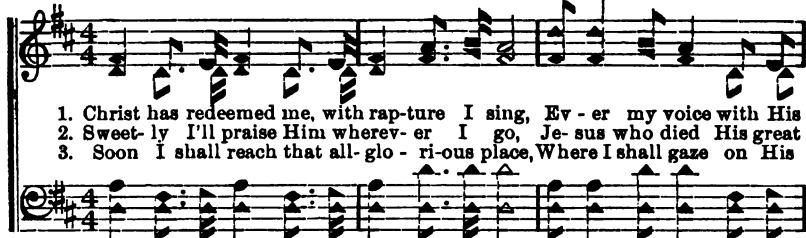


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NO. 2. CHRIST HATH REDEEMED ME.

JAMES ROWE.

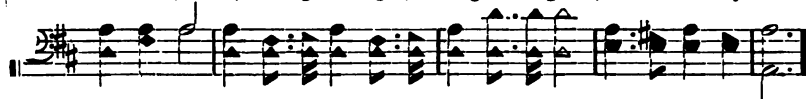
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Christ has redeemed me, with rap-ture I sing, Ev - er my voice with His
 2. Sweet-ly I'll praise Him wherev - er I go, Je - sus who died His great
 3. Soon I shall reach that all - glo - ri - ous place, Where I shall gaze on His




praise shall ring, While to His bosom I trusting-ly cling, Praise His holy name.
 love to show; He hath redeemed me, I'm pardoned I know; Praise His holy name.
 matchless face, There, through the ages, I'll sing of His grace, Praise His holy name.



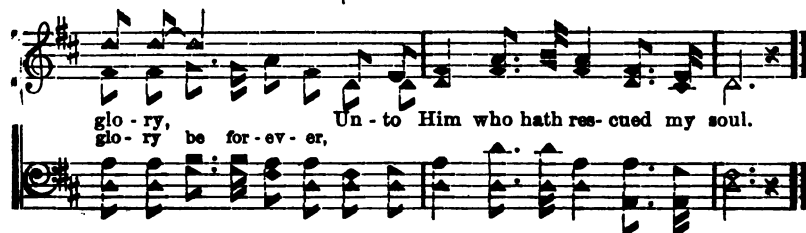
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, glo - ry, To the
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, praise and glo - ry be for - ev - er



Lamb who hath made me whole; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hon - or,



glo - ry, Un - to Him who hath res - cued my soul.
 glo - ry, be for - ev - er,

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No. 3. WHEN WE MEET HIM FACE TO FACE.

JAMES ROWE.

JESSE M. HAYES.

1. When our tri - - als all are o'er, When we
 2. There a - mid the an - gel - throng, With the
 3. We will trust His bound-less love, Ev - 'ry

leave this earthly place, How our voic - - es sweet will
 friends who went be - fore, We shall lift our hap - py
 tri - - al meekly bear, Till He bids us come a -

D.S.—Songs of rap - - ture we shall
 FINE

soar, When we meet Him face to face.
 song, And our Sav - - iour dear a - dore.
 bove, With His saints to serve Him there.

sing, When we stand be - fore our King.
 CHORUS.

Face to face, face to face, yes, face to face, face to face.

We shall praise Him for His grace; for His grace;
 We shall praise Him for His grace; for His grace;

Copyright, 1910, by Jesse M. Hayes.

No. 4. KEEP THE STANDARD WAVING.

JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEASLEY.

1. Keep the roy - al stand - ard wav - ing, sol - diers of the King;
 2. Press a - long, and wav - er nev - er, though the foe be strong,
 3. Keep the gos - pel ban - ner o'er you, keep the cross in view,

Sin is ma - ny still en - slav - ing; let the war - cry ring;
 Christ the Lord will lead you ev - er, keep - ing you from wrong;
 Drive the host of sin be - fore you, fear - less - ly pur - sue;

Help the na - tions all your bright light to see, Help the cap - tive
 Tell the sto - ry sweet, wher - ev - er you go, Let your heart with
 Christ will crown your souls, when war - fare is o'er, You shall reign with

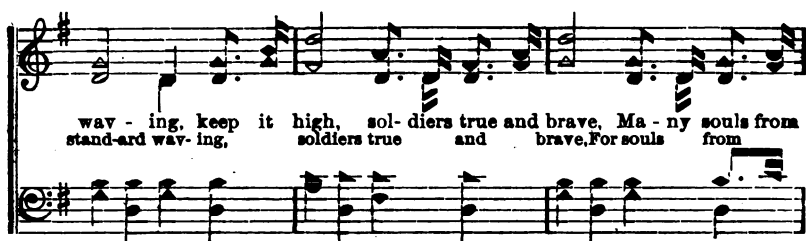
soul to be free, On ward, faith - ful sol - diers, Christ will vic - tory bring.
 love o - ver - flow; Onward, Christians, on - ward, with a joy - ous song.
 Him ev - er - more; Onward, hap - py sol - diers, to the end be true.

CHORUS.

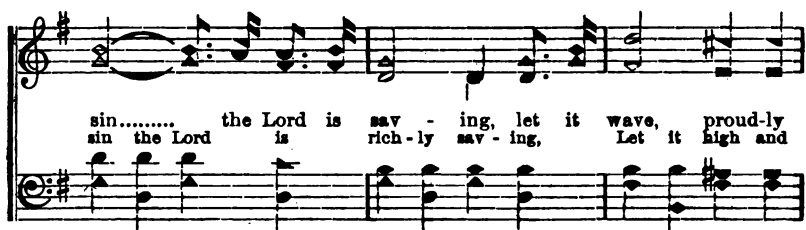
On - ward, for - ward, on - ward, up - ward, Keep the stand - ard
 love o - ver - flow; Onward, Christians, on - ward, with a joy - ous song.
 Him ev - er - more; Onward, hap - py sol - diers, to the end be true.

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KEEP THE STANDARD WAVING.—Concluded.



way - ing, keep it high, sol - diers true and brave. Ma - ny souls from
stand - ard wav - ing, sol - diers true and brave, For souls from



sin..... the Lord is sav - ing, let it wave, proud - ly
sin the Lord is rich - ly sav - ing, Let it high and



wave; Tell..... the matchless sto - ry of His
proud - ly wave, Ev - er tell and sing the match - less sto - ry



love ev - er - last - ing love; Mag - ni - fy His name and matchless
of His ev - er - last - ing love and mag - ni - fy His



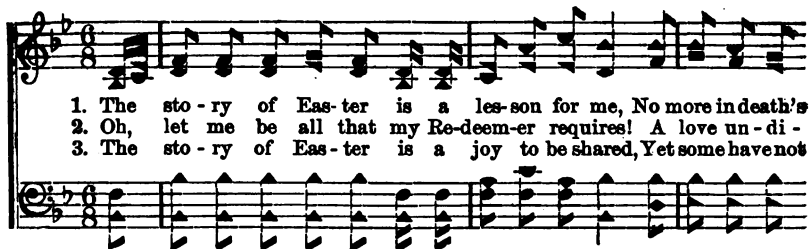
glo - ry till He crown your souls a - bove.
glo - ry bright, till He crown your souls a - bove.

No. 5.

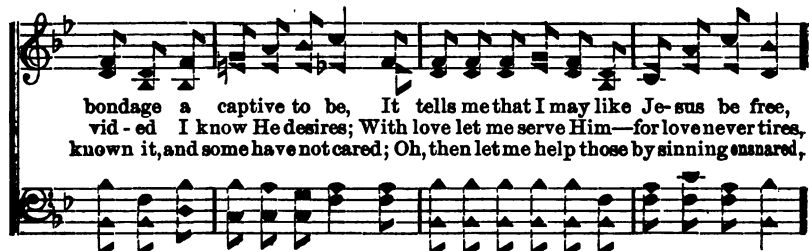
NEWNESS OF LIFE.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

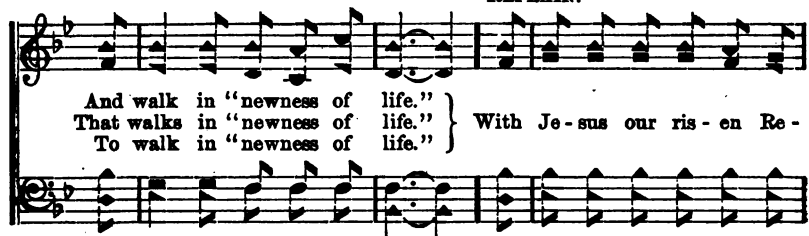


1. The sto - ry of Eas - ter is a les - son for me, No more in death's
 2. Oh, let me be all that my Re - deem - er requires! A love un - di -
 3. The sto - ry of Eas - ter is a joy to be shared, Yet some have not

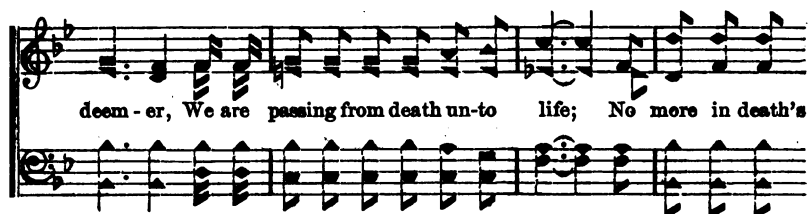


bondage a captive to be, It tells me that I may like Je - sus be free,
 vid - ed I know He desires; With love let me serve Him—for love never tires,
 known it, and some have not cared; Oh, then let me help those by sinning ensnared,

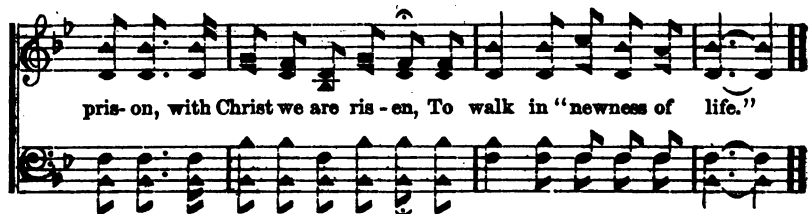
REFRAIN.



And walk in "newness of life." } With Je - sus our ris - en Re -
 That walks in "newness of life." }
 To walk in "newness of life."



deem - er, We are passing from death un - to life; No more in death's



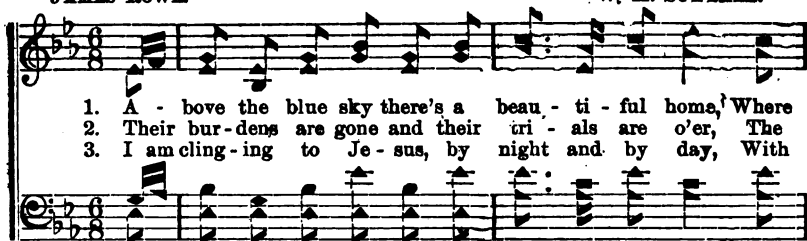
pris - on, with Christ we are ris - en, To walk in "newness of life."

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No. 6. WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

JAMES ROWE.

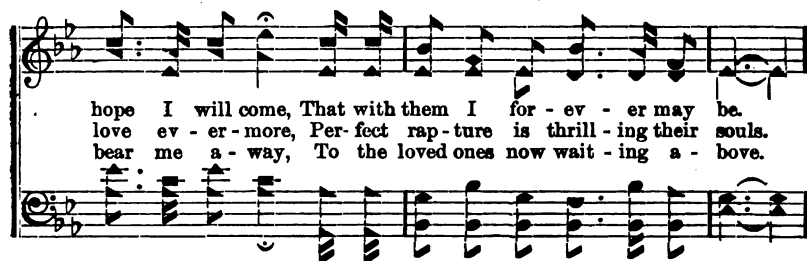
W. H. SUMRALL.



1. A - bove the blue sky there's a beau - ti - ful home, Where
 2. Their bur - dens are gone and their tri - als are o'er, The
 3. I am cling - ing to Je - sus, by night and by day, With

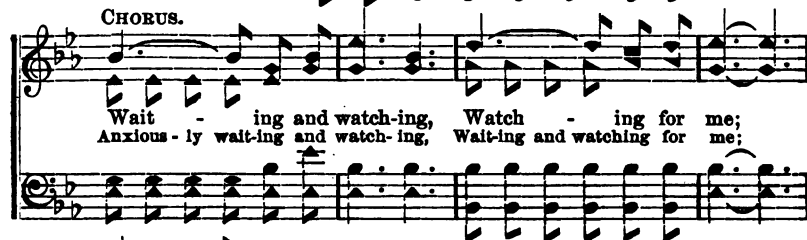


loved ones are wait - ing for me; They anxious - ly wait, for they
 One who redeemed them con - trols; They rest in the arms of His
 faith in His won - der - ful love, As - sured that at last He will

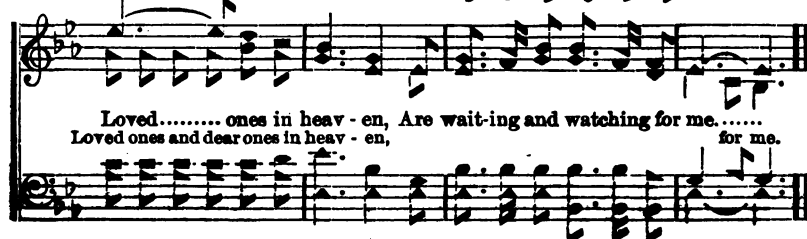


hope I will come, That with them I for - ev - er may be.
 love ev - er - more, Per - fect rap - ture is thrill - ing their souls.
 bear me a - way, To the loved ones now wait - ing a - bove.

CHORUS.



Wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for me;
 Anxious - ly wait - ing and watch - ing, Wait - ing and watching for me;



Loved..... ones in heav - en, Are wait - ing and watching for me.....
 Loved ones and dear ones in heav - en, for me.

Copyright, 1910, by W. H. Sumrall.

No. 7. WHY HAVE YOU WANDERED?

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

With feeling.

1. Oh, why have you wan-dered so far in - to sor - row? Come
2. Oh, why have you wan-dered from such a kind Fa - ther? Come
3. O wan - der - er, think of the love that is watch - ing Come
4. Oh, how can you wan - der when dear ones are greiv - ing? Come

home, come home, come home. At home there is peace, there is par - don and home, come home, come home. No joy shall be found in the famine-cursed home, come home, come home. Of love that is wait-ing with pa-tience and home, come home, come home. There's nothing but harm in the sins you are

CHORUS.

plen - ty. Come home to-day, come home.
country, Come home, oh, yes, come home.
yearning, Come home, yes, now, come home. } O wan-der-ing one, there's a
leav-ing, Come home, come home, come home.

wel- coming Fa-ther, Come home, come home, come home. He fol-lows, He

calls you, He ten - der - ly loves you, Come home, oh, will you come home?

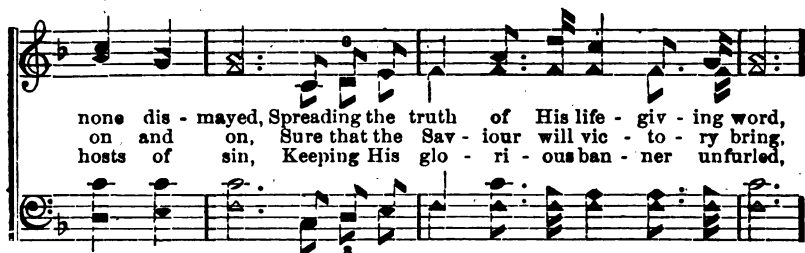
No. 8. SABBATH SCHOOL BRIGADE.

JAMES ROWE.

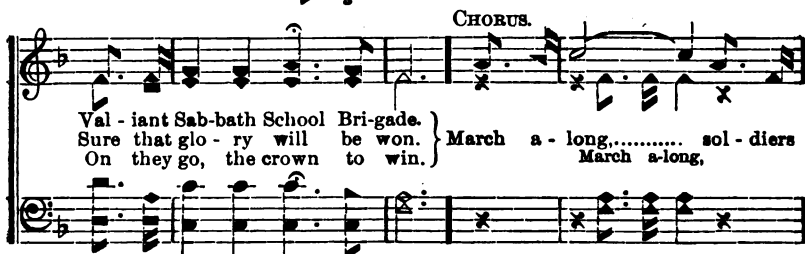
J. BERRY SMITH.



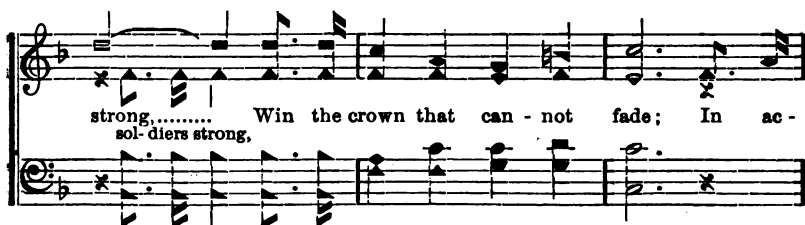
1. Onward they go, in the light of the Lord, None dis-cour-aged,
 2. Ev-er the praise of their Lead-er they sing, Press-ing brave-ly
 3. Tell-ing the sto-ry of love to the world, Press-ing back the



none dis-mayed, Spreading the truth of His life-giv-ing word,
 on and on, Sure that the Sav-iour will vic-to-ry bring.
 hosts of sin, Keeping His glo-ri-ous ban-ner unfurled,



CHORUS.
 Val-iant Sab-bath School Bri-gade. }
 Sure that glo-ry will be won. } March a-long,..... sol-diers
 On they go, the crown to win. } March a-long,



strong,..... Win the crown that can-not fade; In ac-
 sol-diers strong,

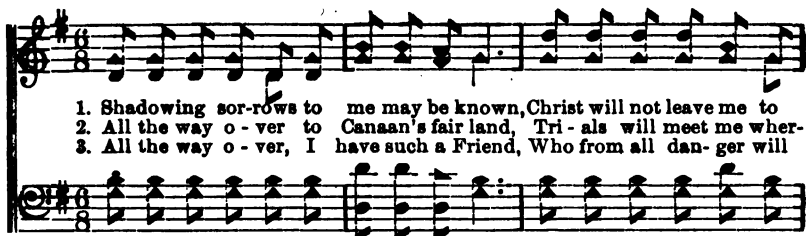


cord,..... serve the Lord,..... Val-iant Sab-bath School Bri-gade.
 In ac-cord, serve the Lord,

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Mrs. FRANK A. BRUCK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

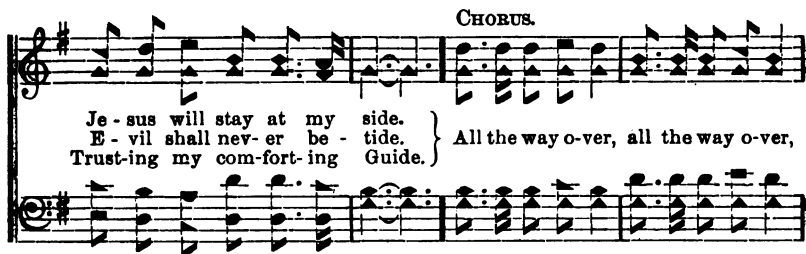


1. Shadowing sor-rows to me may be known, Christ will not leave me to
 2. All the way o - ver to Canaan's fair land, Tri - als will meet me wher-
 3. All the way o - ver, I have such a Friend, Who from all dan-ger will

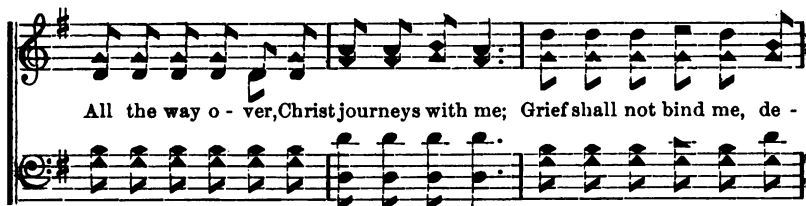


bear them a - lone; Tru - ly He loves me, He cares for His own,
 ev - er I stand; I will not fear them with Je - sus at hand,
 strong-ly de - fend, I may keep sing-ing-care-free to the end,

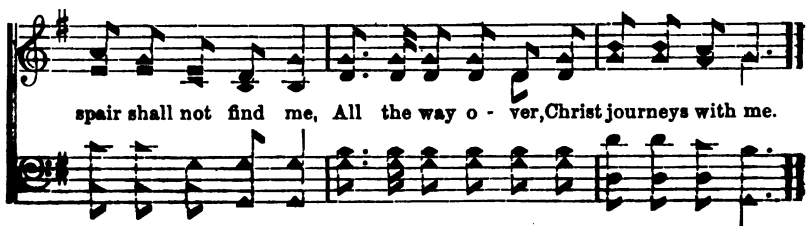
CHORUS.



Je - sus will stay at my side.
 E - vil shall nev-er be - tide.
 Trust-ing my com-fort-ing Guide. } All the way o-ver, all the way o-ver,



All the way o - ver, Christ journeys with me; Grief shall not bind me, de -



spair shall not find me, All the way o - ver, Christ journeys with me.

JAMES ROWE

C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. Christ has died up - on the cross, Just to save my soul from loss,
 2. He will nev - er let me stray From the love - lit nar - row way,
 3. In the shel - ter of the fold, My Re - deem - er's hand I hold,

Bless His name, Bless His name, bless His name; bless His name;

He has wash'd my sins a - way, I am hap - py night and day,
 I will trust His matchless grace, Till I meet Him face to face,
 All my wan - der - ings are past, I am safe in Christ at last,

D.S.—In His love I will re-joice, He's my soul's e - ter - nal choic

FINE. CHORUS.

Bless His name, Bless His name, bless His name. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb,

In the peaceful fold I am, Bless His name, bless His name.
 Bless His name, bless His name.

Copyright, 1910, by C. C. Cunningham.

No. 11.

KEEP LOOKING TO HIM.

JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Not too fast.

1. When the bur - den of sor - row is bend - ing you low, Keep
2. Though the love of com - pan - ions grow cold and de - part, Keep
3. What - so - ev - er be - fall you, have faith in His love, Keep

look - ing to Him, keep look - ing to Him; Christ a - lone can up -
 look - ing to Him, keep look - ing to Him; He will al - ways be
 look - ing to Him, keep look - ing to Him; Till safe - ly you

hold you and light-en your woe, Keep lov - ing - ly looking to Him.
 faith - ful and close to your heart, Keep lov - ing - ly looking to Him.
 rest in His kingdom a - bove, Keep lov - ing - ly looking to Him.

D.S.—answer each call, Keep lov - ing - ly look - ing to Him.

CHORUS.

Keep His love in your soul, Let Him whol - ly con - trol, Be the

pathway so sun - ny or dim; He's the best friend of all, And will

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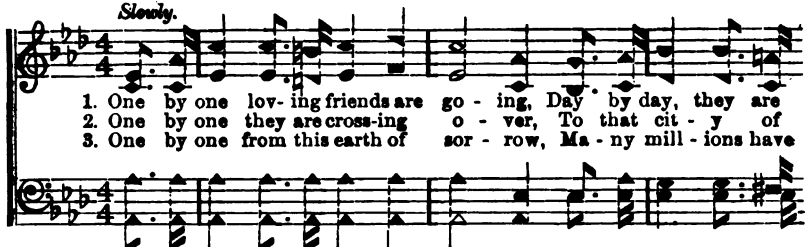
No. 12. ONE BY ONE THEY'RE CROSSING OVER.

WM. M. G.

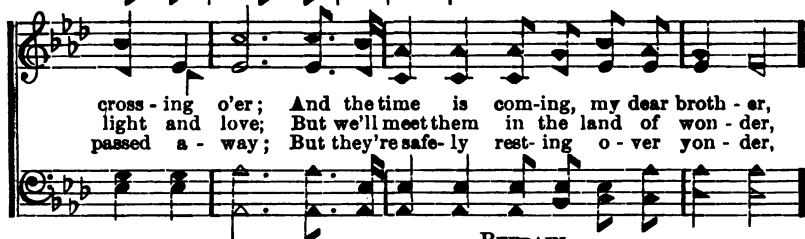
Effective as a funeral song.

WM. M. GOLDEN.

Slowly.

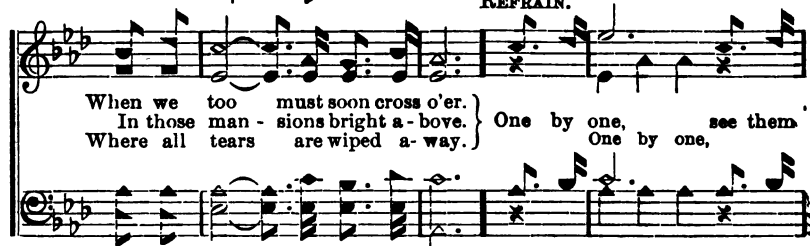


1. One by one lov-ing friends are go-ing, Day by day, they are
 2. One by one they are cross-ing o-ver, To that cit-y of
 3. One by one from this earth of sor-row, Ma-ny mill-ions have

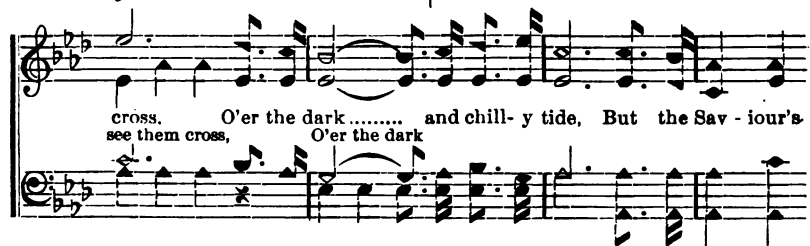


cross-ing o'er; And the time is com-ing, my dear broth-er,
 light and love; But we'll meet them in the land of won-der,
 passed a-way; But they're safe-ly rest-ing o-ver yon-der,

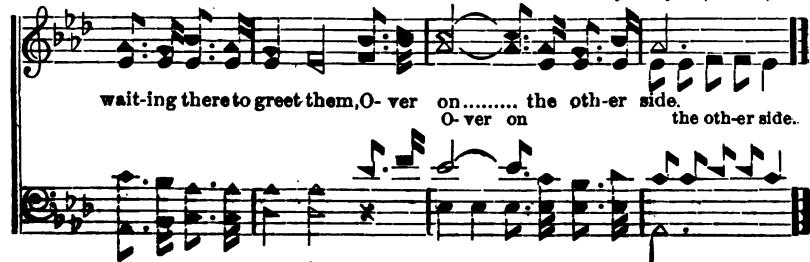
REFRAIN.



When we too must soon cross o'er. } One by one, see them
 In those man-sions bright a-bove. } One by one,
 Where all tears are wiped a-way. }



cross, O'er the dark..... and chill-y tide, But the Sav-iour's
 see them cross, O'er the dark



wait-ing there to greet them, O-ver on..... the oth-er side.
 O-ver on the oth-er side.

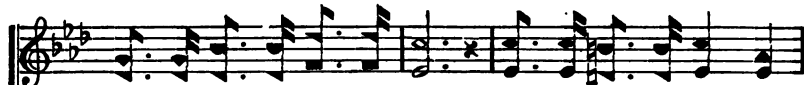
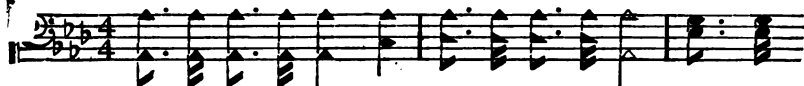
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S. W. B.

SAMUEL W. BEASLEY.



1. Are you oft - en wea - ry with life's care and strife, Do you
 2. Is the heart bow'd down with doubts and dreary fears, Does the
 3. Would your heart be glow - ing with a love di - vine, Light - ing



sigh for com - fort on the way; Sing a song of Je - sus,
 day grow dark - er here be - low; Sing a song of Je - sus,
 up the chambers of your soul; Sing a song of Je - sus,



it will brighten life, Sing a song of Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
 pass - ing by He hears, Sing a song of Je - sus as you go.
 sing of love sub - lime, Floods of peace will o'er the spir - it roll.



CHORUS.



Keep sing - ing, Keep sing - ing, 'Twill brighten
 ev - er sing - ing, ev - er sing - ing,



up the way here be - low; Oh, sing a song of Je - sus as you go.

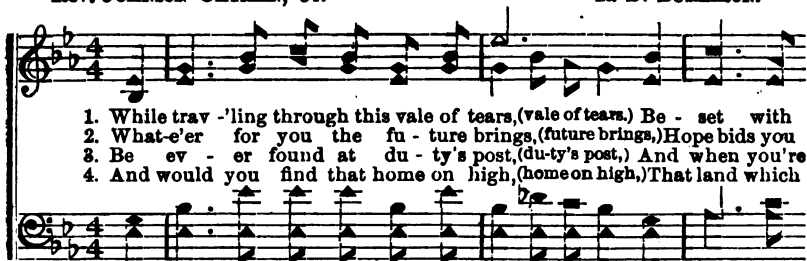


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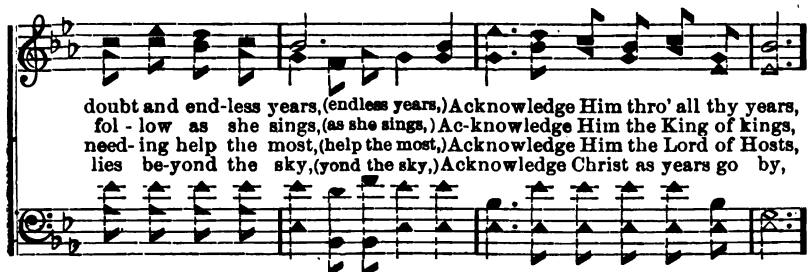
No. 14. IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

R. D. BURLISON.



1. While trav-'ling through this vale of tears, (vale of tears,) Be-set with
 2. What-e'er for you the fu-ture brings, (future brings,) Hope bids you
 3. Be-ev-er found at du-ty's post, (du-ty's post,) And when you're
 4. And would you find that home on high, (home on high,) That land which

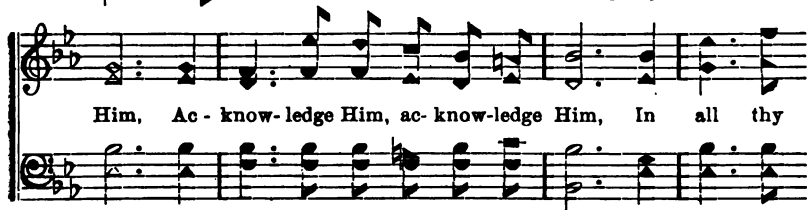


doubt and end-less years, (endless years,) Acknowledge Him thro' all thy years,
 fol-low as she sings, (as she sings,) Ac-knowledge Him the King of kings,
 need-ing help the most, (help the most,) Acknowledge Him the Lord of Hosts,
 lies be-yond the sky, (yond the sky,) Acknowledge Christ as years go by,

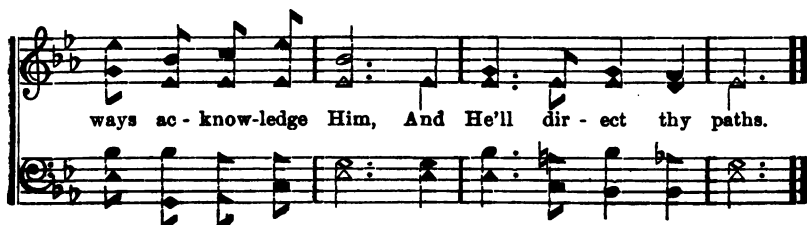
CHORUS.



And He'll dir-ect thy paths, (direct thy paths.) In all thy ways acknowledge



Him, Ac-know-ledge Him, ac-know-ledge Him, In all thy



ways ac-know-ledge Him, And He'll dir-ect thy paths.

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No. 15. WHEN JESUS SPOKE HER NAME.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

SAMUEL W. BEASLEY.

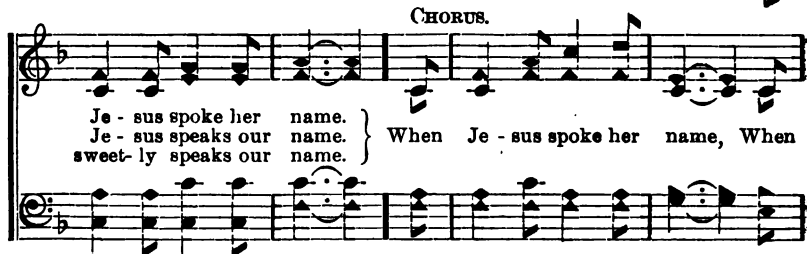


1. When Ma - ry stood with weep - ing eyes, Not know - ing that her
 2. And so the Lord speaks to our hearts; When we must weep for
 3. Some-times we feel our - selves a - lone, And doubt that watch-ing

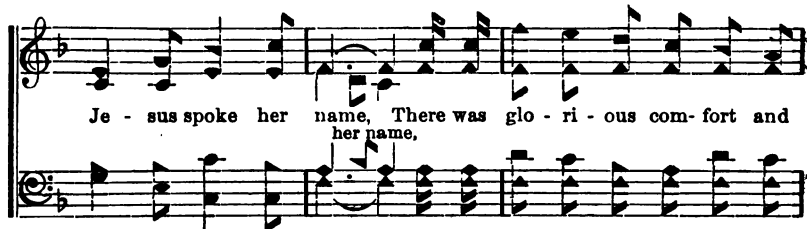


Lord would rise, There came a won - der - ful sur - prise, When
 griefs and smarts, His lov - ing - kind - ness He im - parts, When
 love is shown, Till Je - sus makes His pres - ence known, And

CHORUS.



Je - sus spoke her name. } When Je - sus spoke her name, When
 Je - sus speaks our name. }
 sweet - ly speaks our name.



Je - sus spoke her name, There was glo - ri - ous com - fort and
 her name,



wor - ship and rap - ture, When Je - sus had spok - en her name.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beasley.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

J. W. BLACK.

1. Shall you hear Him say at the last great day, "Faithful one come in, come in?"
 2. When you're call'd to go, do you tru - ly know, That you'll hear Him say "come in?"
 3. Sad in that great day if He shall not say "Faithful one come in, come in,"

When the trumpet call sounds for one and all, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
 When the time draws nigh in the by and by, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
 Deep despair will fall o'er you as a pall, If He shall not say, "come in."

CHORUS.

Shall it be you, shall it be you, shall it be you, shall it be you,

To hear Him say, "come in?" Shall it be you, Shall it be you,

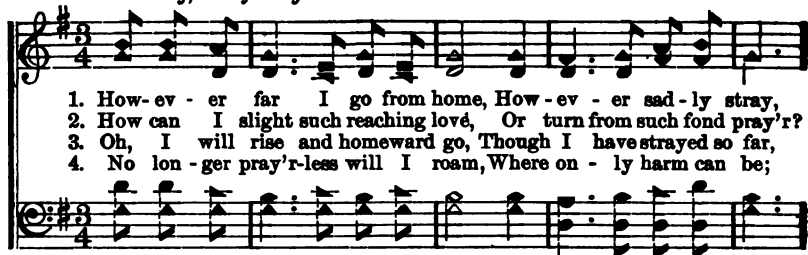
Shall it be you, shall it be you, To hear Him say, "come in?"

No. 17. MOTHER WILL PRAY FOR ME.

Mrs. FRANK A. BEECH.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Deliberately, with feeling.

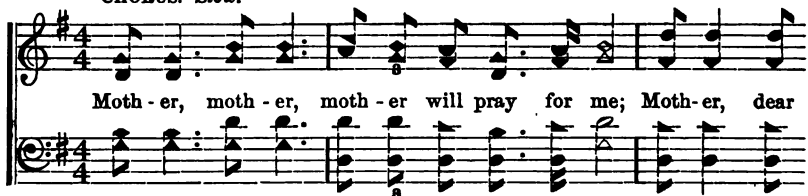


1. How - ev - er far I go from home, How - ev - er sad - ly stray,
 2. How can I slight such reaching love, Or turn from such fond pray'r?
 3. Oh, I will rise and homeward go, Though I have strayed so far,
 4. No lon - ger pray'r-less will I roam, Where on - ly harm can be;

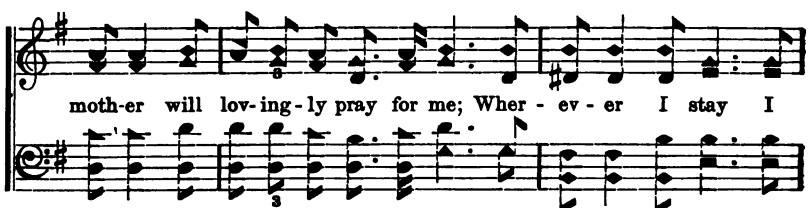


My moth - er's love will fol - low me, And she will al - ways pray.
 Or dis - o - bey my Lord a - bove, To seek the tempter's snare?
 And I shall full for - giveness know, Where love and wel - come are.
 I'll go to moth - er, God, and home, And make them glad for me.

CHORUS. *Slow.*



Moth - er, moth - er, moth - er will pray for me; Moth - er, dear



moth - er will lov - ing - ly pray for me; Wher - ev - er I stay I



know she will pray, Yes, al - ways be pray - ing for me.

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No. 18.

JESUS WANTS YOU.

JOHN A. OATES.

GEO. W. LASSITER.

1. Je-sus wants you to fol-low Him, A-long life's trou-ble-some way;
2. Je-sus wants you to give up sin, And trust now, in His grace;
3. Je-sus wants you, O wand'ring man, He wants you in your pow'r;

He'll be your guide and clos-est friend, And keep you day by day.
He'll fit you so, when life shall end, To see Him face to face.
He'll make you now a child of grace, He'll save you at this hour.

CHORUS.

Je - sus wants you, Je - sus wants you, For you His

life He gave;..... Je - sus wants you,.....
He gave,

Je - sus wants you, He died your soul to save.....
soul to save.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. W. Lamiter .

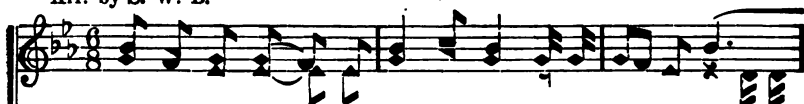
No. 19. WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.

(Quartet for Mixed Voices.)

Words by FRANK L. STANTON.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Arr. by S. W. B.



1. O - ver the sea and the storm-y foam, And the bells ring home,.....
2. O, the long voyage 'neath storm and star, But the bells a - far,.....
3. Home in the ha - ven sweet and blest, And the bells ring rest!

1. And the



..... O - ver the sea where the wrecks are tossed, Where the
 We heard them ring in the drown - ing night, And we
 What were the cross - es and hope and fears, The
 bells ring home;



storms de-scend till the stars are lost, From the o - cean's knells,.....
 heard them sing of the har - bor light; The bells, the bells,.....
 ray - less darkness, the rain of tears? Love's mus - ic swells.....

From the



..... To the glad, sweet bells,.....
 O'er the o - cean's knells.....
 From the glad sweet bells.....
 o - cean's knells To the glad sweet bells,



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WHERE THE BELLS RING HOME.—Concluded.

Home, Home, for - ev - er!
Home, yes, home and home for - ev - er, Home, yes, home and home.

No. 20. CROSSING TO THAT FAR, FAR AWAY.

S. W. B.

(For Male Voices.)

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Cross - ing the riv - er, Go - ing to that far a - way;
2. Cross - ing the riv - er, Vis - ions of rap - ture be - hold;
3. Cross - ing the riv - er, An - gels to bear them a - way;
4. Cross - ing to meet Him, Heav - en's roll back as a scroll;

Out of the shad - ows, In - to the sun - light of day.
Cross - ing the riv - er, In - to the Sav - iour's fold.
Cross - ing the riv - er, No lone - ly hours fest the day.
Cross - ing to greet Him, Where love a - lone 'twines the soul.

CHORUS.

Cross - ing, cross - ing one by one; Cross - ing to that far, far a - way;

Cross - ing, cross - ing, one by one, Cross - ing to that far, far a - way.

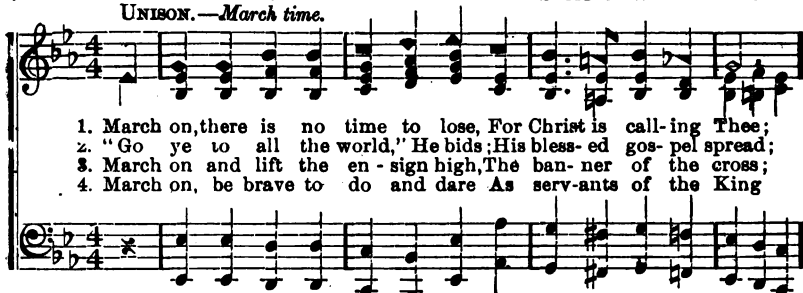
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No. 21. CONQUER THE WORLD IN HIS NAME.

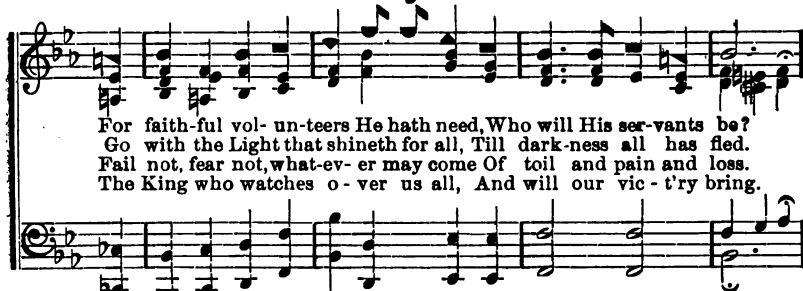
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

UNISON.—*March time.*

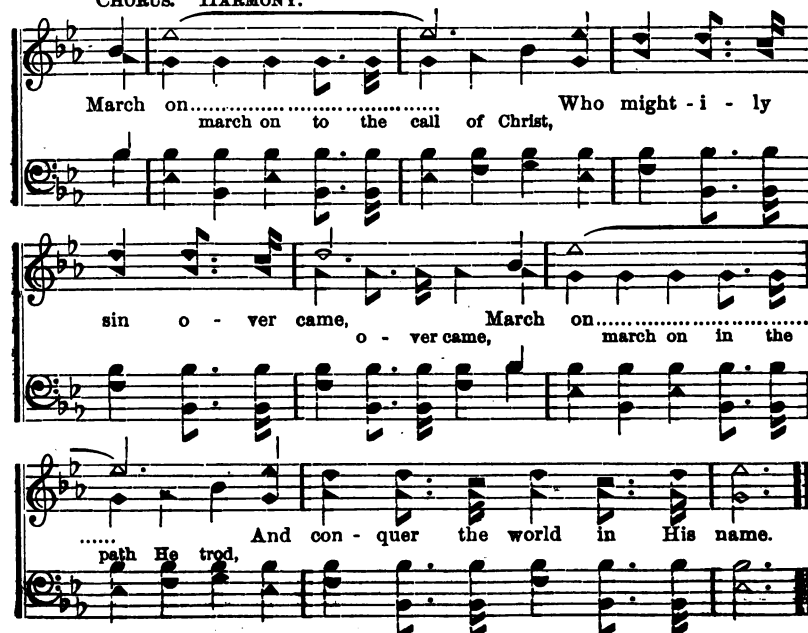


1. March on, there is no time to lose, For Christ is call-ing Thee;
 2. "Go ye to all the world," He bids; His bless-ed gos-pel spread;
 3. March on and lift the en-sign high, The ban-ner of the cross;
 4. March on, be brave to do and dare As serv-ants of the King



For faith-ful vol-un-teers He hath need, Who will His ser-vants be?
 Go with the Light that shineth for all, Till dark-ness all has fled.
 Fail not, fear not, what-ev-er may come Of toil and pain and loss.
 The King who watches o-ver us all, And will our vic-try bring.

CHORUS. HARMONY.



March on..... Who might-i-ly
 march on to the call of Christ,
 sin o-ver came, March on.....
 o-ver came, march on in the
 path He trod, And con-quer the world in His name.

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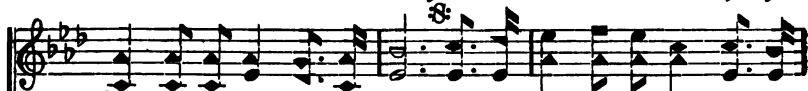
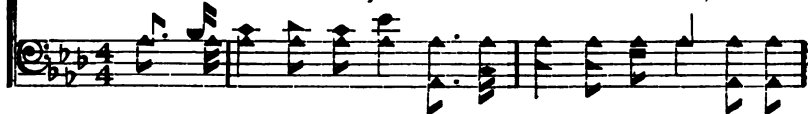
No. 22. OVER THERE IS MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

JENNIE WILSON.

L. T. MIDDLETON.



1. Just be-yond the dark stream by the bor-der of time, Where the
2. In the ra-di-ant path-ways by an-gel feet trod I shall
3. O-ver there in the pres-ence of Je-sus I'll dwell, While e-



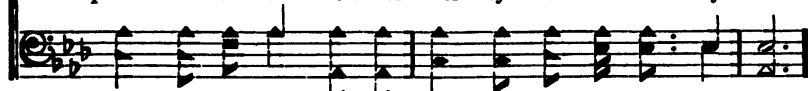
bil-lows of death toss their foam, By the vis-ion of faith I be-walk with the pur-i-fied throngs, And for aye in that glo-ri-ous ter-ni-ty's a-ges shall roll, And in glad hal-le-lu-jah's of



D.S.—By the ra-di-ant light, Nev-er
FINE.



hold a bright clime, And o'er there is my beau-ti-ful home.
coun-try of God Know the bliss that to heav-en be-longs.
praise I will tell How His mer-cy de-liv-er'd my soul.



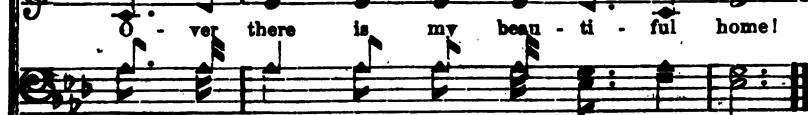
shad-owed by night, O-ver there is my beau-ti-ful home.
CHORUS.



O-ver there is my beau-ti-ful home, (my home.)



O-ver there is my beau-ti-ful home!

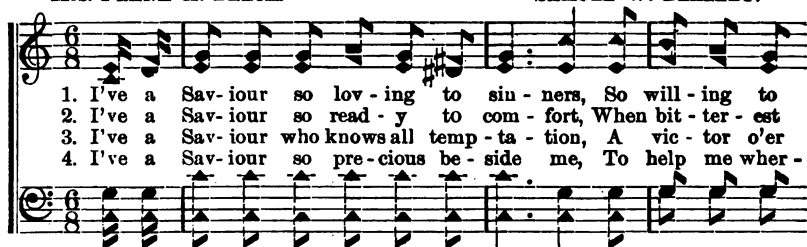


Copyright, 1910, by L. T. Middleton.

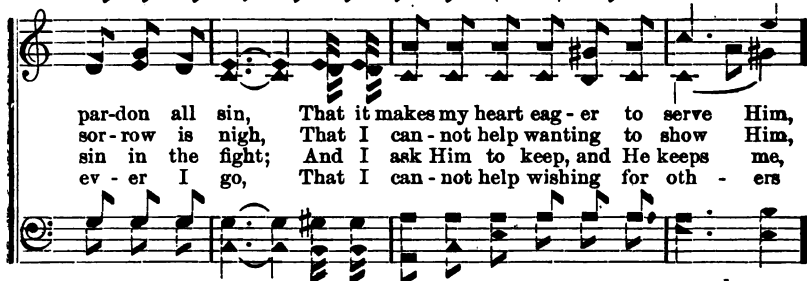
No. 23. LET ME HOLD MYSELF READY.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

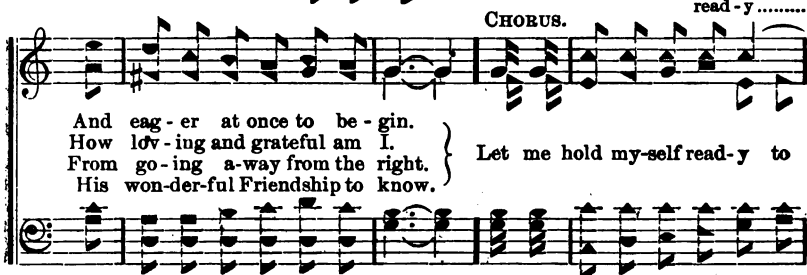
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. I've a Sav-iour so lov-ing to sin-ners, So will-ing to
 2. I've a Sav-iour so read-y to com-fort, When bit-ter-est
 3. I've a Sav-iour who knows all temp-ta-tion, A vic-tor o'er
 4. I've a Sav-iour so pre-cious be-side me, To help me wher-

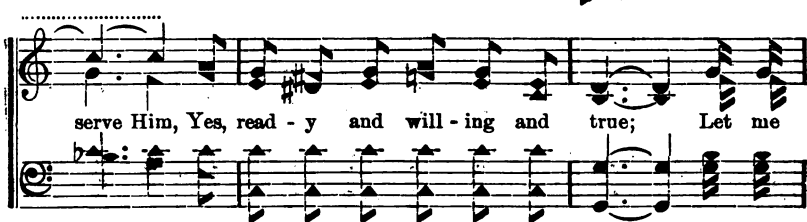


par-don all sin, That it makes my heart eag-er to serve Him,
 sor-row is nigh, That I can-not help wanting to show Him,
 sin in the fight; And I ask Him to keep, and He keeps me,
 ev-er I go, That I can-not help wishing for oth-ers

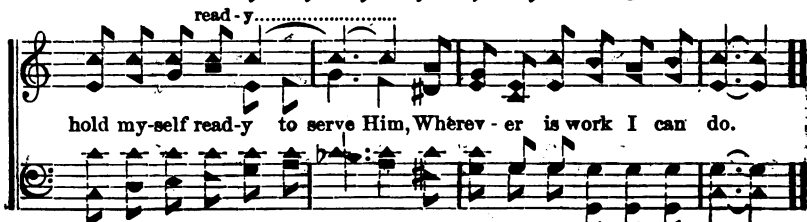


CHORUS. read-y

And eag-er at once to be-gin.
 How lov-ing and grateful am I.
 From go-ing a-way from the right.
 His won-der-ful Friend-ship to know. } Let me hold my-self read-y to



serve Him, Yes, read-y and will-ing and true; Let me



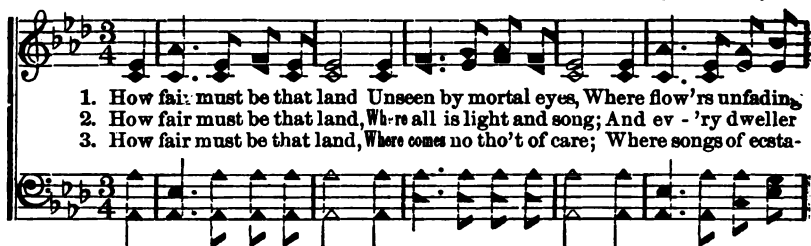
read-y

hold my-self read-y to serve Him, Wherev-er is work I can do.

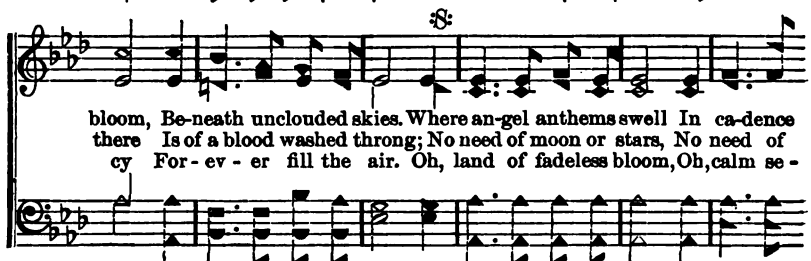
Copyright, 1910, by Samuel W. Beazley.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

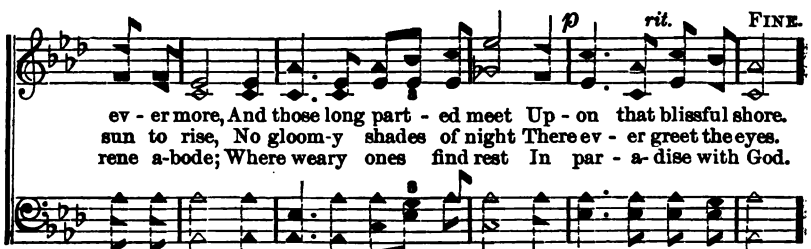
R. C. BOLING.



1. How fair must be that land Unseen by mortal eyes, Where flow'rs unfading,
 2. How fair must be that land, Where all is light and song; And ev'ry dweller
 3. How fair must be that land, Where comes no tho't of care; Where songs of ecsta-



bloom, Be-neath unclouded skies. Where an-gel anthems swell In ca-dence
 there Is of a blood washed throng; No need of moon or stars, No need of
 cy For-ev-er fill the air. Oh, land of fadeless bloom, Oh, calm se-

D.S.—Oh, peace-ful land of love, Oh, land of


ev-er more, And those long part-ed meet Up-on that blissful shore.
 sun to rise, No gloom-y shades of night There ev-er greet thee eyes.
 rene a-bode; Where weary ones find rest In par-a-dise with God.

joy and light, Where day-light nev-er fades, Where falls no gloom of night.

CHORUS.



Oh, peace-ful land of love, Oh, land of joy and light;

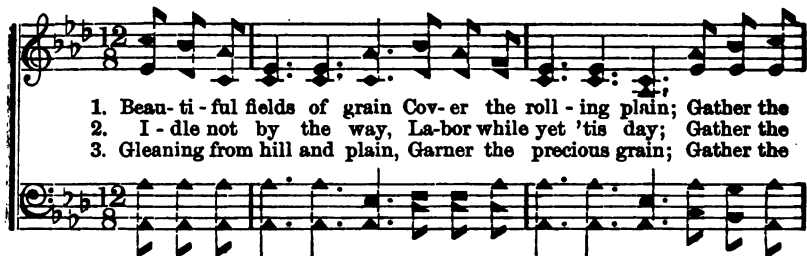


The pres-ence of God's love, Shines forth in-ra-diance bright.

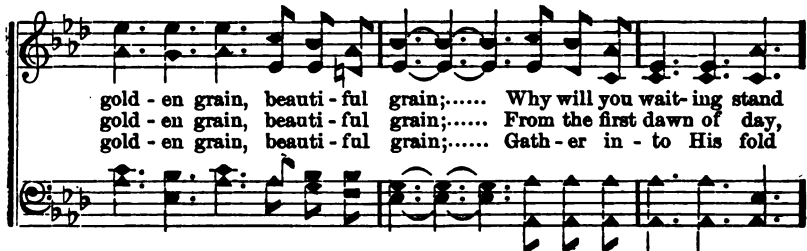
No. 25. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

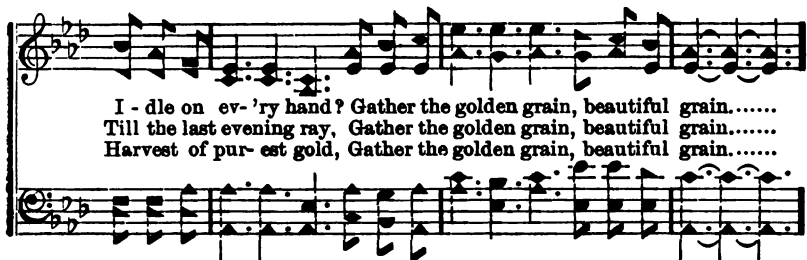
HARVEY B. GREEN.



1. Beau-ti-ful fields of grain Cov-er the roll-ing plain; Gather the
 2. I-dle not by the way, La-bor while yet 'tis day; Gather the
 3. Gleaning from hill and plain, Garner the precious grain; Gather the

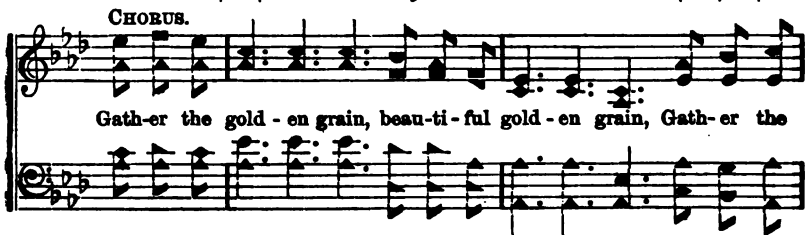


gold-en grain, beau-ti-ful grain;..... Why will you wait-ing stand
 gold-en grain, beau-ti-ful grain;..... From the first dawn of day,
 gold-en grain, beau-ti-ful grain;..... Gath-er in - to His fold

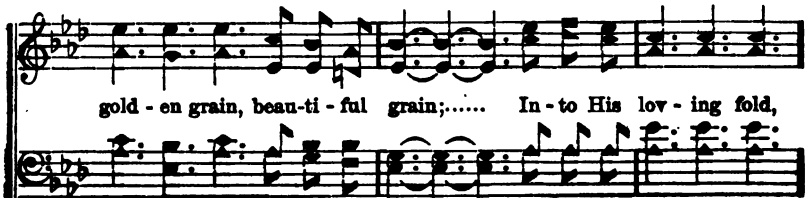


I - dle on ev-'ry hand? Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....
 Till the last evening ray, Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....
 Harvest of pur-est gold, Gather the golden grain, beautiful grain.....

CHORUS.



Gath-er the gold-en grain, beau-ti-ful gold-en grain, Gath-er the



gold-en grain, beau-ti-ful grain;..... In-to His lov-ing fold,

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GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.—Concluded.

Gather the sheaves of gold, Gather the gold-en grain, beautiful grain.....

No. 26. WE HOPE TO MEET AGAIN.

C. C. C.

C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. The time has come for us to part, Tho' part-ing gives us pain;
2. The days we've passed in stud - y here, We hope will fruit-ful be,
3. With faith in God, we'll use with care The knowledge we have won;

This precious tho't should cheer the heart: We hope to meet a - gain.
 And mem'ries sweet our hearts will cheer A - cross life's storm - y sea.
 Then crowns of life we all may wear When la - bor here is done.

CHORUS.


We hope to meet a - gain on high, Although we know not when;

So, tho' we now must say "Good-bye," We all may meet a - gain.



Copyright, 1910, by C. C. Cunningham.

JAMES ROWE.



SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.




1. If the bless-ed gos - pel tru - ly you be-lieve, If the light of
 2. Je - sus came from heaven, souls to seek and save; Free - ly for the
 3. En - e - mies may jeer you, old com-pan-ions smile, Je - sus will be


Je - sus dai - ly you re - ceive, Make it known to oth - ers
 sin - ner He His life - blood gave; If you love the Sav - iour,
 near you, cheer - ing all the while; Keep His ban - ner fly - ing,


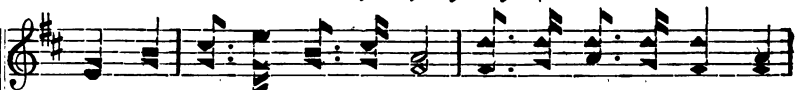
as you go your way, If you are a Christ-ian, live it ev - 'ry day.
 walk the shin - ing way, Show that you're a Christian, live it ev - 'ry day.
 wave it all the way, - If you are a Christ-ian, live it ev - 'ry day.



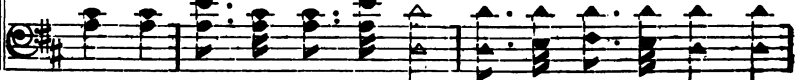
CHORUS.



Give the light to oth - ers, praise the Sav-iour's love, Point the soul de -

spair - ing to the throne a - bove; Tell the sweet old sto - ry,



LIVE IT EVERY DAY.—Concluded.

love for Christ display; If you are a Christ-ian, live it ev-'ry day.

No. 28. MY ANGEL MOTHER.

JENNIE WILSON.

CYRUS P. HONNOLL.

1. O moth-er, thou art safe a - bove, In realms of hap-pi-ness and love,
2. I oft re - call some lov-ing word, That from thy gen-tle lips I heard,
3. Thy counsel I can ne'er for-get, And of't it serves to guide me yet,
4. My sainted moth-er, till I come, To share Thy bright eter-nal home,

And while I miss thy presence here, Thy mem-o - ry is ev - er dear.
And tho' the tear-drops quickly start, That sweet remembrance cheers my heart.
It helps me keep the nar-row way, When e - vil seeks to lure a - stray,
Whate'er my lot on earth may be, I'll cher-ish ten - der tho'ts of thee.

CHORUS.

O an - gel moth-er, by and by, I hope to dwell with Thee on high;

Some day up - on the deathless shore, We'll meet again to part no more.

Copyright, 1910, by Cyrus P. Honnoll.

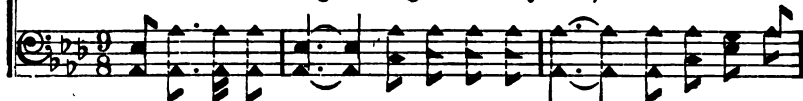
No. 29. DO THEY THINK OF ME IN HEAVEN?

SAMUEL W. BRAZLEY.

R. K. ORR.



1. I look up on heav'n's deep, az-ure blue sky With wonder-ing
2. A wan-der-er here on time's dreary shore, Oft dreaming of
3. Ce-les-tial and bright the garments they wear, In bow-ers of



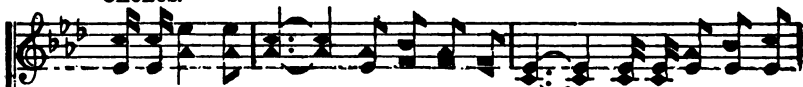
thought, with linger-ing eye, And gazing I wonder if such can
days that'll come never-more, I question if those who are reigning on
bliss, in glo-ry up there, And looking this way thre' heav'n's o-pen



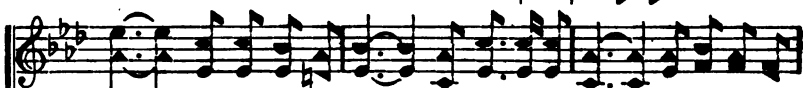
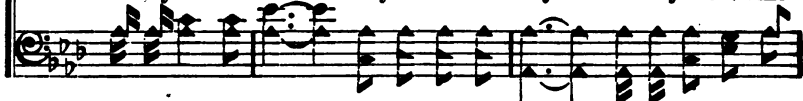
be That lov'd ones up there are think-ing of me.
high Are thinking of me be - yond the blue sky.
door They beck - on me home to that beau-ti - ful shore.



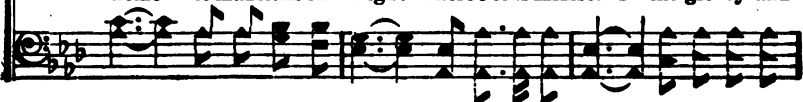
CHORUS.



Do they think of me beyond the blue sky? Do they beckon me



home to mansions on high? Where Jesus Himself's the glo-ry and



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Do They Think of Me in Heaven?—Concluded.



light? Are they thinking of me in heav-en to night?

No. 30.

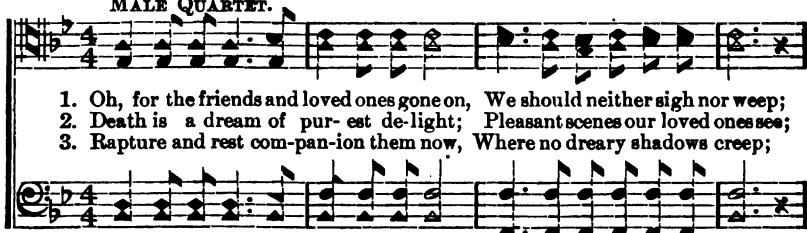
ONLY SLEEPING.

(Funeral.)

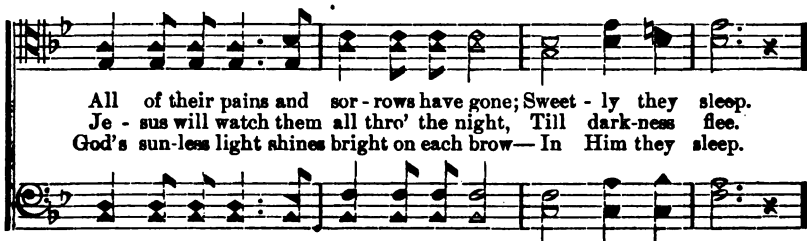
JAMES ROWE.

MALE QUARTET.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

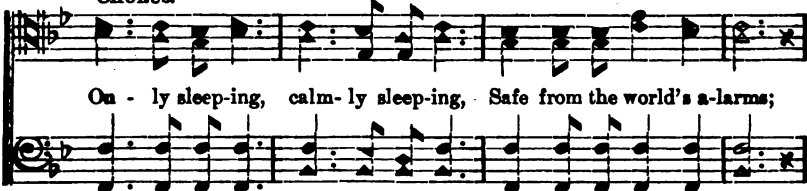


1. Oh, for the friends and loved ones gone on, We should neither sigh nor weep;
2. Death is a dream of pur-est de-light; Pleasant scenes our loved ones see;
3. Rapture and rest com-pan-ion them now, Where no dreary shadows creep;

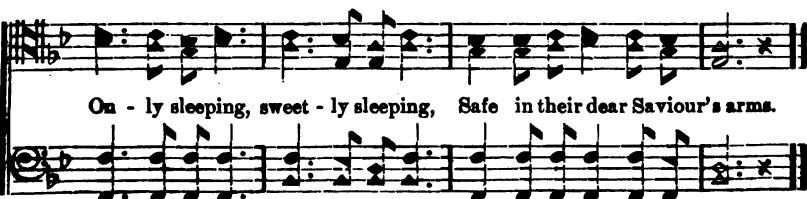


All of their pains and sor-rows have gone; Sweet-ly they sleep.
Je-sus will watch them all thro' the night, Till dark-ness flee.
God's sun-less light shines bright on each brow— In Him they sleep.

CHORUS.



On-ly sleep-ing, calm-ly sleep-ing, Safe from the world's a-larms;



On-ly sleep-ing, sweet-ly sleep-ing, Safe in their dear Saviour's arms.

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No. 31.

ON TO GLORY.

JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. We are march-ing a-long, with a smile and a song, And our
 2. There is noth-ing to fear, for the Sav-iour is near, And His
 3. We are sure we shall win in the bat-tle with sin, For our

stan-dard is high in the light; We are sol-diers of Christ, we are
 won-der-ful love is our shield; If the bat-tle be long He'll en-
 souls are o'er-flow-ing with love; Christ will keep us, we know, ev-er

loy-al and strong, Go-ing out to the glo-ri-ous fight.
 cour-age and cheer, And will com-fort our souls on the field.
 stain-less with-in, And will crown us with glo-ry a-bove.

CHORUS.

On to glo-ry, on to glo-ry, We will
 On, ev-er on, on, brave-ly on,

fight for the right, In the bright gos-pel light; On to glo-ry,
 On, ev-er on,

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ON TO GLORY.—Concluded.

On to glo - - ry, With our won - der - ful Cap - tain a - bove.
On, brave - ly on,

No. 32. MY SAVIOUR'S PRECIOUS LOVE.

JAMES ROWE.

J. BERRY SMITH.

1. The love of Him who made me whole, My theme shall ev - er be;
2. It cheers me when the tempest breaks, And shields me from the foe;
3. It guides my feet, and keeps my eyes On precious things a - bove;

I'll sing its praise with all my soul, For all e - ter - ni - ty.
Of pain and care a song it makes, And light - ens ev - 'ry woe.
Oh, more than life it - self I prize My dear Re - deem - er's love.

CHORUS.

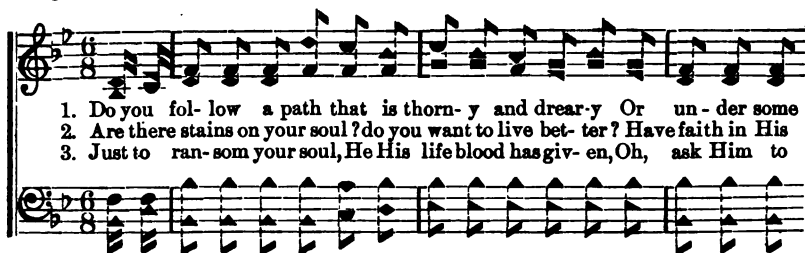
His love, sweet love, my song shall ev - er be;
His pre - cious love, His pre - cious love,

My Sav - - iour's love Is ev - 'ry - thing to me.
My Sav - iour's love, His pre - cious love

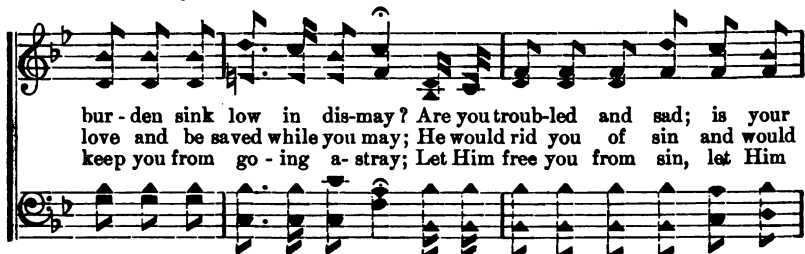
Copyright, 1910, by J. B. Smith.

JAMES ROWE.

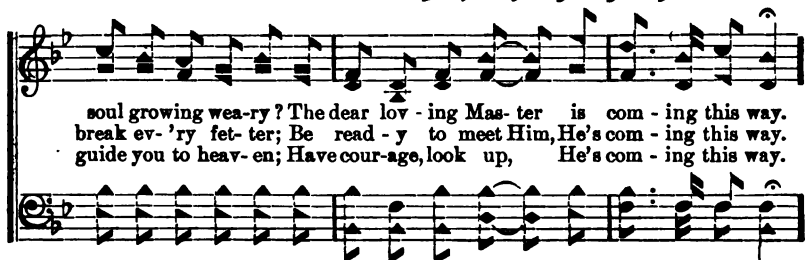
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Do you fol - low a path that is thorn - y and drear - y Or un - der some
 2. Are there stains on your soul? do you want to live bet - ter? Have faith in His
 3. Just to ran - som your soul, He His life blood has giv - en, Oh, ask Him to

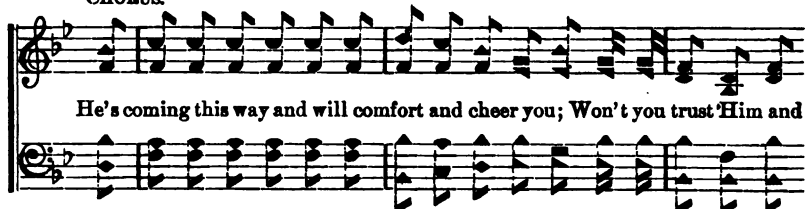


bur - den sink low in dis - may? Are you troub - led and sad; is your
 love and be saved while you may; He would rid you of sin and would
 keep you from go - ing a - stray; Let Him free you from sin, let Him

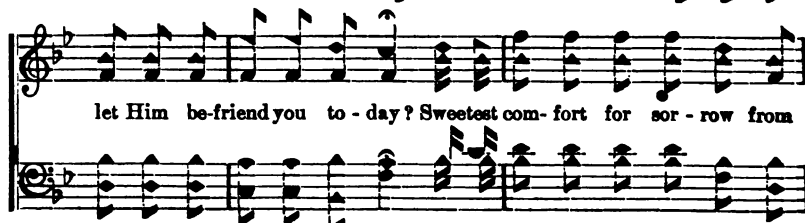


soul growing wea - ry? The dear lov - ing Mas - ter is com - ing this way.
 break ev - 'ry fet - ter; Be read - y to meet Him, He's com - ing this way.
 guide you to heav - en; Have cour - age, look up, He's com - ing this way.

CHORUS.




He's coming this way and will comfort and cheer you; Won't you trust Him and



let Him be - friend you to - day? Sweetest com - fort for sor - row from

COMING THIS WAY.—Concluded.



Him you may borrow; Make the Saviour your Friend, He's coming this way.

No. 34. HIS FOREVERMORE.

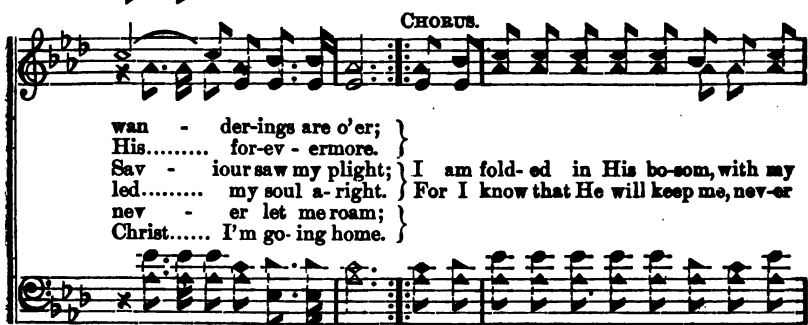
JAMES ROWE.

E. B. AUSBORN.



1. { I have giv - en my heart to the King a - bove, All my
I am rest - ing at last in His arms of love, I am
2. { I was lost in the val - ley of sin and shame, But the
Words of com - fort He whis - per'd and, bless His name, He
3. { He is a - ble to keep me from doubt and sin; He will
Oh, the world is so bright; there is joy with - in, For with

CHORUS.



wan - der - ings are o'er; }
His..... for - ev - ermore. }
Sav - iour saw my plight; } I am fold - ed in His bo - som, with my
led..... my soul a - right. } For I know that He will keep me, nev - er
nev - er let me roam; }
Christ..... I'm go - ing home. }




sins washed away, And His prais - es I out - pour, }
more I shall stray; I am His..... (Omit.)..... } for - ev - er - more.



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JAMES ROWE.


SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Still there are souls in gall-ing fet-ters pin-ing, Liv-ing with-out the
 2. Crush'd by their sin, in dark-ness they are liv-ing, No earth-ly friend is
 3. Speed, speed a-way, life's pre-cious mes-sage bearing, Com-fort their hearts and


Sav-iour's pre-cious love, Nev-er they see the gos-pel sun-light shin-ing,
 ev-er at their side; Lone-ly and sad, for love their souls are sigh-ing,
 fill their souls with cheer; Tell them that Je-sus still for them is dar-ing





CHORUS.



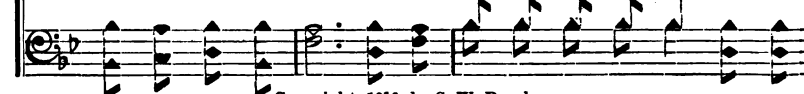
Nev-er they lift their tear-ful eyes a-bove.
 Yet 'twas for these the lov-ing Sav-iour died. } They are yielding to de-
 Tell them the soul's e-ter-nal Friend is near.

spair, Sink-ing un-der weights of care, Liv-ing all the while with-

out the Friend a-bove; Let us tell them why He died, Try to



WITHOUT JESUS—Concluded.

lead them to His side; Let us tell them of His mer- cy and His love.

No. 36.

KEEP PRESSING ON.

JAMES ROWE.

JOE J. FLYNT.

1. Though heavy bur-dens bend you low, Tho' troubles cause your tears to flow,
2. The sky will clear, the path be bright, The Lord will guide you thro' the night;
3. Trust more and more your Saviour's love; The life-crown waits for you a - bove;

Though loved ones from your side have gone, O soul, keep press-ing on.
 You soon will see the glow-ing dawn,— O soul, keep press-ing on.
 The rest you need will soon be won,— O soul, keep press-ing on.

CHORUS.

Press on; (keep press-ing on;) Press on; (keep press-ing on;)

With faith in Christ, the Ho - ly One, Press on, keep press-ing on.

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JAMES ROWE

C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. In the bless-ed gos-pel light, We are go-ing to the fight, And will
 2. Ma-ny tri-als we shall meet, But the Lord will keep us sweet, Strength the
 3. We will fol-low to the end Christ, the soul's e-ter-nal Friend; On His

fight with all our might, Day by day; Christ will shield our souls we know, When we
 temp-er to de-feat He will send; He is stronger than the strong And will
 love we all de-pend More and more; Brave and loyal we will prove, Till with

stand a- gainst the foe, For He prom-is - es to go All the way.
 cheer our souls a - long; We shall sing the tri-umph-song, In the end.
 all the saints a - bove We shall praise His boundless love, And a - dore.

CHORUS.

To the fight To the fight march a - way, March a -
 To the fight march a - way,

way, the pre-cious glo-ry crown to win; March a - way March a - way to the

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TO THE FIGHT.—Concluded.

fight; to the fight; We must help the Lord to save the world from sin.

No. 38. THERE'S HOPE FOR EVERY SINNER.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. 'Tis past all hu-man know-ing How great God's love can be—
 2. My dear Re-deem-er sought me— In love He died for me—
 3. In blind-ness long I wan-dered But Je-sus made me see—
 4. To God's store house of glad-ness— I hold the pre-cious key,
 5. Re-joice in free sal-va-tion And sing a ju-bi-lee—

I know He loves all sin-ners And so there's love for me.
 His pre-cious blood has bought me On night-crown'd Cal-va-ry.
 There's light for ev-'ry sin-ner And there is light for me.
 There's joy for ev-'ry sin-ner And there is joy for me.
 There's life and love and mer-cy And they are all for me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful sal-va-tion That makes the cap-tive free—

There's hope for ev-'ry sin-ner And their is hope for me.

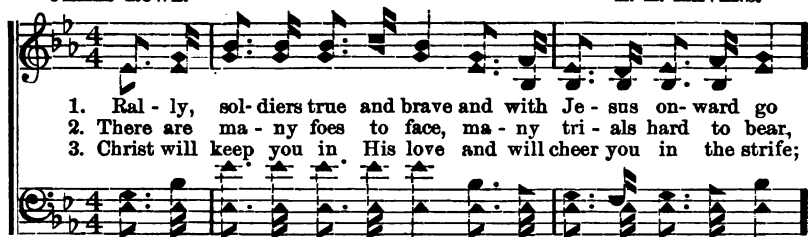
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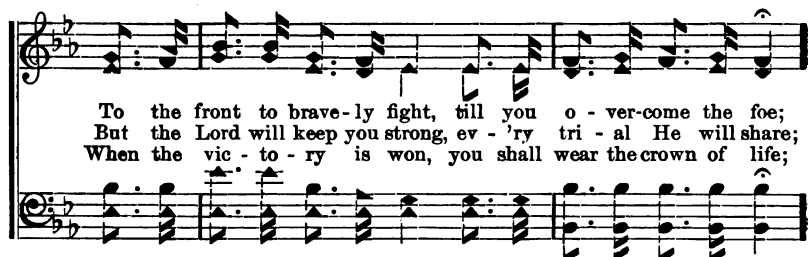
RALLY, SOLDIERS BRAVE.

JAMES ROWE.

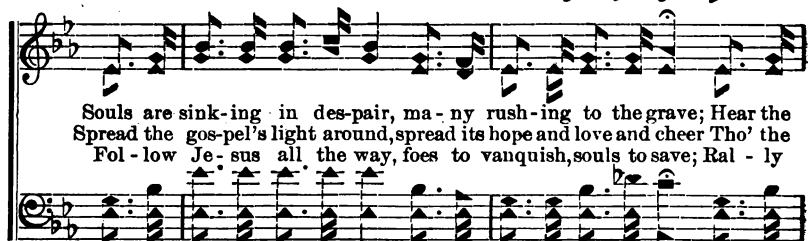
L. E. HAVENS.



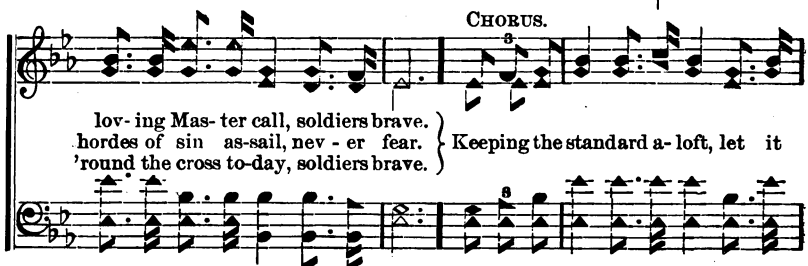
1. Ral - ly, sol - diers true and brave and with Je - sus on - ward go
 2. There are ma - ny foes to face, ma - ny tri - als hard to bear,
 3. Christ will keep you in His love and will cheer you in the strife;



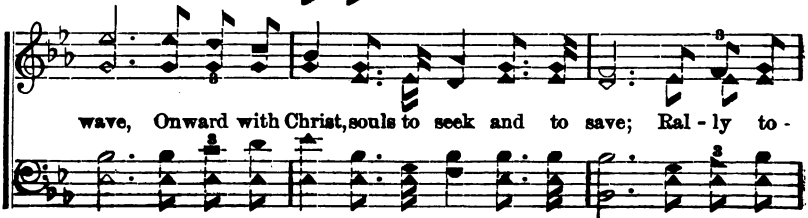
To the front to brave-ly fight, till you o - ver-come the foe;
 But the Lord will keep you strong, ev - 'ry tri - al He will share;
 When the vic - to - ry is won, you shall wear the crown of life;



Souls are sink-ing in des-pair, ma - ny rush-ing to the grave; Hear the
 Spread the gos-pel's light around, spread its hope and love and cheer Tho' the
 Fol - low Je - sus all the way, foes to vanquish, souls to save; Ral - ly



CHORUS.
 lov - ing Mas - ter call, soldiers brave.
 hordes of sin as-sail, nev - er fear. } Keeping the standard a-loft, let it
 'round the cross to-day, soldiers brave.



wave, Onward with Christ, souls to seek and to save; Ral - ly to -

RALLY, SOLDIERS BRAVE.—Concluded.

day, soldiers brave, faithful be; Follow the cross, till the whole world is free.

No. 40. WONDERFUL BLESSINGS.

JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Won-der-ful blessings are fall-ing O-ver the land a-gain;
2. Sin-ners are leav-ing the val-leys, Seek-ing the plains of light,
3. Won-der-ful showers are fall-ing, Blessings of mercy and grace;

Je-sus His love is out-pour-ing In-to the souls of men.
 Ask-ing for mer-cy and par-don, Long-ing to live a-right.
 Je-sus the glo-ri-ous Sav-iour Bless-es the hu-man race.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful bless-ings, glo-ri-ous blessings Com-ing from a-bove;

Won-der-ful life-giv-ing show-ers From the heart of love.

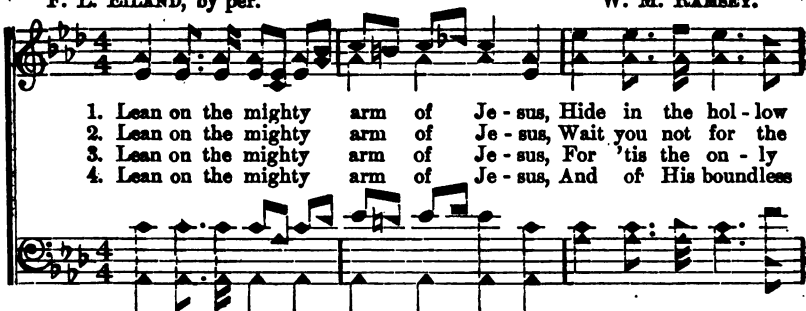
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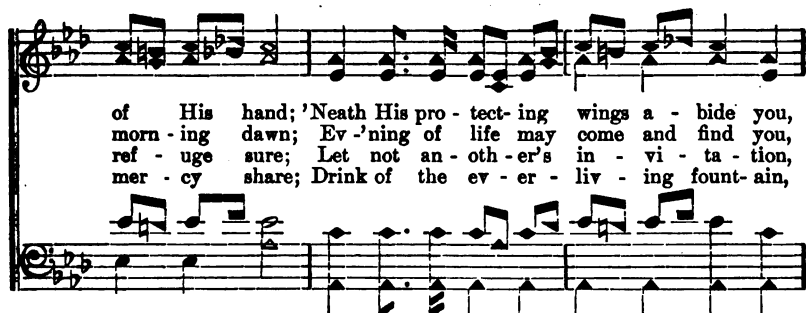
LEAN ON HIS ARM.

F. L. ELLAND, by per.

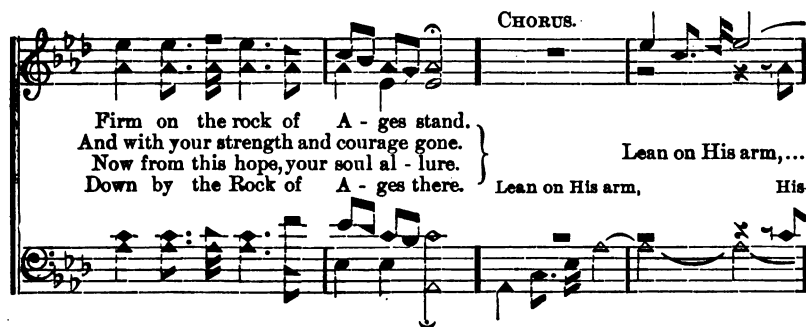
W. M. RAMSEY.



1. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, Hide in the hol - low
 2. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, Wait you not for the
 3. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, For 'tis the on - ly
 4. Lean on the mighty arm of Je - sus, And of His boundless

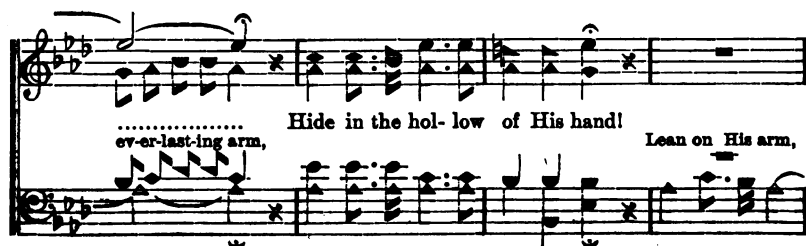


of His hand; 'Neath His pro - tect - ing wings a - bide you,
 morn - ing dawn; Ev - 'ning of life may come and find you,
 ref - uge sure; Let not an - oth - er's in - vi - ta - tion,
 mer - cy share; Drink of the ev - er - liv - ing fount - ain,



CHORUS.

Firm on the rock of A - ges stand.
 And with your strength and courage gone. } Lean on His arm,...
 Now from this hope, your soul al - lure. }
 Down by the Rock of A - ges there. } Lean on His arm, His



..... Hide in the hol - low of His hand! Lean on His arm,
 ev - er - last - ing arm,

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LEAN ON HIS ARM.—Concluded.

Lean on His arm, Firm on the Rock of A - ges stand.
His ever-last-ing arm,

No. 42.

I LIVE FOR JESUS.

JAMES ROWE.

L. E. HAVENS.

1. World-ly things I crave no more, Vain de-sires have pass'd a-way;
2. All a - long the path-way home; Sweet-ly of His love I sing,
3. More and more to Him I'll give, As the hap-py years roll by.

For the Lord, whom I a - dore, I am liv - ing day by day.
Send - ing love-light thro' the gloom, Help-ing souls to Him to cling.
In His pres-ence sweet I live, In His arms I hope to die.

CHORUS.

I live for Je - sus, My bless - ed Sav - iour, I

live for Je - sus, Whose love has res - cued me.....

Copyright, 1910, by L. E. Havens.

JAMES ROWE.

C. C. CUNNINGHAM.

1. Toil - ing on for Je - sus ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Tell - ing the
 2. Toil - ing on for Je - sus, mak - ing pathways bright, Cheering the
 3. Toil - ing on for Je - sus, stay - ing at His side, Hold - ing His

sto - ry sweet, scat - ter - ing seeds of love; Spreading gos - pel sun - shine
 sad and lone, bringing the lost ones in; Spreading hope and glad - ness,
 stan - dard high, praising His boundless love; Try - ing brave - ly ev - er

all a - long the way, Hop - ing to win the life - crown a - bove.
 mak - ing bur - dens light, Helping the Lord the bat - tle to win.
 souls to Him to guide, Hop - ing to share His glo - ry a - bove.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, la - bor - ing on, la - bor - ing on, More and

more, trust - ing His love; trust - ing His love; Toil - ing on for
 More and more,

Copyright, 1910, by C. C. Cunningham,

TOILING ON FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

Je - sus, keep-ing close to Him, Hoping to win the life-crown a - bove.

No. 44. ANSWER THE CAPTAIN DIVINE.

JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Je - sus is call-ing for sol-diers to-day; Answer the call, fall in-to line;
2. Cap-tives in fet-ters are plead-ing for aid; Speed ye a-way, answer their plea;
3. Spread-ing the light of the glo - ri - ous Word, On to the field, on to the fray;

On with your armor and march, march away, Follow the Cap-tain di - vine.
 Tell them that Je-sus their ran- som has paid, Tell them they soon may be free.
 Prais-ing the mer- cy and love of the Lord, Fol-low His standard to - day.

CHORUS.

March on - ward, true sol - diers, Press on to the field, prais-ing His love;

On - ward, press on - ward, To fight for the Cap - tain a - bove.

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JAMES ROWE.

W. H. SUMRALL.

DUET, SOP. AND TEN. *Slow, con espress.*

1. Sin - ner, hear the Sav-iour's plea, He wants your way-ward heart;
 2. Time is swift - ly speed-ing on, The shad - ows soon will fall;
 3. He has paid your debt of sin, Oh, send Him not a - way;

Let Him now your Sav-iour be; Sweet com - fort He'll im - part.
 Time of grace may soon be gone—Hear now His lov - ing call.
 Par - don, peace and com - fort win; Give Christ your heart to - day.

CHORUS.

His arms of love..... are o - pen wide,.....
 His arms of love are o - pen wide,

In Him be - lieve,..... in Him con - fide;.....
 In Him be - lieve, in Him con - fide;

He wants to take..... your sins a - way;.....
 He wants to take your sins a - way;

Copyright, 1910, by W. H. Sumrall.

BE SAVED TO-DAY.—Concluded.

Give Christ your heart,..... be sav'd to - day.....
 Give Christ your heart, be sav'd to-day.

No. 46. MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

E. A. MASON.

Slow and with tenderness.

1. I hear that plead - ing voice a - gain, Though ma - ny
 2. Her pray'rs were oft in se - cret said, As plead - ing
 3. The tear stains oft were on her face As from the
 4. O pre - cious drops that flowed for me, A moth - er's

years have pass'd a - way, And moth - er in the
 for her way - ward boy She begged for bless - ings
 grove she came at night, Where she be - sought a
 ag - o - niz - ing tears; That dear sweet face once

grave has lain, For ma - ny a long and si - lent day.
 on his head, A moth - er's hope, a moth - er's joy.
 throne of grace, To lead her err - ing boy a - right.
 more I see, A - way back in the dis - tant years.

5 I feel the touch of her dear hand,
 As oft it rested on my brow,
 And as upon life's verge I stand,
 I feel my mother's spirit now.

6 It hovers near me while I stay
 And watch the fast receding years,
 Her prayers, her tears, her hand to-day,
 In all their tenderness appears.

Copyright, 1910, by E. A. Mason.

JAMES ROWE.

ALEX. A. MCQUEEN.

1. When the bil-lows o'er you roll, When the tem-pest sweeps your soul, And no
 2. Oft the path will thorny be, Foes a-round you you will see, And the
 3. He has died to save your soul, Give to Him complete con-trol, And with

earth-ly friend is near your heart to cheer, Keep the Saviour at your side, In His
 bur-den that you bear will bend you low, But be faithful to the Lord, Keep with
 heart and voice His praise with joy outpour; He will guide you all the way To the

pre-cious love a-bide, You will always find Him faithful, al-ways near.
 Him in sweet accord, Sweet-ly trust His precious love and on-ward go.
 land of fade-less day, Where your souls shall rest with Him for-ev-ermore.

CHORUS.

Sweet - ly trust, Sweet - ly trust, sweet - ly trust, He will
 Sweet - ly trust, sweet - ly trust, sweet - ly trust,

keep you in His bless-ed arms of love; Sweet-ly trust, sweetly
 Sweetly trust,

SWEETLY TRUST.—Concluded.

trust, Till you meet Him in the cit - y bright a - bove.
sweetly trust, bright above.

No. 48. "THE TIDE WILL TURN."

M. ETHELYN HOWE. Arr. by E. B. K.

ESSIE B. KILGORE.

1. Some day all things will be differ-ent, Some sweet day the tide will turn,
2. O, Sav-iour lead us t'ward heav-en, On Thy pas-tures may we feed,
3. Temp-ta-tions may surge like bil-lows, That roll on the storm-y deep,

Some day we'll know why we've suffered, Some day that great se-cret learn.
In path's of pleas-ant-ness lead us, And supply our ev-'ry need.
But if we trust all to Je - sus, He has pow - er that will keep.

CHORUS.

O, help us, Lord, to be pa-tient, Teach us how to watch and pray,

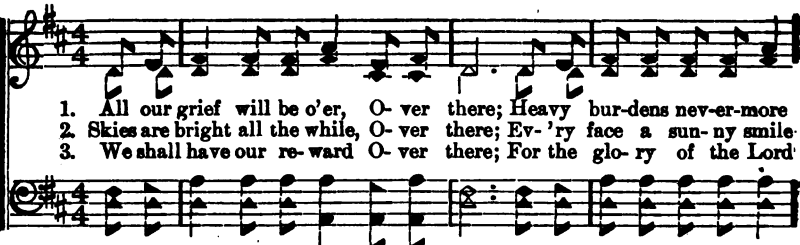
Lead us be-side the still wa - ter, Guide us on from day to day.

Copyright, 1910, by Essie B. Kilgore.

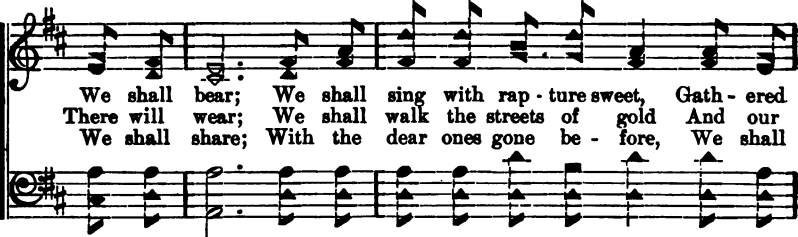
No. 49. WHEN WE MEET OVER THERE.

JAMES ROWE.

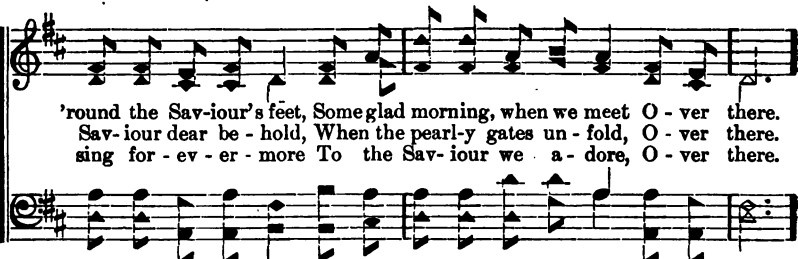
C. C. CUNNINGHAM.



1. All our grief will be o'er, O-ver there; Heavy bur-dens nev-er-more
 2. Skies are bright all the while, O-ver there; Ev-'ry face a sun-ny smile.
 3. We shall have our re-ward O-ver there; For the glo-ry of the Lord




We shall bear; We shall sing with rap-ture sweet, Gath-ered
 There will wear; We shall walk the streets of gold And our
 We shall share; With the dear ones gone be-fore, We shall

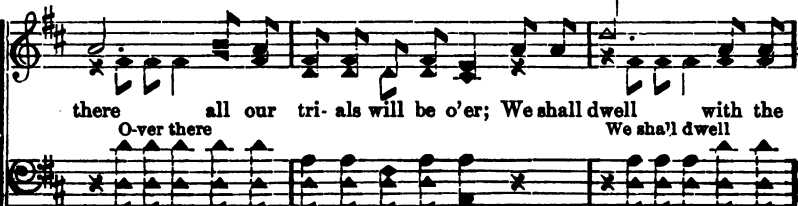


'round the Sav-iour's feet, Some glad morning, when we meet O-ver there.
 Sav-iour dear be-hold, When the pearl-y gates un-fold, O-ver there.
 sing for-ev-er-more To the Sav-iour we a-dore, O-ver there.

CHORUS.



O-ver there, on that bright e-ter-nal shore; O-ver
 O-ver there,



there all our tri-als will be o'er; We shall dwell with the
 O-ver there We sha'll dwell

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WHEN WE MEET OVER THERE.—Concluded.

saints and an - gels fair, When we meet O - ver there.

When we meet

No. 50. PRAISE THE LORD

W. H. C.

WILL H. CHAMPION.

1. Oh, Lamb of God, to Thee I owe All praise and ad - o - ra - tion,
 2. I claim no mer - it of my own, Thine own strong arm hath sav'd me;
 3. And when my work on earth is done, And death from bonds shall free us,

My time and tal - ent here be - low Are due for Thy sal - va - tion.
 High up in heav - en on Thy throne, My praise shall be un - to Thee.
 A - round His throne bright shining throne, I'll praise the name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

All praise to Thee, All praise and hon - or be;
 All praise to Thee, all praise to Thee,

All praise to Thee For Thy sal - va - tion free.
 All praise to Thee, all praise to Thee

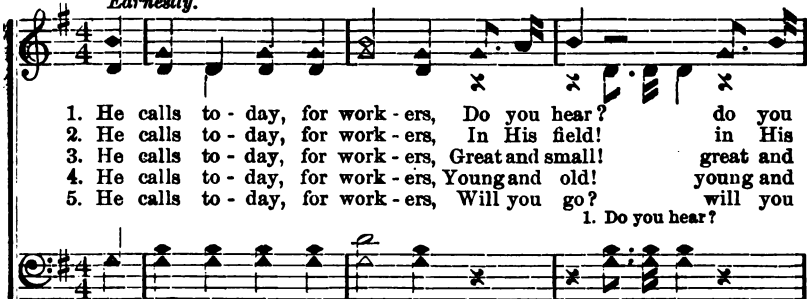
Copyright, 1910, by Will L. Champion.

No. 51. HE CALLS TO-DAY FOR WORKERS.

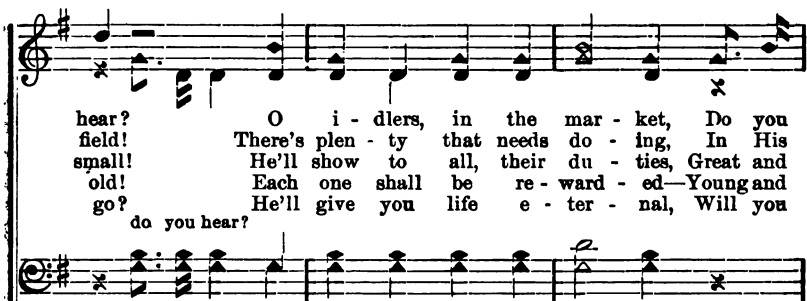
E. R. LATTA.

Earnestly.

F. L. EILAND.



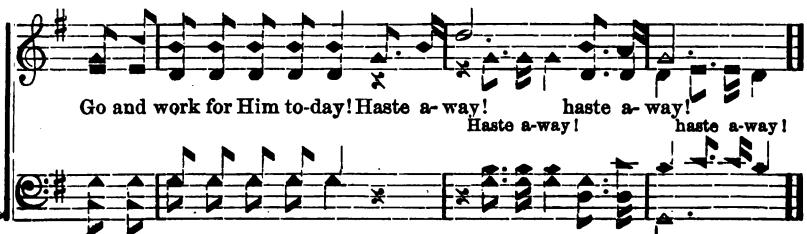
1. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Do you hear? do you
 2. He calls to - day, for work - ers, In His field! in His
 3. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Great and small! great and
 4. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Young and old! young and
 5. He calls to - day, for work - ers, Will you go? will you
 1. Do you hear?



hear? O i - dlers, in the mar - ket, Do you
 field! There's plen - ty that needs do - ing, In His
 small! He'll show to all, their du - ties, Great and
 old! Each one shall be re - ward - ed—Young and
 go? He'll give you life e - ter - nal, Will you
 do you hear?



CHORUS.
 hear? do you hear?
 field! in His field!
 small! great and small!
 old! young and old!
 go? will you go?
 Do you hear? do you hear?
 Now, the Saviour's voice o - bey;



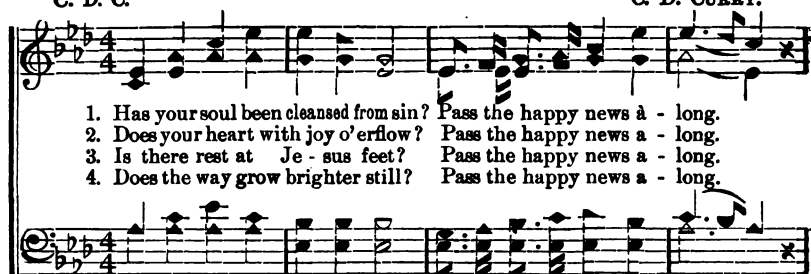
Go and work for Him to-day! Haste a-way! haste a-way!
 Haste a-way! haste a-way!

Copyright, 1892, by F. L. Eiland. All rights reserved.

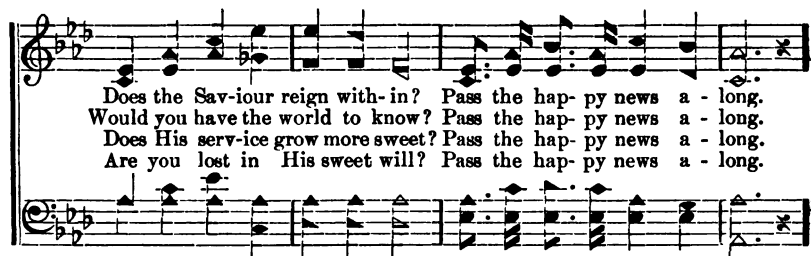
No. 52. PASS THE HAPPY NEWS ALONG.

C. D. C.

C. D. CURRY.

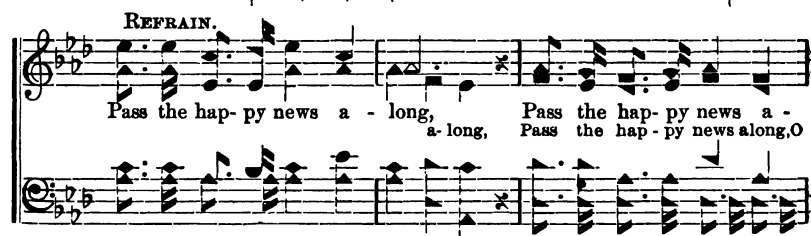


1. Has your soul been cleansed from sin? Pass the happy news a - long.
 2. Does your heart with joy o'erflow? Pass the happy news a - long.
 3. Is there rest at Je - sus feet? Pass the happy news a - long.
 4. Does the way grow brighter still? Pass the happy news a - long.



Does the Sav-iour reign with-in? Pass the hap-py news a - long.
 Would you have the world to know? Pass the hap-py news a - long.
 Does His serv-ice grow more sweet? Pass the hap-py news a - long.
 Are you lost in His sweet will? Pass the hap-py news a - long.

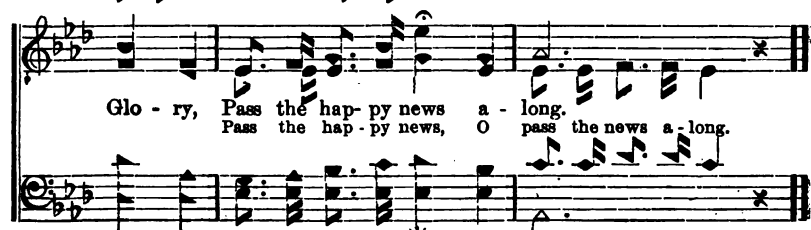
REFRAIN.



Pass the hap-py news a - long, a long, Pass the hap-py news a - long, O



long, pass the news a-long, Tell 'he wond'rous sto-ry, Christ is King of

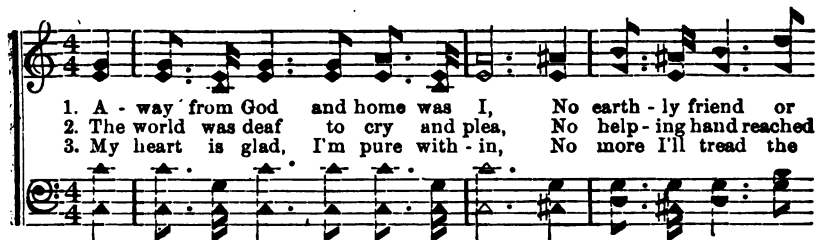


Glo - ry, Pass the hap-py news a - long.
 Pass the hap-py news, O pass the news a-long.

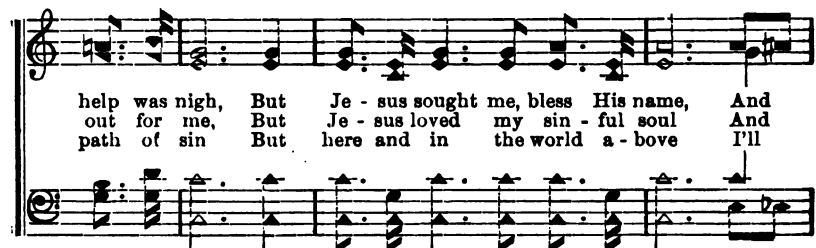
Copyright, 1910, by C. D. Curry.

JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

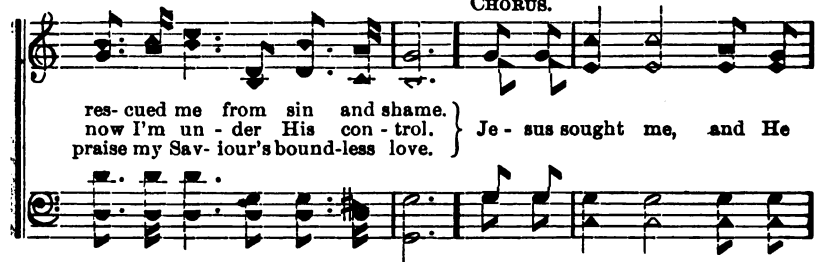


1. A - way from God and home was I, No earth - ly friend or
 2. The world was deaf to cry and plea, No help - ing hand reached
 3. My heart is glad, I'm pure with - in, No more I'll tread the

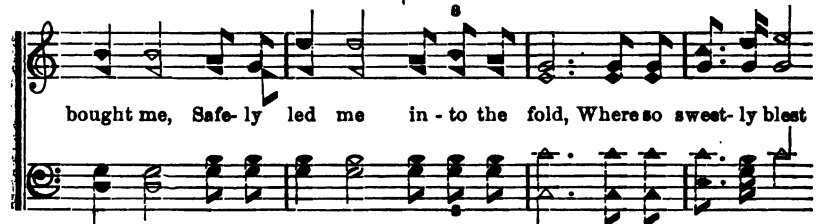


help was nigh, But Je - sus sought me, bless His name, And
 out for me, But Je - sus loved my sin - ful soul And
 path of sin But here and in the world a - bove I'll

CHORUS.



res - cued me from sin and shame. } Je - sus sought me, and He
 now I'm un - der His con - trol. }
 praise my Sav - iour's bound - less love. }



bought me, Safe - ly led me in - to the fold, Where so sweet - ly blest



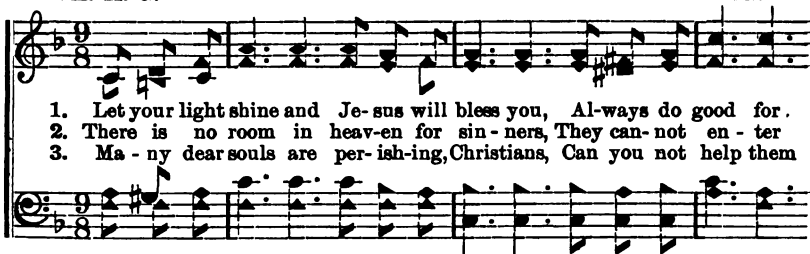
Poco rit.
 I will safe - ly rest Till I go to the cit - y of gold.

No. 54. DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

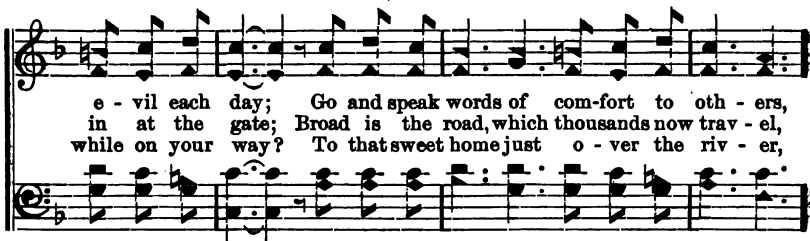
If we labor for the Master, as we journey here below;
We will meet and greet our loved ones, in that land to which we go.—Wm. M. G.

WM. M. G.


WM. M. GOLDEN.



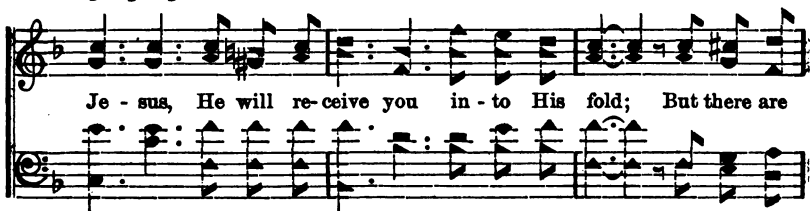
1. Let your light shine and Je-sus will bless you, Al-ways do good for.
2. There is no room in heav-en for sin-ners, They can-not en-ter
3. Ma-ny dear souls are per-ish-ing, Christians, Can you not help them



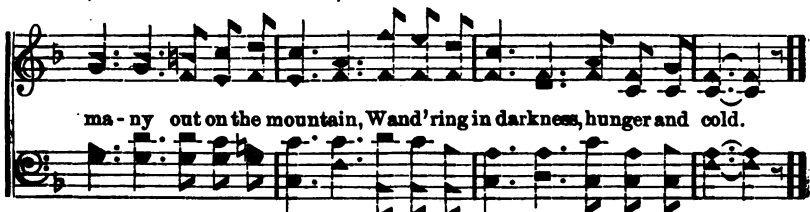
e-vil each day; Go and speak words of com-fort to oth-ers,
in at the gate; Broad is the road, which thousands now trav-el,
while on your way? To that sweet home just o-ver the riv-er,



REFRAIN.
Show then the light the truth and the way. } Come now, poor sinner, come unto
Hell will be crowded, share not their fate. }
Teach them to walk with Je-sus for aye.



Je-sus, He will re-ceive you in-to His fold; But there are



ma-ny out on the mountain, Wand'ring in darkness, hunger and cold.

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. J. Golden.

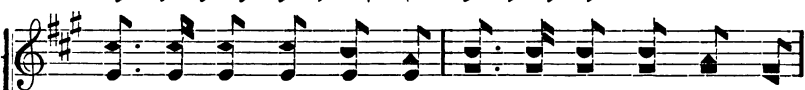
No. 55. TELL THE STORY OF LOVE.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

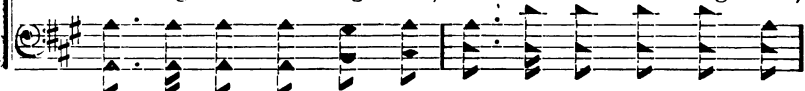
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. Would you the Saviour o - bey? Live for the kingdom a - bove;
2. Ma - ny are waiting to hear, News of the heav-en - ly call;
3. Tell the old sto - ry so true, Tell it what-ev - er the cost;
3. Tell them the love of the Christ, How He has sough't them for years;



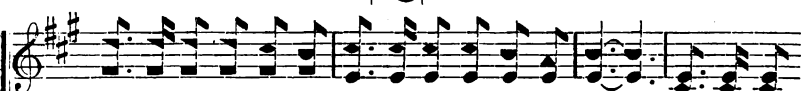
Lov - ing the ho - li - est, lift up the low - li - est,
Hearts that are hard - en - ing, yearn for God's par - don - ing,
Life that is du - ti - ful, ev - er is beau - ti - ful,
Lov - ing and need - ing them, let Him be lead - ing them,



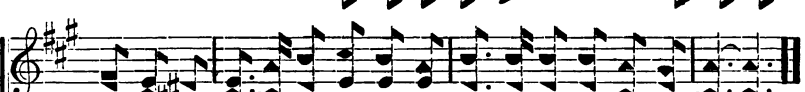
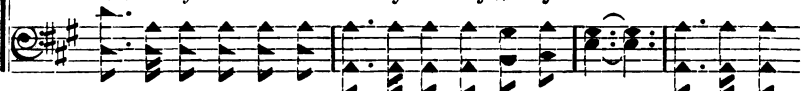
CHORUS.



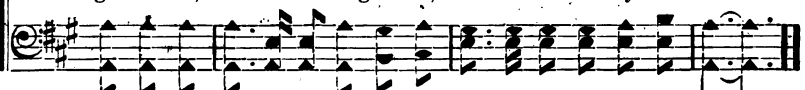
Tell the sto - ry of love.
Tell the sto - ry to all. } Oh, it is won - der - ful,
Haste to res - cue the lost.
Tell the sto - ry with tears.



bles - sed - ly won - der - ful Sto - ry of heav - en - ly love! 'Tis a load -



light - en - er, 'tis a heart - brightener, Tell that dear sto - ry of Love.

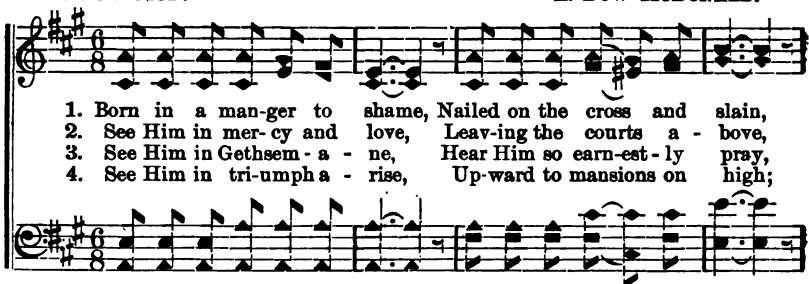


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No. 56. CHRIST MY REDEEMER LIVES.

L. Dow McD.

L. Dow McDONALD.

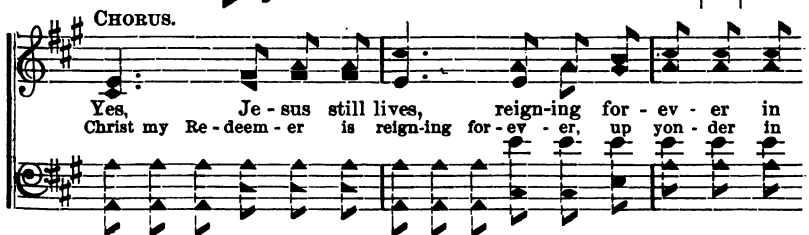


1. Born in a man-ger to shame, Nailed on the cross and slain,
 2. See Him in mer-cy and love, Leav-ing the courts a - bove,
 3. See Him in Gethsem - a - ne, Hear Him so earn-est - ly pray,
 4. See Him in tri-umph a - rise, Up-ward to man-sions on high;

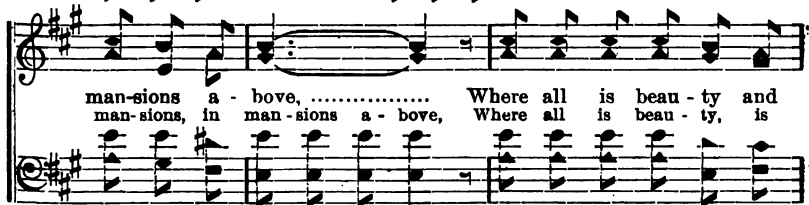


Bur-ied, but ris-en a - gain, Christ, my Re-deem - er lives.
 Com-ing re-demption to give, That you and I might live.
 Father, this cup take a - way, Not mine, but Thy will be done.
 Hear the glad song in the sky, Ho - ly! most Ho - ly; most high.

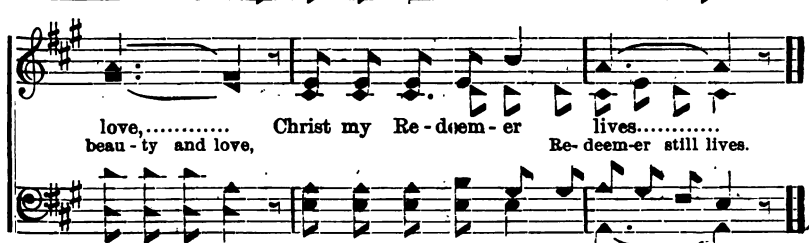
CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus still lives, reign-ing for - ev - er in
 Christ my Re-deem - er is reign-ing for - ev - er, up yon - der in



man-sions a - bove, Where all is beau - ty and
 man-sions, in man-sions a - bove, Where all is beau - ty, is



love, Christ my Re-deem - er lives,
 beau - ty and love, Re-deem - er still lives.

Copyright, 1910, by L. Dow McDonald.

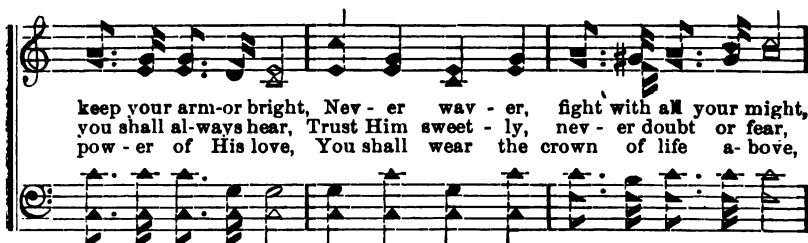
No. 57. ONWARD, SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

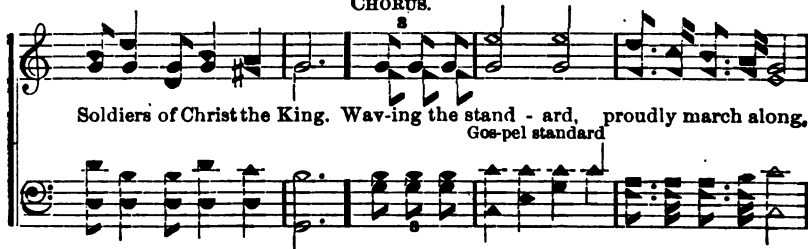


1. On - ward, sol - diers, for - ward in the light, Fol - low Je - sus,
 2. Christ will shield you when the foe is near, Cheer - ing whis - pers
 3. If your souls to Je - sus faith - ful prove, If you trust the

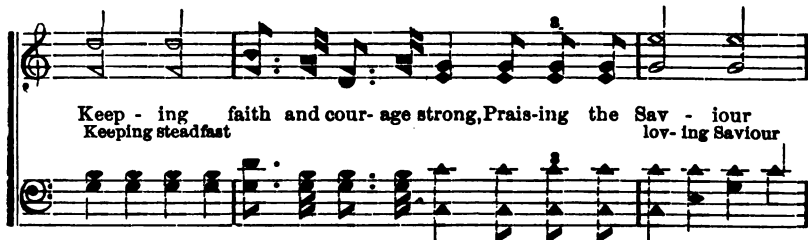


keep your arm-or bright, Nev - er wav - er, fight with all your might,
 you shall al-ways hear, Trust Him sweet - ly, nev - er doubt or fear,
 pow - er of His love, You shall wear the crown of life a - bove,

CHORUS.



Soldiers of Christ the King. Wav-ing the stand - ard, proudly march along,
 Gos-pel standard



Keep - ing faith and cour - age strong, Prais-ing the Sav - iour
 Keeping steadfast lov - ing Saviour





with a gladsome song, For - ward to the field to fight for Je - sus.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

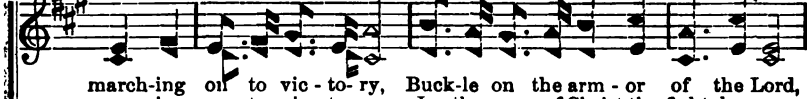
L. LOW McDONALD.

W. HENRY QUILLLEN.

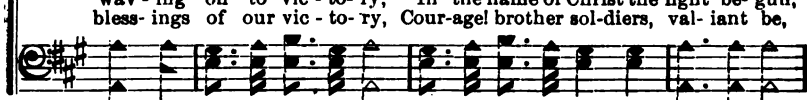
- 
1. We're a band of sol-diers in the gos-pel cause, And we're ev-er
 2. Christ our roy-al Mas-ter leads a-against the foe, See our ban-ner
 3. When the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown, And re-ceive the




march-ing on to vic-to-ry, Buck-le on the arm-or of the Lord,
wav-ing on to vic-to-ry, In the name of Christ the fight be-gun,
bless-ings of our vic-to-ry, Cour-age! brother sol-diers, val-iant be,



Trust-ing ev-er in His bless-ed word, In this on-ward march, O,
And for Him the vic-t'ry shall be won, In the smoke of bat-tle
March with steady step to vic-to-ry, Christ is ev-er near Thy



D.S.—In this on-ward march, O,
FIN.



let us nev-er pause, Ev-er marching for-ward, on to vic-to-ry.
see our ban-ner go, As we're marching forward, on to vic-to-ry.
soul to bless and own, As we're marching forward, on to vic-to-ry.



let us nev-er pause, Ev-er marching for-ward, on to vic-to-ry.

CHORUS.*D.S.*


On-ward let our watchword ever be, On-ward, ev-er on to vic-to-ry;

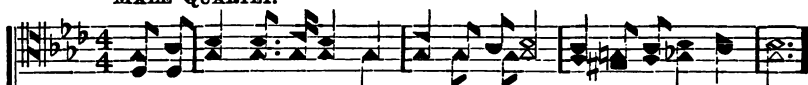
No. 59. THE SWEETEST WORDS TO ME.

(Mother, Home and Heaven.)

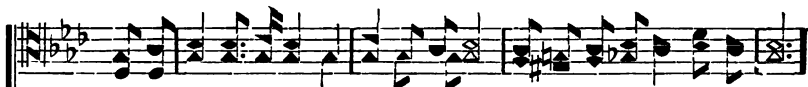
JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

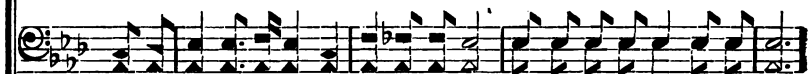
MALE QUARTET.



1. When my spirit is sighing, lost in the gloam, When friends from me depart,
2. When a - far from my kindred, lonely, I roam, When bil-lows o'er me roll,
3. When I en - ter the shadow, facing the tomb, Fear may my soul be-tray,



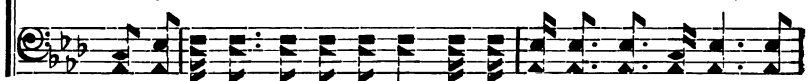
And I think of my mother, heaven and home, How it cheers and comforts my heart.
If I think of my mother, heaven and home, How it soothes my sad, troubled soul.
But I'll think of my mother, heaven and home, Then all fear will vanish a - way.



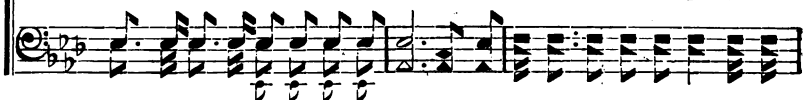
CHORUS.



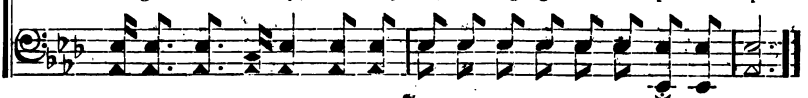
Tru-ly "Mother, Home and Heaven" are the sweetest words to me; Each



word is music most supremely sweet; Oh, they soothe the troubled spirit, like an



an- gel mel - o - dy, And they fill the longing heart with peace complete.



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W. OLIVER COOPER.

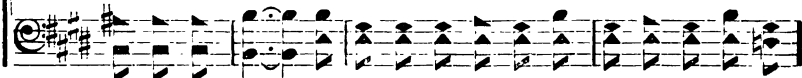
SIM J. CALVERT.



1. How of - ten a vis - ion of heav - en and glo - ry is pict - ured be -
2. Our friends and our lov'd ones are gathered to - geth - er, With Je - sus who
3. They're gather'd to - geth - er with Je - sus our Sav - iour, And those who have
4. The Saviour has promised to all of His work - ers A robe and a



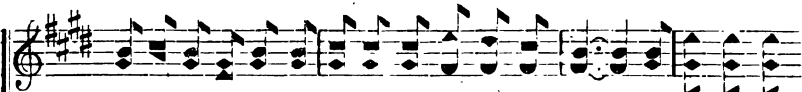
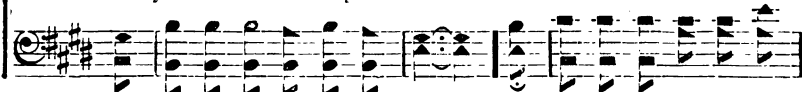
fore my poor eyes. I see in my mind a great host of bright an - gels
died for the lost. When life here is o - ver we'll join in their number,
toiled here be - low, Are reap - ing a ten - fold re - ward for their la - bor,
beau - ti - ful crown. Then brother en - list in the ar - my of Je - sus,



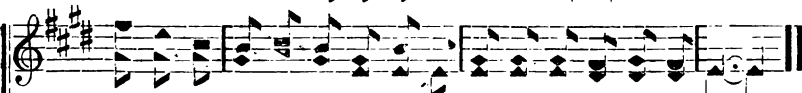
CHORUS.



All gath - ered up there in the	skies.	} O won - der - ful, won - der - ful
At home with that wonderful	host.	
Since joined to that heav - en - ly	host.	
That you in this host may be	found.	



hosts up in heaven, Bright beautiful, beau - ti - ful band. How sweet there to



dwell with our lov'd ones for - ev - er, Up there in that heav - en - ly land.



Copyright, 1910, by Sim J. Calvert.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Won - der - ful an - gels in gar - ments of white,
 2. Oh, what a song was that song from the sky,
 3. Birth of a Sav - iour the an - gels pro - claimed,
 4. Nev - er those shep - herds for - got what they heard:

Came to the shepherds one beau - ti - ful night, Sing - ing a
 Nev - er such glo - ry did shepherds dis - cry, Nev - er had
 "Cit - y of Da - vid"—and "Je - sus"—were nam'd—Then was the
 Strong - ly and deep - ly their hearts had been stirr'd; Seek - ing for

song of sur - pass - ing de - light—Praise to God on high.
 heav - en be - fore been so high, Prais - ing God on high.
 chant of peace sweet - ly ac - claimed, Prais - ing God on high.
 Je - sus—they heed - ed the word—Prais - ing God on high.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Oh, glo - ry to God on high!
 Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Yes, glo - ry to God on high!
 Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

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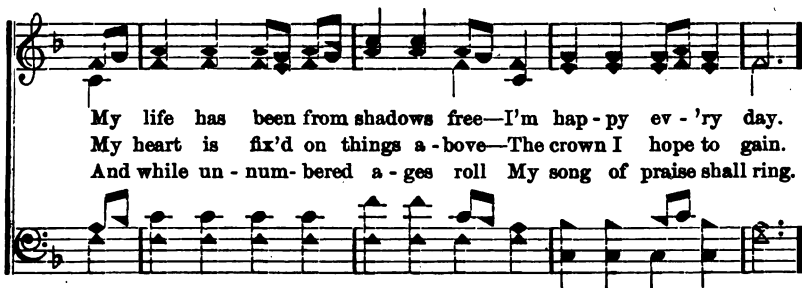
No. 62. SINCE JESUS RESCUED ME.

JAMES ROWE.

JAMES B. PARKER.



1. Since Christ the Sav-iour res-cued me And wash'd my sins a - way,
2. The vales of sin no more I love, I shun all pleasures vain;
3. O lov-ing Sav-iour of my soul, To Thee I al-ways cling,



My life has been from shadows free—I'm hap-py ev-'ry day.
My heart is fix'd on things a-bove—The crown I hope to gain.
And while un-num-bered a-ges roll My song of praise shall ring.

CHORUS.



I'm sing-ing, sing-ing all day long, So hap-py and so free!



Re-deem-ing love has been my song, Since Je-sus res-cued me.

Copyright, 1910, by J. B. Parker.

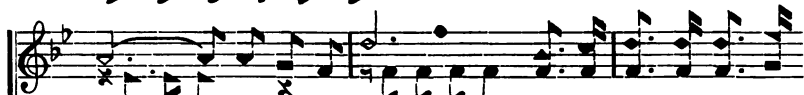
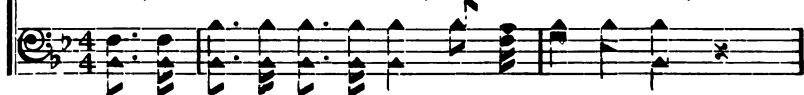
No. 63. WHEN THE MORN OF GLORY BREAKS.

JAMES ROWE.

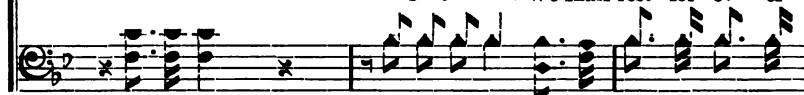
ALBERT WELLS.



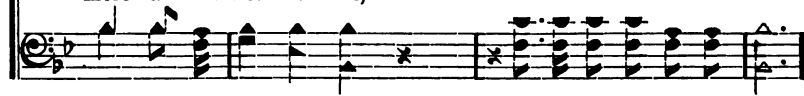
1. We shall sing a sweet new song on the gold - en shore, When the
2. We shall meet a - gain the friends who have gone be - fore,
3. We shall meet our Sav - iour dear, hear His wel - come sweet,



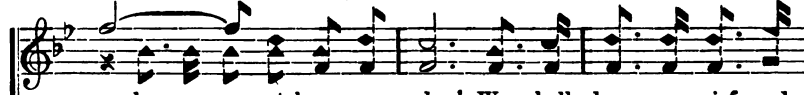
morn..... of glo - ry breaks; Joy will come to all our
 When the morn of glory breaks; We shall clasp their hands a -
 We shall rest for - ev - er -



hearts, tears will fall no more, When the morn..... of glo - ry breaks.
 gain, as we did of yore,
 more at His bless - ed feet, When the morn



CHORUS.
 When the morn..... of glo - ry breaks, When the
 When the morn Oh, when it breaks,



soul..... at home a - wakes! We shall lose our grief and
 When the soul



Copyright, 1910, by Albert Wells.

When the Morn of Glory Breaks.—Concluded.

care and have joy to spare, When the morn..... of glo - ry breaks.
When the morn

No. 64. PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

R. E. R.

R. L. RUSSELL.

1. Oh, heed the Saviour's warn-ing now, The warn-ing thro' His word;
2. Or e'er the gold-en bowl be broke, Or loos'd the sil-ver chord,
3. The fall-ing leaf, the with-ered stalk, The dy-ing, burst-ing pod;
4. The fring-ing crape, the fu-neral train, The lit-tle mound of sod,

The warn-ing to the lost is sin, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Pre-pare, O wan-der-er pre-pare, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
These seem to ech-o the sad words, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
In sol-lemn tones these seem to say, Pre-pare to meet thy God.

REFRAIN.


Pre-pare, pre-pare, Too long sin's paths you've trod;
Pre-pare, pre-pare, pre-pare,

Pre-pare, pre-pare, Pre-pare to meet thy God.
Pre-pare, pre-pare, pre-pare,



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Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.



FRANK JAY ROBERTSON.



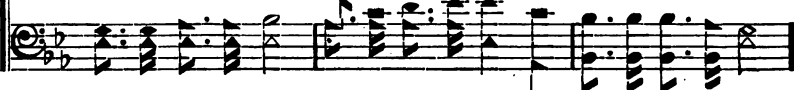
1. Ma - ny walk where shadows darken all their way, Know - ing not the
 2. Let me show the bright side to the lone - ly heart, Com - fort - ing in
 3. Walking on life's pathway, I may nev - er do, An - y deed of
 4. Let me tell of Je - sus - dear - est, tru - est friend, Who doth love and

tone - light, shin - ing all the day, Clouds have sil - ver lin - ings,
 sor - row sooth - ing ache and smart, Let us give the glad things
 great - ness, but I may be true, Pa - tient, lov - ing, joy - ous
 guide us, com - fort and de - fend, Let me show His lov - ing

let us know their charm. Seeing but the bright side we are safe from harm.
 smile and song and flow'r, Cheering as the dew - drops in the morning hour.
 dai - ly may I be, Giv - ing hope to oth - ers that shall make them free.
 kind - ness ev - 'ry - where, That will bless the wea - ry all their bur - dens bear.




REFRAIN.



Let me show the bright side as I pass a - long, Let me go with




smi - ling and a heart of song Life has joy and beau - ty



THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Concluded.

much that glo - ri - fies! Let me show the bright side un - to long-ing eyes,

No. 66. WASH ME WHITE AS SNOW.

R. L. R.

R. L. RUSSELL.

1. Tho' with sin I am de - filed, Am de - filed, am de - filed,
 2. Tho' my sins as scar - let be, Scar - let be, scar - let be,
 3. He can heal the lep - er's spot, Lep - er's spot, lep - er's spot,
 4. In the stream from Ca - v'ry's side, Cal - v'ry's side, Cal - v'ry's side,

God His own re - turn - ing child Wash - es white as snow.
 Yet the blood He shed for me Wash - es white as snow.
 Cleanse the heart of ev - 'ry blot, Wash it white as snow.
 Sin - ners vile are pu - ri - fied, Wash'd as white as snow.

REFRAIN.

Though in sin I'm fall - en low, Fall - en low, fall - en low,

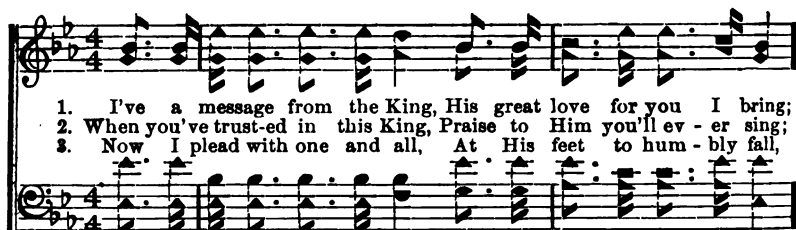
Je - sus' blood it can I know Wash me white as snow.

Copyright, 1910, by R. L. Russell.

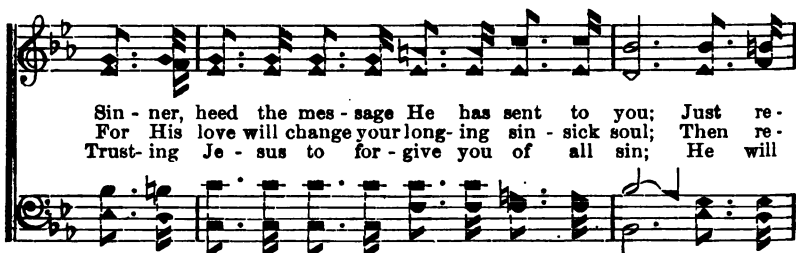
No. 67. I'VE A MESSAGE FROM THE KING.

STEPHEN W. JONES.

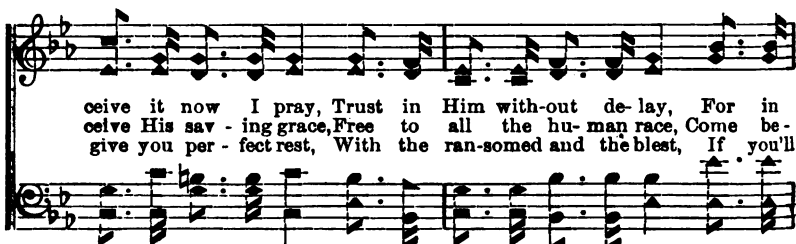
WOODIE W. SMITH.



1. I've a message from the King, His great love for you I bring;
 2. When you've trust-ed in this King, Praise to Him you'll ev - er sing;
 3. Now I plead with one and all, At His feet to hum - bly fall,

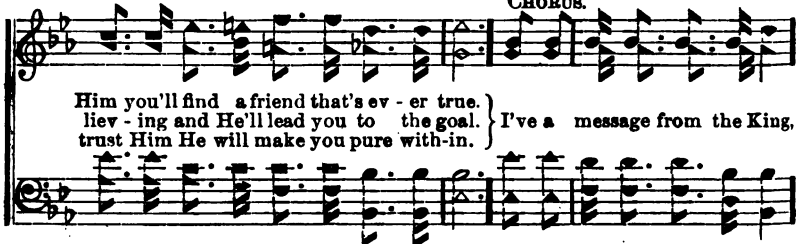


Sin - ner, heed the mes - sage He has sent to you; Just re -
 For His love will change your long - ing sin - sick soul; Then re -
 Trust - ing Je - sus to for - give you of all sin; He will



ceive it now I pray, Trust in Him with-out de-lay, For in
 ceive His sav - ing grace, Free to all the hu-man race, Come be-
 give you per - fect rest, With the ran-somed and the blest, If you'll

CHORUS.



Him you'll find a friend that's ev - er true. } I've a message from the King,
 liev - ing and He'll lead you to the goal. }
 trust Him He will make you pure with-in. }



I've a message from the King, I will tell the sto - ry true, Sin - ner,

Copyright, 1910, by Smith & Jones.

I've a Message From the King.—Concluded.

mer - cy waits for you, I've a mes-sage from the great heav'n-ly King.

No. 68.

BE YE STRONG.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

J. BERRY SMITH.

1. As we march a-long to glo - ry We will let the Saviour lead,
2. Tho' by foes we are sur-round-ed, We shall have al-might-y aid—
3. Let the hosts of sin out-num-ber—God will guard us night and day—
4. High a - loft shall float our ban-ner—'Tis the en - sign of the Lord—

Cap-tain of our great sal - va - tion, He will "help in time of need."
 If our faith in God is ground-ed, We shall nev - er be dis-mayed.
 He who keeps us "will not slum-ber"—He will save, if we o - bey.
 We shall sing a glad ho-san - na, We shall reap a great re - ward.

CHORUS.

"Be ye strong and be cour - age - ous"—For "the Lord will nev - er fail"—

Trust-ing in the God of Ja - cob, We shall might-i - ly pre - vail.

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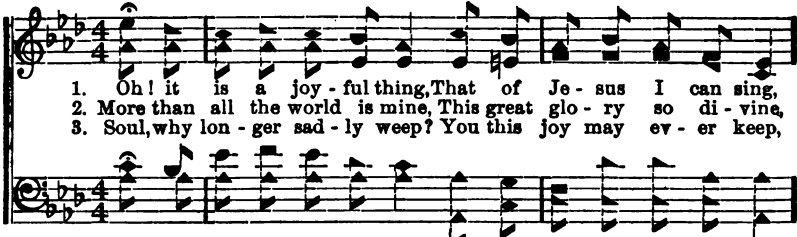
No. 69.

THE WORD OF HIS POWER.

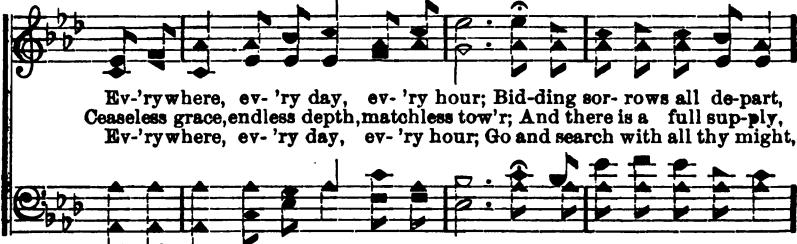
His word is spirit and 'tis life, the soul it can relieve,
Of burdens all, the hard to bear, sad heart canst thou believe.

F. L. EILAND.

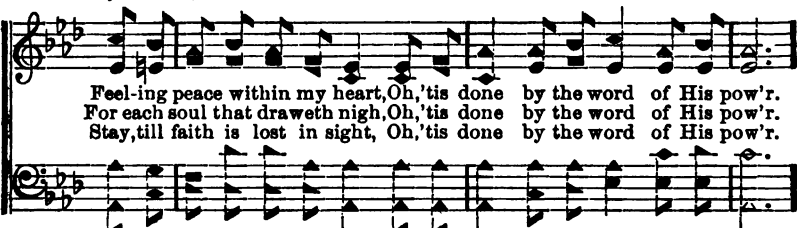
J. P. LANE.



1. Oh! it is a joy - ful thing, That of Je - sus I can sing,
2. More than all the world is mine, This great glo - ry so di - vine,
3. Soul, why lon - ger sad - ly weep? You this joy may ev - er keep,




Ev-'rywhere, ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour; Bid-ding sor-rows all de-part,
Ceaseless grace, endless depth, matchless tow'r; And there is a full sup-ply,
Ev-'rywhere, ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour; Go and search with all thy might,

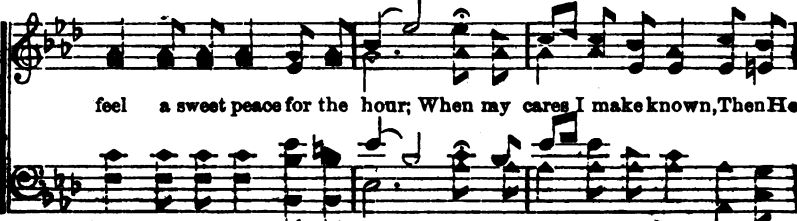


Feel-ing peace within my heart, Oh, 'tis done by the word of His pow'r.
For each soul that draweth nigh, Oh, 'tis done by the word of His pow'r.
Stay, till faith is lost in sight, Oh, 'tis done by the word of His pow'r.

CHORUS.



I can sing it a-way—All the gloom of the day, And can



feel a sweet peace for the hour; When my cares I make known, Then He

Copyright, 1910, by J. P. Lane.

THE WORD OF HIS POWER.—Concluded.

takes as His own, Oh, 'tis done by the word of His pow'r.

No. 70. IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

JENNIE WILSON.

CYRUS P. HONNOLL.

1. I am ful-ly trust-ing Je-sus, As I jour-ney o'er life's way,
2. Oft I seem to hear the Sav-iour, Speaking gen-tly to my soul,
3. Press-ing on a-mid temp-tations, On through grief and pain I bear,
4. When I'm resting with redeemed ones, With my earthly jour-neys o'er,

And I'll fol-low in His footsteps, Till I reach the realms of day.
 Tell-ing me to nev-er fal-ter, Till I gain the heav'n-ly goal.
 By and by e-ter-nal glo-ry, With my Sav-iour I shall share.
 I will praise the Lord who led me, To the bright ce-les-tial shore.

D.S.—I will fol-low in the foot-steps, Till His bless-ed face I see.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll fol-low in the footsteps, Of the friend who died for me,

Copyright, 1910, by Cyrus P. Honnoll.

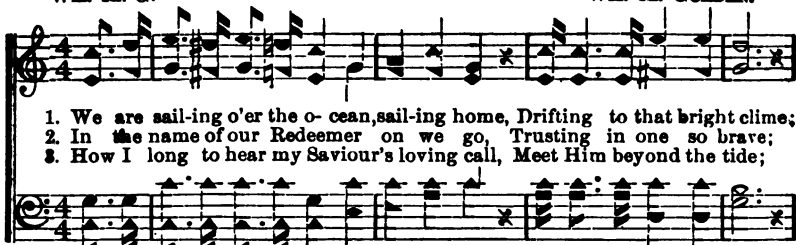
No. 71.

SAILING HOME.

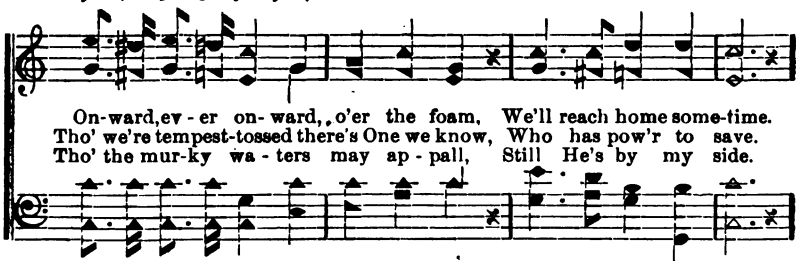
To my brother, Reid. Golden, and to all my sailor friends.

WM. M. G.

WM. M. GOLDEN.



1. We are sail-ing o'er the o-cean, sail-ing home, Drifting to that bright clime;
 2. In the name of our Redeemer on we go, Trusting in one so brave;
 3. How I long to hear my Saviour's loving call, Meet Him beyond the tide;



On-ward, ev-er on-ward, o'er the foam, We'll reach home some-time.
 Tho' we're tempest-tossed there's One we know, Who has pow'r to save.
 Tho' the mur-ky wa-ters may ap-pall, Still He's by my side.

CHORUS.



Sail - ing, sail - ing home,.....
 Sail - ing home, we're sail - ing, sail - ing home, we're sail - ing home.



On to glo - ry, on - to glo - ry, now we glide,.....
 On to glo - ry, on - to glo - ry, on to glo - ry now we glide;



Soon our ship..... will cast her an-chor,.....
 Soon our ship will cast her an-chor, Safe be-yond the surg-ing tide,

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. M. Golden.

SAILING HOME.—Concluded.

Safe be - yond..... the surg - ing tide.....
 Cast her an - chor, safe be - yond the surg - ing tide, (the surg - ing tide.)

No. 72.

BEAUTIES UNKNOWN.

J. S. R.

JULIUS S. RUSHING.

1. Yes, Christ has now prepared a home, For those who serve Him here;
 2. He wore the crown of thorns for us, And bore the cross a - lone;
 3. His hands were nailed there to the cross, Then died for sin - ful men;

To us its beau - ties are un - known, But the Bi - ble gives us cheer.
 That we thro' Him be free and just, To reach that great whitethrone.
 Yes, bowed His head, died on the cross, And His blood has made me free.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus, my Sav - - iour, He gave His life for me;
 Je - sus gave His life, Saviour died for me,

O Je - sus my Sav - - iour, His blood has made me free.
 Je - sus gave His life, Saviour died for me,

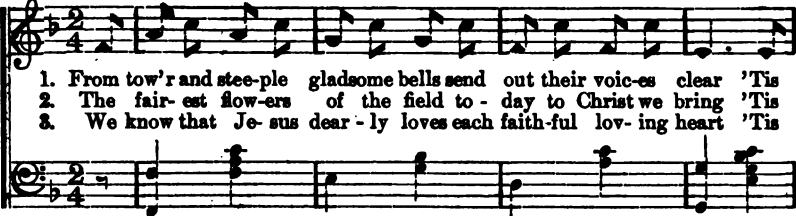
Copyright, 1910, by Julius S. Rushing. By per.

No. 73.

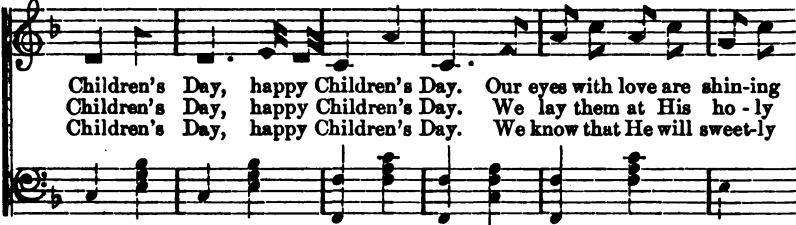
'TIS CHILDREN'S DAY.

JAMES ROWE
Unison.

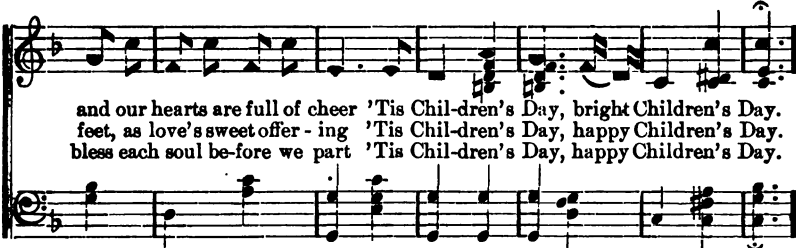
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. From tow'r and stee-ple glad-some bells send out their voic-es clear 'Tis
2. The fair-est flow-ers of the field to - day to Christ we bring 'Tis
3. We know that Je-sus dear-ly loves each faith-ful lov-ing heart 'Tis



Children's Day, happy Children's Day. Our eyes with love are shin-ing
Children's Day, happy Children's Day. We lay them at His ho-ly
Children's Day, happy Children's Day. We know that He will sweet-ly

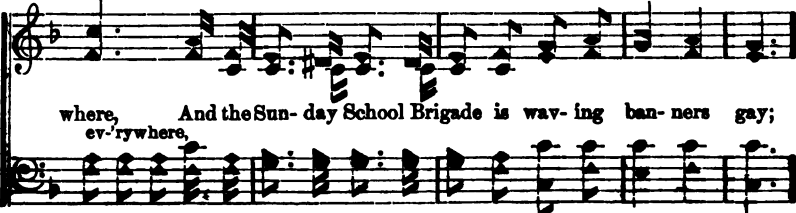


and our hearts are full of cheer 'Tis Chil-dren's Day, bright Children's Day.
feet, as love's sweet offer - ing 'Tis Chil-dren's Day, happy Children's Day.
bless each soul be-fore we part 'Tis Chil-dren's Day, happy Children's Day.

CHORUS. Parts.



Joy - ous mu - sic fills the air, There is glad - ness ev - 'ry -
Mu - sic fills the air, There is glad - ness



where, And the Sun - day School Brigade is wav - ing ban - ners gay;
ev - 'rywhere,

Copyright, 1916, by S. W. Beazley.

'TIS CHILDREN'S DAY.—Concluded.



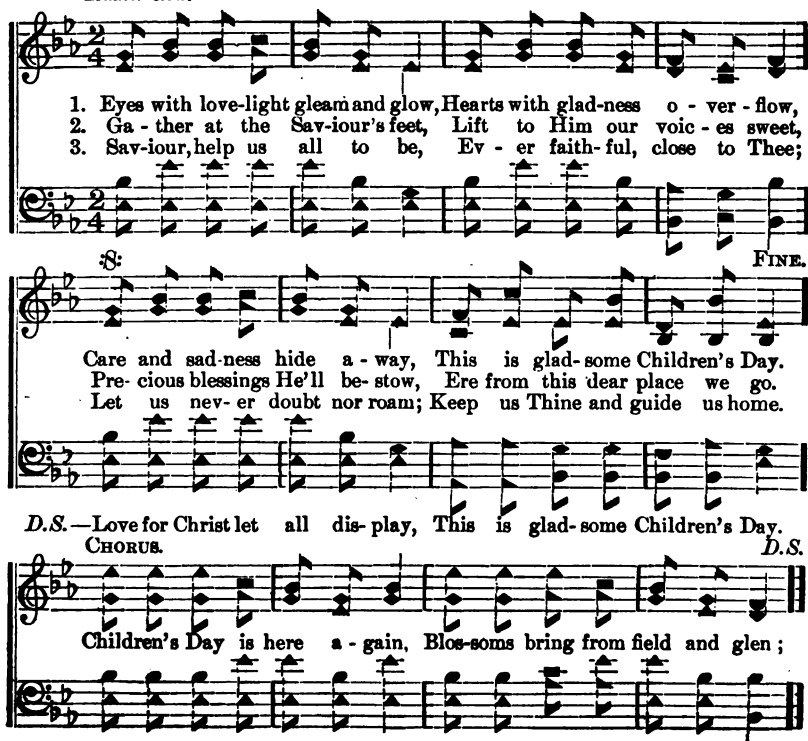
Sweetest songs of praise we sing To our lov - ing heav'nly King,
Sweetest songs of praise we sing To our lov - ing heav'nly King.

And the world is bright with gos - pel light, For this is Children's Day.

No. 74. GLADSOME CHILDREN'S DAY.

JAMES ROWE.
Rather slow.

JESSE M. HAYES.



1. Eyes with love-light gleam and glow, Hearts with glad-ness o - ver - flow,
2. Ga - ther at the Sav-iour's feet, Lift to Him our voic - es sweet,
3. Sav-iour, help us all to be, Ev - er faith-ful, close to Thee;

FINE.

Care and sad-ness hide a - way, This is glad-some Children's Day.
Pre-cious blessings He'll be-stow, Ere from this dear place we go.
Let us nev-er doubt nor roam; Keep us Thine and guide us home.

D.S.—Love for Christ let all dis-play, This is glad-some Children's Day.
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Children's Day is here a - gain, Blos-soms bring from field and glen;

Copyright, 1910, by Jesse M. Hayer

E. A. M.

E. A. MASON.

1. Are you work-ing for the Mas-ter, in His vine-yard here be-low,
 2. He who sits in i-dle wait-ing seek-ing not to please the Lord,
 3. Prov-ing faith-ful, ev-er faith-ful, to the trust the Sav-iour gave,

Right-ly us-ing ev-'ry mo-ment, ere from earth you're call'd to go?
 Can but come to loss and sor-row, knowing not the blest re-ward;
 Look-ing for-ward to the beau-ty of the life be-yond the grave,

Are you striv-ing, dai-ly striv-ing, for a bright and fadeless crown,
 But the good we leave be-hind us, like a mon-u-ment shall be,
 Help-ing oth-ers as we jour-ney, bear-ing brave-ly ev-'ry test,

D.S.—Let us all be up and do-ing, with a pur-pose true and strong,

FINE.

Liv-ing in the bless-ed teach-ing that our lov-ing Lord laid down?
 Point-ing pre-cious ones to Heav-en, and a bright e-ter-ni-ty.
 We shall be pre-pared for Heaven, with its per-fect joy and rest.

Let our hands be filled with la-bor and our hearts be filled with song.

REFRAIN.

Work for Je - sus while you may, work for Je - sus while you may,
 Work for Je - sus while you may, work for Je - sus while you may,

Copyright, 1910, by E. A. Mason.

ARE YOU WORKING.—Concluded.

D.S.

Life is pass - ing swift a - way; ing swift a - way;
 Life is pass - ing swift a - way, life is pass - ing swift a - way.

No. 76. FEARLESSLY WITH HIM TO GUIDE.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

GEO. W. BACON.

1. Fear-less-ly with Him to guide, All the way, what-e'er be-tide,
 2. Je-sus is my song, my rest, Mine thro' all, He know-est best,
 3. Fear-less-ly I'll jour-ney on Till ap-pears the "Per-fect Dawn,"

I will trust Him and will sing Prais-es to my Lord and King.
 Just the way that I should go All my pil-grim-age be-low.
 Prais-ing Him with lat-est breath, Bless-ed Christ of Naz-a-reth!

REFRAIN.

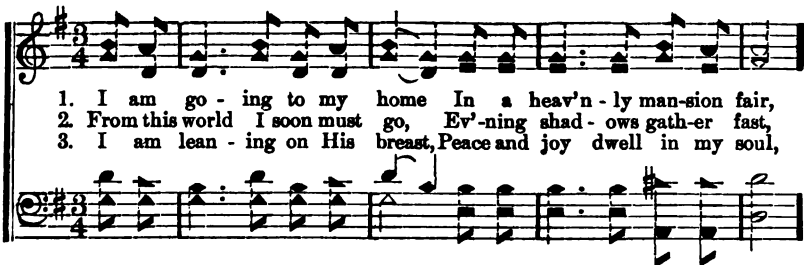
Fear-less-ly with Him to guide, I will stem death's si-lent tide;

He my joy and song shall be Time and all e-ter-ni-ty.

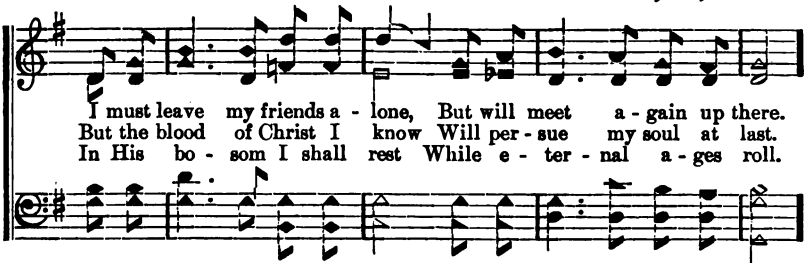
Copyright, 1910, by Geo. W. Bacon.

B. M. M.

B. M. MATTHEWS.

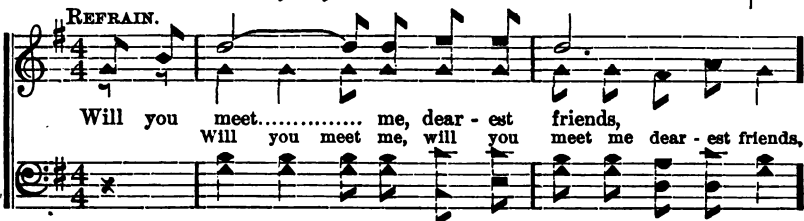


1. I am go - ing to my home In a heav'n - ly man-sion fair,
 2. From this world I soon must go, Ev'-ning shad - ows gath - er fast,
 3. I am lean - ing on His breast, Peace and joy dwell in my soul,



I must leave my friends a - lone, But will meet a - gain up there.
 But the blood of Christ I know Will per - sue my soul at last.
 In His bo - som I shall rest While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.


REFRAIN.



Will you meet..... me, dear - est friends,
 Will you meet me, will you meet me dear - est friends,



On that peace - ful, hap - py shore?
 On that peace - ful, hap - py shore, hap - py shore?



When the storm - y jour - ney ends,
 When the storm - y, when the storm - y jour - ney ends,

WILL YOU MEET ME?—Concluded.

Meet me there, to part no more.
Meet me there, to part no more, to part no more.

No. 78. WHEN I GET HOME TO REST.

WM. M. G.

WM. M. GOLDEN.

1. Some time I'll hear my Saviour's voice Say, come to me and rest;
2. There is a home where sor-rows cease, In fade-less ver-dure dressed;
3. In that sweet home be-yond the tide, That Par-a-dise so blest;

It is e-nough for me to know, It is the Lord's be-hest.
And by and by, I'm go-ing there, Yes, go-ing home to rest.
A star-ry crown and robe I'll wear, When I get home to rest.

REFRAIN.

I mean to do my Mas-ter's will, For Je-sus do my best,

Then when my work on earth is done, I'm go-ing home to rest.

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. M. Golden.

Miss. NELLIE A. HANNA.

MARION T. HILL.

1. Christ the King of glo - ry, look-ing down from heav'n, Saw the ma - ny
 2. Crippled, blind and help-less, weak and sick from sin, Thus, in love and
 3. Na - ked, poor, for-sak - en, lost and far from home, But this low - ly

bur - dens, which to you were giv'n, Lov - ing - ly, He called you,
 mer - cy, Je - sus took you in; Soon re-newed and strengthened,
 Je - sus won-drous love hath shown, Rich, an heir of glo - ry,

took them, all, a-way— If you're tru-ly grate-ful, live it ev - 'ry day.
 you were on your way, If you're tru-ly grate-ful, live it ev - 'ry day.
 you may be for aye, If you're tru-ly grate-ful, live it ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

Is there one so loy - al, half so true and kind? Is there such a

Sav - iour, as your Lord and mine? Should you, then, be thoughtless,

Copyright, 1910, by Marion T. Hill.

LIVE IT EVERY DAY.—Concluded.

wast-ing hours a-way? If you're tru-ly grate-ful, live it ev-'ry day.

No. 80. THE PARTING TIME.

M. T. RAMSFIELD.

J. H. ROSS.

1. The part-ing time will soon have come, How sad we all will be,
2. The part-ing time will soon have come, Let us re-mem-ber well,
3. The part-ing time will soon have come, And we will feel the pain,

But let us try to meet a - gain, Be - yond the crys - tal sea.
 If we are faith-ful on this earth, In heav - en we will dwell.
 To leave our teachers schoolmates too, We hope to meet a - gain.

REFRAIN.

The part-ing time will soon have come, Its then we'll feel the pain,

So let us live while in this earth, That in heav-en we will reign.

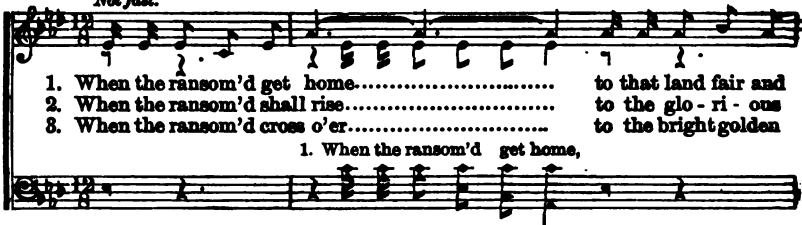
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No. 81. WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.

S. W. B.

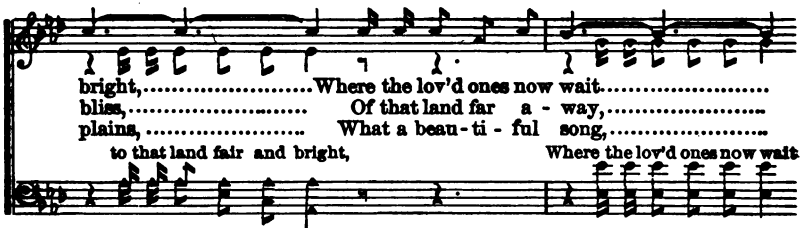
S. W. BRASLEY.

Not fast.



1. When the ransom'd get home..... to that land fair and
 2. When the ransom'd shall rise..... to the glo - ri - ous
 3. When the ransom'd cross o'er..... to the bright golden

1. When the ransom'd get home,

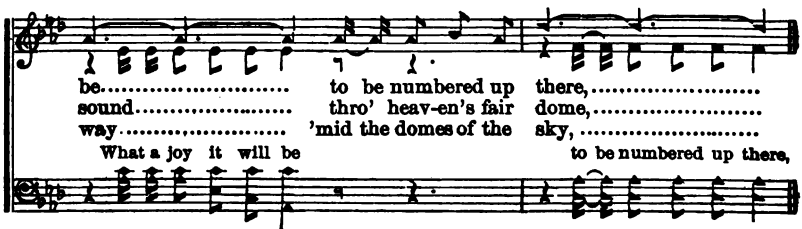


bright,.....Where the lov'd ones now wait.....
 bliss,.....Of that land far a - way,.....
 plains,.....What a beau - ti - ful song,.....
 to that land fair and bright,.....Where the lov'd ones now wait

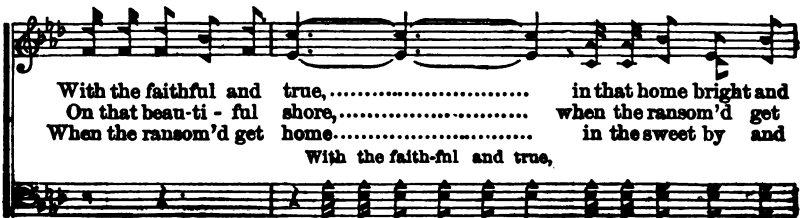


'mid the scenes of de - light,.....What a joy it will
 fair-er, brighter than this,.....What a shout-ing will
 what mel-o - di - ous straus,.....Will be waft - ed a -

'mid the scenes of de - light,



be.....to be numbered up there,.....
 sound.....thro' heav-en's fair dome,.....
 way.....'mid the domes of the sky,.....
 What a joy it will be.....to be numbered up there,

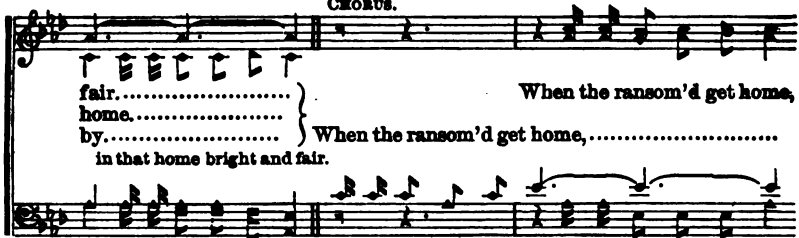


With the faithful and true,.....in that home bright and
 On that beau - ti - ful shore,.....when the ransom'd get
 When the ransom'd get home.....in the sweet by and
 With the faith-ful and true,

By permission of the author.

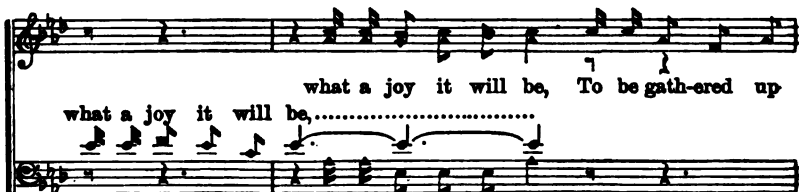
WHEN THE RANSOMED GET HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



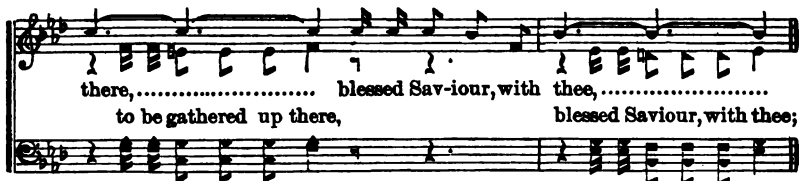
fair.....
home.....
by.....

When the ransom'd get home,
When the ransom'd get home,.....
in that home bright and fair.

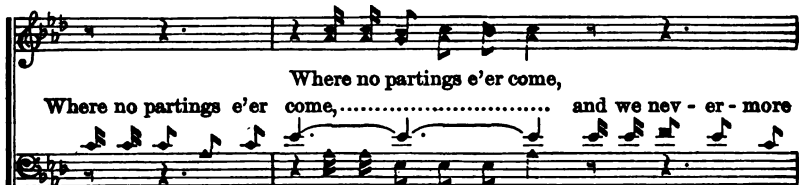


what a joy it will be,.....
what a joy it will be,.....

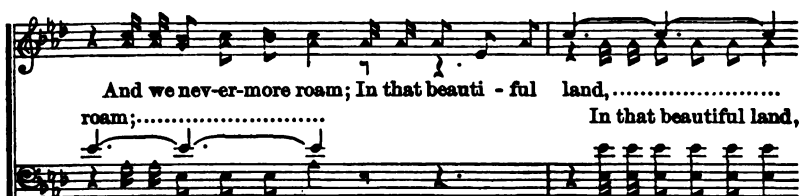
To be gathered up



there,..... blessed Sav-iour, with thee,.....
to be gathered up there,..... blessed Saviour, with thee;



Where no partings e'er come,
Where no partings e'er come,..... and we nev - er - more



And we nev-er-more roam; In that beauti - ful land,.....
roam;..... In that beautiful land,



when the ran-som'd get home.....
when the ran-som'd get home.

(Dedicated to Rev. C. J. Dalton by D. H. and R. H. B.)

D. H. BROOKS.

R. H. BROOKS.

1. There is a land..... of peace on high,..... We to its
 2. There is a land..... and there's a home,..... For ev - 'ry
 3. There is a land..... beyond this shore,..... Where we shall
 4. There is a land..... of bliss-ful rest..... Where we shall
 1. There is a land of peace on high,

joy.....there fain would fly;..... Our sorrows will.....then all be
 one.....to Christ will come,.....And there's a crown..... for you to
 dwell.....for ev - er - more,.....With all the lov'd.....ones gathered
 meet.....with all the blest;.....Just o - ver there.....on that bright
 We to its joy there fair would fly; Our sorrows will

D.S.—Our sorrows will.....then all be

FINE.

o'er,..... When we land on..... the golden shore, (the golden shore.)
 wear,..... If you'll help Him..... His cross to bear, (His cross to bear.)
 there,..... In that blest home..... so bright and fair, (so bright and fair.)
 shore,..... Where we will nev - er part no more, (yes, part no more.)
 then all be o'er, When we land on

o'er,..... When we land on..... the golden shore. (the golden shore.)

REFRAIN.

The gold - en shore..... we soon shall see,.....
 The golden shore we soon shall see,

Copyright, 1905, by R. H. Brooks.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.—Concluded.

D.S.

Where dear ones wait..... for you and me,.....
Where dear ones wait for you and me,

No. 83. 'TIS SO SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS.

Respectfully inscribed to Prof. J. D. Patton.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

P. B. HUGHES.

1. 'Tis so sweet to work for Je - sus, Trust-ing Him for strength each day,
2. All a-round us are the wea - ry, Ma - ny who are sick and sad,
3. Faith-ful work for Christ, the Sav-iour, Storms of time can ne'er ef - face,

Seek-ing e'er to do His bid-dings, As we walk the nar - row way.
We can help their loads to light-en, We can help to make them glad.
And a sure re-ward a - waits us, Thro' the tri-umphs of His grace.

REERAIN.

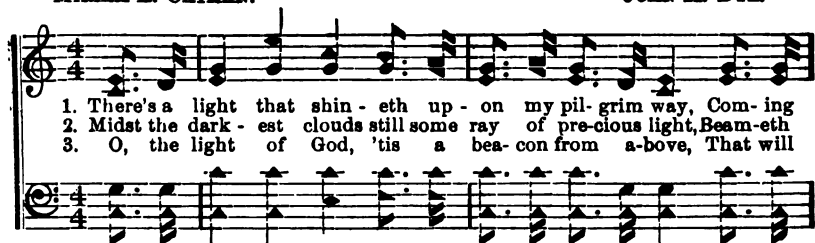
Work - ing, working for the Master, Thus we show our faith and love;
Working, yes, working.

Work - ing glad-ly for the Mas-ter, Till He calls to rest a - bove.
Work-ing, yes, working,

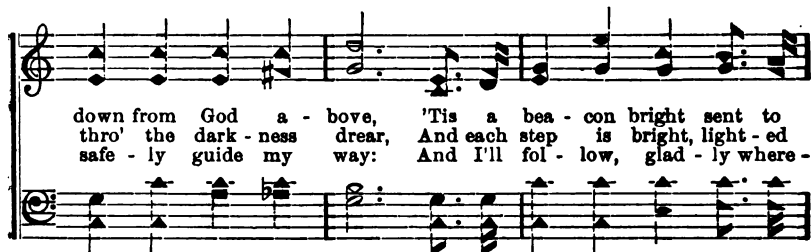
Copyright, 1906, by J. D. Patton and P. B. Hughes.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

JOHN M. DYE.



1. There's a light that shin - eth up - on my pil - grim way, Com - ing
 2. Midst the dark - est clouds still some ray of pre - cious light, Beam - eth
 3. O, the light of God, 'tis a bea - con from a - bove, That will



down from God a - bove, 'Tis a bea - con bright sent to
 thro' the dark - ness drear, And each step is bright, light - ed
 safe - ly guide my way: And I'll fol - low, glad - ly where -



guide me ev - 'ry day, Till I reach that land of light and love.
 all a - long my way, By those sunbeams full of love and cheer.
 e'er that light may lead, Till it brings me to the per - fect day.

REFRAIN.



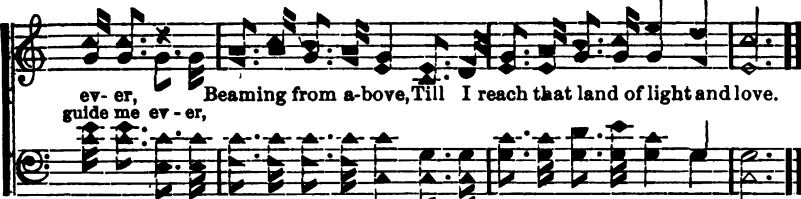
O, the sunlight, sun - light Shi - ning on my way, How its
 Bless - ed sunlight that is



ra - diant beams, Light my path from day to day, It will guide me
 brilliant, radiant beams, It will guide me ev - er,

Copyright, 1910, by John M. Dye.

SUNLIGHT.—Concluded.

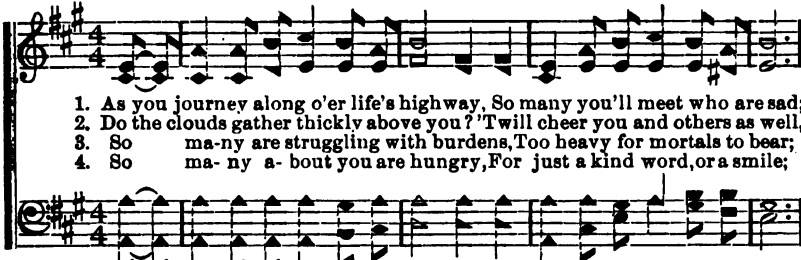


ev-er, Beaming from a-bove, Till I reach that land of light and love.
guide me ev-er,

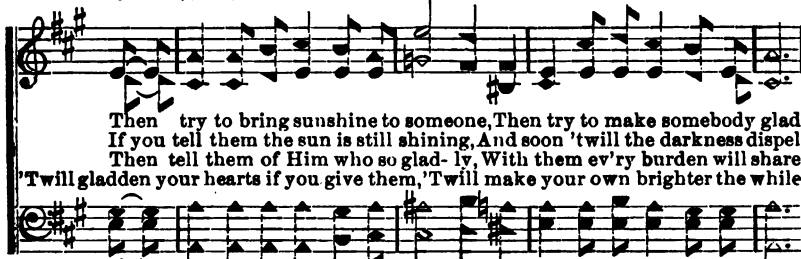
No. 85. MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY TO-DAY.

Mrs. A. B. WADE.

P. B. HUGHES.

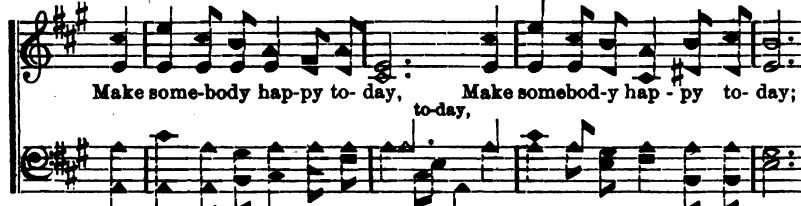


1. As you journey along o'er life's highway, So many you'll meet who are sad;
2. Do the clouds gather thickly above you? 'Twill cheer you and others as well,
3. So ma-ny are struggling with burdens, Too heavy for mortals to bear;
4. So ma-ny a-bout you are hungry, For just a kind word, or a smile;

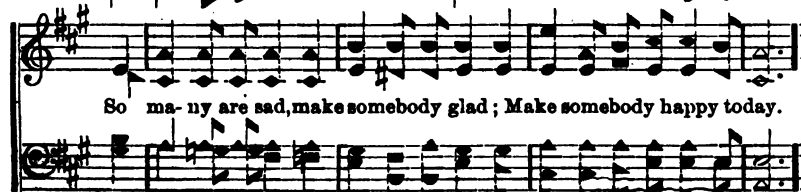


Then try to bring sunshine to someone, Then try to make somebody glad.
If you tell them the sun is still shining, And soon 'twill the darkness dispel.
Then tell them of Him who so glad-ly, With them ev'ry burden will share.
'Twill gladden your hearts if you give them, 'Twill make your own brighter the while.

REFRAIN.



Make some-body hap-py to-day, to-day, Make somebod-y hap-py to-day;



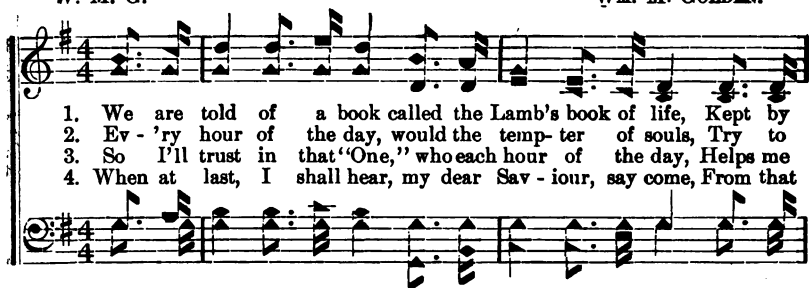
So ma-ny are sad, make somebody glad; Make somebody happy today.

Copyright, 1910, by P. B. Hughes. By per.

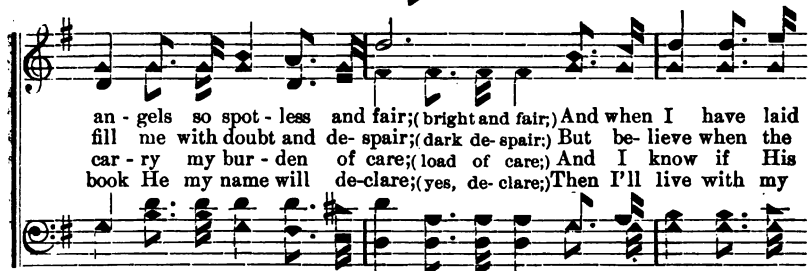
No. 86. I WILL FIND MY NAME WRITTEN THERE.

W. M. G.

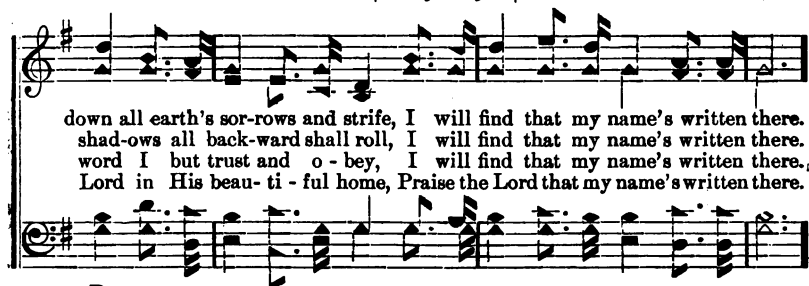
WM. M. GOLDEN.



1. We are told of a book called the Lamb's book of life, Kept by
 2. Ev - 'ry hour of the day, would the temp - ter of souls, Try to
 3. So I'll trust in that "One," who each hour of the day, Helps me
 4. When at last, I shall hear, my dear Sav - iour, say come, From that

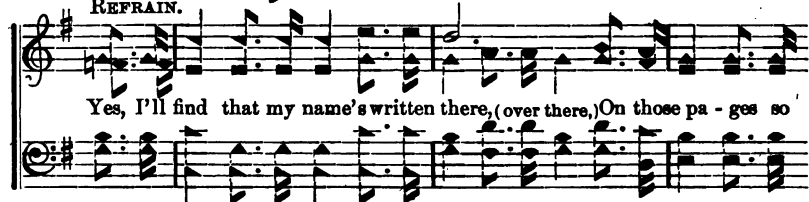


an - gels so spot - less and fair; (bright and fair;) And when I have laid
 fill me with doubt and de - spair; (dark de - spair;) But be - lieve when the
 car - ry my bur - den of care; (load of care;) And I know if His
 book He my name will de - clare; (yes, de - clare;) Then I'll live with my

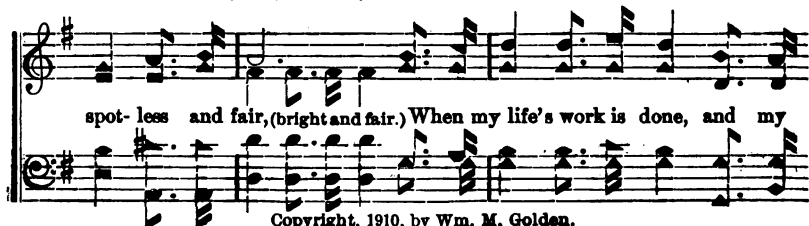


down all earth's sor - rows and strife, I will find that my name's written there.
 shad - ows all back - ward shall roll, I will find that my name's written there.
 word I but trust and o - bey, I will find that my name's written there.
 Lord in His beau - ti - ful home, Praise the Lord that my name's written there.

REFRAIN.



Yes, I'll find that my name's written there, (over there,) On those pa - ges so



spot - less and fair, (bright and fair,) When my life's work is done, and my

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. M. Golden.

I Will Find That My Name's etc.—Concluded.

race here is run, I will find that my name's writ-ten there. (o-ver there.)

No. 87. BEYOND THE BORDER-LINE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

H. M. EAGLE.

1. At even - ing time I oft - en gaze Up where the bright star shine,
2. What glo - ries veiled from hu - man sight, Are seen by the Di - vine;
3. How glad - ly would I step a - cross, And all this life re - sign,
4. And when I reach life's even-ing time, And see its sun de - cline,

And won - der what it must be like, Be - yond the bor - der line.
 What wealth of beau - ty must there be, Be - yond the bor - der line.
 For there are ev - er - last - ing joys, Be - yond the bor - der line.
 I long to find the home of God, Be - yond the bor - der line.

REFRAIN.

Be - yond the bor - der line, Past where the bright stars shine;
 border line, brightly shine;

We long to rise and see what lies Be - yond the bor - der line.

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JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY



1. As you go a - long, see - ing the bless - ed gos - pel light,
2. In the low - lands drear ma - ny are wea - ry, worn, and sad;
3. Je - sus wants us all lov - ing and help - ful here to be,



La - bor for the Lord, mak - ing the drear - y plac - es bright,
 Scat - ter light and cheer, till you have made them bright and glad;
 Wants us good and true, read - y to an - swer ev - 'ry plea;



Show your love for Christ, ev - e - - ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
 Make their bur - dens light, help them to hap - py be and strong;
 Let us trav - el on, show - ing each day our faith and love,



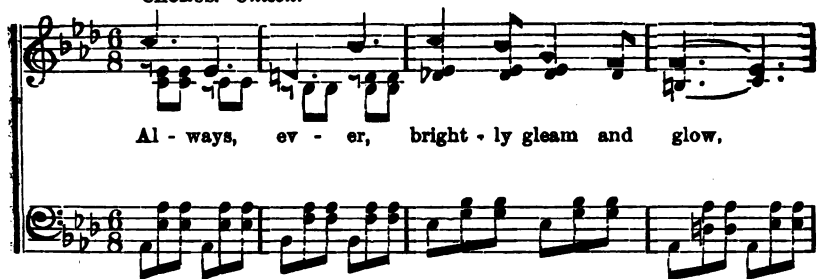
Com - fort, cheer, and soothe oth - ers, a - long life's thorn - y way.
 Dai - ly show your love, as with the Lord you go a - long.
 Work - ing for the Lord, till we have reached our home a - bove.



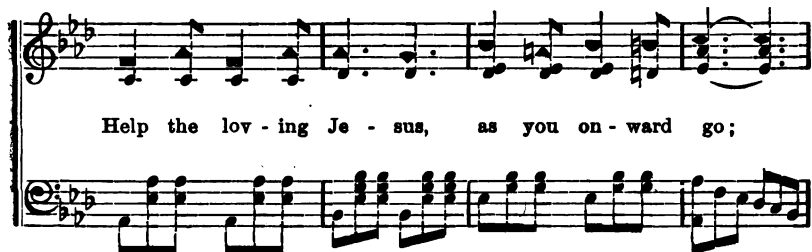
Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

SHOW YOUR LOVE,—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Unison.*



Al - ways, ev - er, bright - ly gleam and glow,



Help the lov - ing Je - sus, as you on - ward go;



Sing - ing, smil - ing, Love for Christ dis - play,

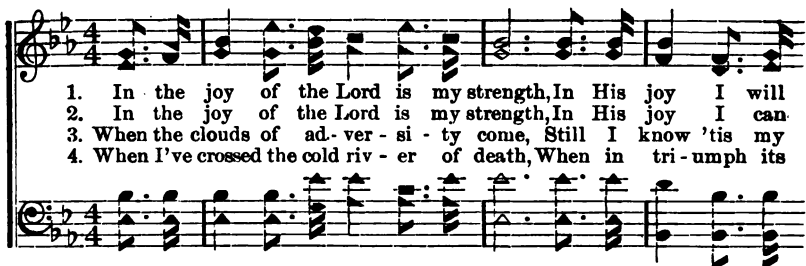


Scat - ter kind - ness all a - long life's way.

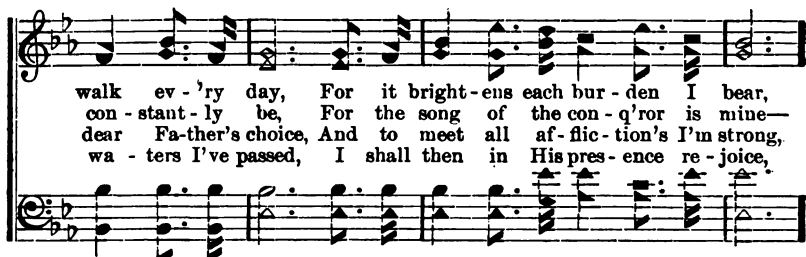
No. 89. The Joy of the Lord is My Strength.

Miss MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

R. L. PAGE, Jr.

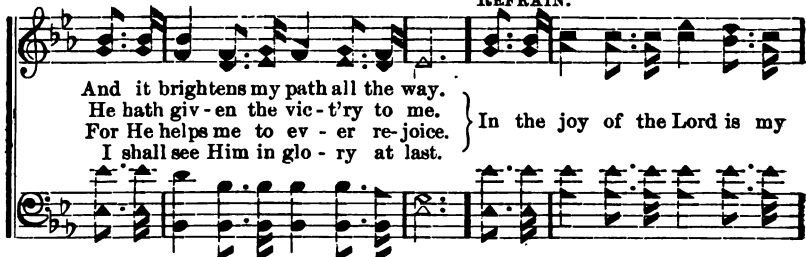


1. In the joy of the Lord is my strength, In His joy I will
 2. In the joy of the Lord is my strength, In His joy I can
 3. When the clouds of ad-ver-si-ty come, Still I know 'tis my
 4. When I've crossed the cold riv-er of death, When in tri-umph its



walk ev-'ry day, For it bright-ens each bur-den I bear,
 con-stant-ly be, For the song of the con-q'ror is mine—
 dear Fa-ther's choice, And to meet all af-flic-tion's I'm strong,
 wa-ters I've passed, I shall then in His pres-ence re-joice,

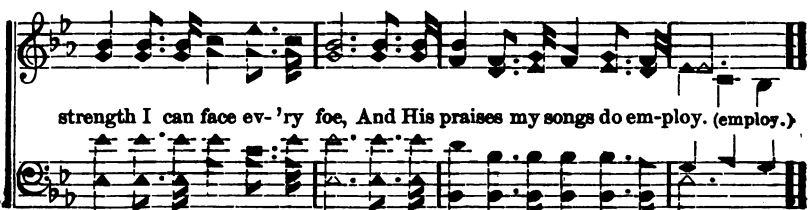
REFRAIN.



And it brightens my path all the way.
 He hath giv-en the vic-t'ry to me. } In the joy of the Lord is my
 For He helps me to ev-er re-joice.
 I shall see Him in glo-ry at last.



strength, And He fills all my soul with His joy, (with His joy.) In His



strength I can face ev-'ry foe, And His praises my songs do em-ploy. (employ.)

Copyright, 1907, by R. L. Page, Jr., Red Bay, Ala. Used by per.

W. OLIVER COOPER.

GEO. B. GAY.

1. Lead me on, dear Sav-iour, O lead me by Thy pow'r, Where Thou
 2. Lead me on, dear Sav-iour, O lead me ev-'ry day, Ev-er
 3. Lead me on, dear Sav-iour, O lead me to my home, Out be-

call-est I will go, (I will go,) Lead me on, O Sav-iour,
 keep my path-way bright, (keep it bright,) Lead me on, dear Sav-iour,
 yond the bright blue sky, (bright blue sky,) Lead me on, dear Sav-iour,

Yes, lead me ev-'ry hour, Lead me on till life is o'er.
 O lead me all the way, To a home where comes no night.
 O let me nev-er roam, Lead me on un-til I die.

CHORUS.

Lead me on,..... lead me on,..... Nev-er
 Sav-iour, lead me on, Sav-iour, lead me on,

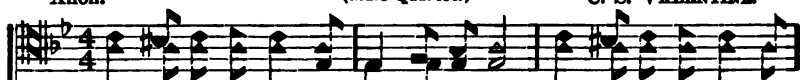
let me go a-stray; Saviour, lead me all the way.
 yes, all the way.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. B. Gay.



Anon.

(Male Quartet.)


C. S. VALENTINE.




1. Naught have I got-ten, but what I re-ceived: Grace hath bestow'd it since
 2. Once I was fool-ish and sin ruled my heart; Caus-ing my footsteps from
 3. Tears un-a-vail-ing no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
 4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows; Lov-ing his Saviour to

I have be-lieved: Boast-ing ex-clud-ed pride I a-base;
 God to de-part: Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case;
 else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face,
 tell what He knows; Once more to tell it, would I em-brace;




rit. CHORUS.

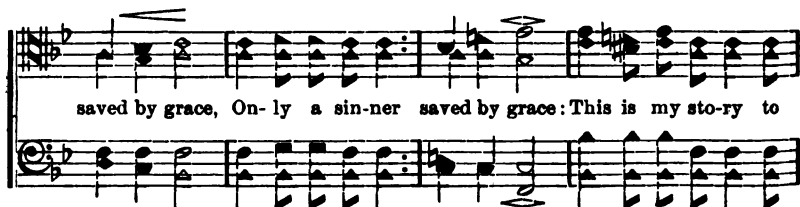


I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
 For I am a sin-ner saved by grace!
 But now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!
 I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!


On-ly a sin-ner



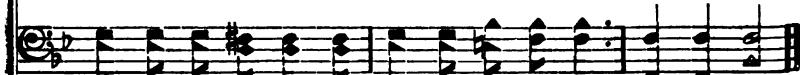
saved by grace, On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace: This is my sto-ry to



rit.

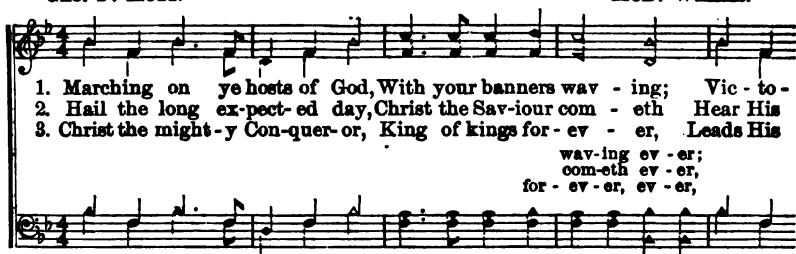


God be the glo-ry; I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!



GEO. P. HOTT.

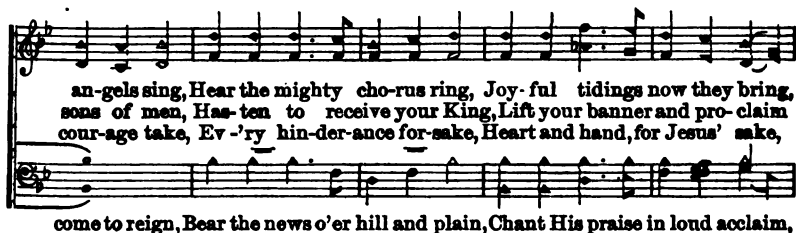
MCD. WEAME.



1. Marching on ye hosts of God, With your banners wav - ing; Vic - to -
 2. Hail the long ex - pect - ed day, Christ the Sav - iour com - eth Hear His
 3. Christ the might - y Con - quer - or, King of kings for - ev - er, Leads His
 wav - ing ev - er;
 com - eth ev - er,
 for - ev - er, ev - er,

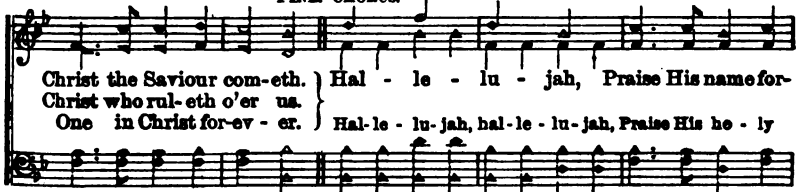


ry for Christ our Lord, All your ef - ferts crown - ing, Hear the her - ald
 voice, O earth o - bey Him who rul - eth o'er us; Mar - shall all ye
 hosts to vic - to - ry, Thro' love's sweet endeav - or; Cour - age then, fresh
 crowning ev - er,
 o'er us ev - er;
 en - deav - or ev - er;

D. S.—Christ the King has


an - gels sing, Hear the mighty cho - rus ring, Joy - ful tidings now they bring,
 sons of men, Has - ten to receive your King, Lift your banner and pro - claim
 cour - age take, Ev - 'ry hin - der - ance for - sake, Heart and hand, for Jesus' sake,
 come to reign, Bear the news o'er hill and plain, Chant His praise in loud acclaim,

FINE. CHORUS.



Christ the Saviour com - eth. } Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise His name for -
 Christ who rul - eth o'er us. } Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise His ho - ly
 One in Christ for - ev - er. }

Join the heav'nly cho - rus.



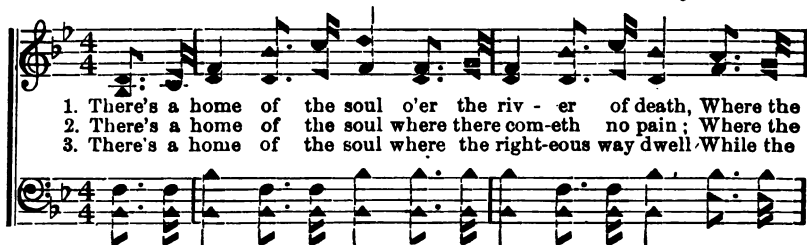
ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah Hail the mighty Sav - iour;
 name for - ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the mighty, mighty Saviour;

Copyright, 1906, by McD. Weame.

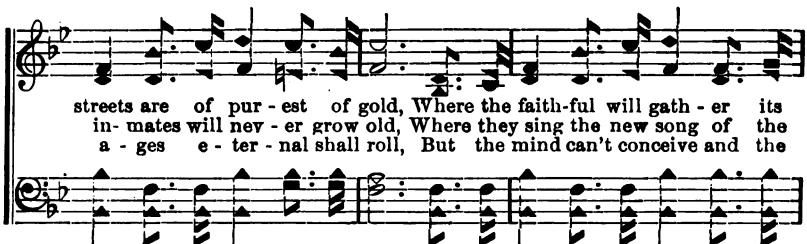
No. 93. THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

L. LOW McDONALD.

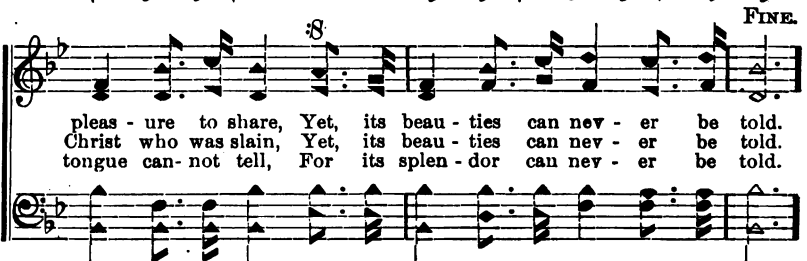
J. CHESLEY QUILLEN.



1. There's a home of the soul o'er the riv - er of death, Where the
 2. There's a home of the soul where there com-eth no pain; Where the
 3. There's a home of the soul where the right-eous way dwell While the



streets are of pur - est of gold, Where the faith-ful will gath - er its
 in - mates will nev - er grow old, Where they sing the new song of the
 a - ges e - ter - nal shall roll, But the mind can't conceive and the



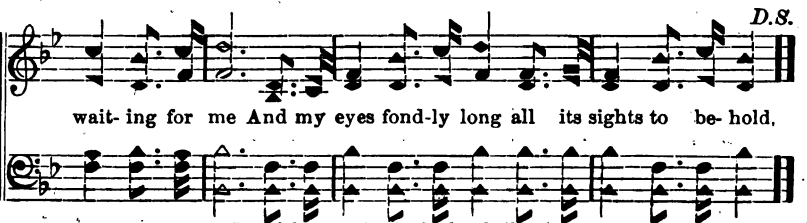
pleas - ure to share, Yet, its beau - ties can nev - er be told.
 Christ who was slain, Yet, its beau - ties can nev - er be told.
 tongue can - not tell, For its splen - dor can nev - er be told.

D.S.—For its splen - dor can nev - er be told.

CHORUS.



In my day-dreams and visions I fan - cy I see, Its fair por - tals a -



wait - ing for me And my eyes fond - ly long all its sights to be - hold,

Copyright, 1910, by J. Chesley Quillen.

No. 94.

'TIS SAD TO PART.

Dedicated to my friends, and pupils, also, all lovers
of song everywhere—The author.

E. B. K.

ESSIE B. KILGORE,
Harmony by G. L. LINDSEY.

1. Re-mem-ber me dear friends of song, Re-mem-ber me when I am gone,
2. Re-mem-ber that I lov'd to sing, Sweet prais-es to our Saviour King,
3. I would that I could ev - er be A source of good, for God and thee,
4. Re-mem-ber me when far a - way, Be true un-til the Judgment day,
5. Oh, what a song in perfect tone, When we shall gather 'round the throne,

My love I give you from my heart, 'Tis sad, so sad that we must part.
To leave you all now gives my heart, How sad in-deed that we must part.
O, would it heal my wounded heart, Farewell, farewell, now we must part.
And when we all meet heart to heart, We nev - er shall, no, nev - er part.
God's love will be in ev - 'ry heart, How sweet 'twill be to nev - er part.

REFRAIN.

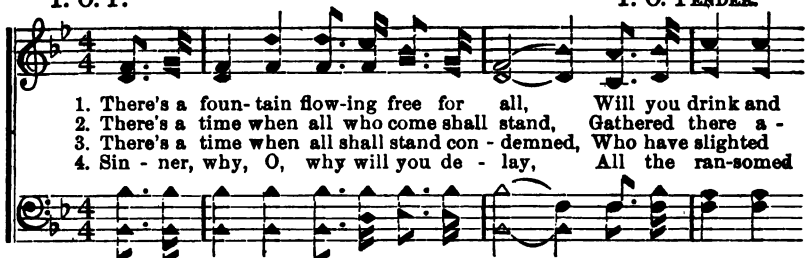
O, we must part, yes, we must part, 'tis sad that we must part,
For fourth and fifth stanzas.
No, nev - er part, no, nev - er part, we shall, no, nev - er part,

O, we must part, yes we must part, 'tis said that we must part.
No, nev - er part, no, nev - er part, we shall, no, nev - er part.

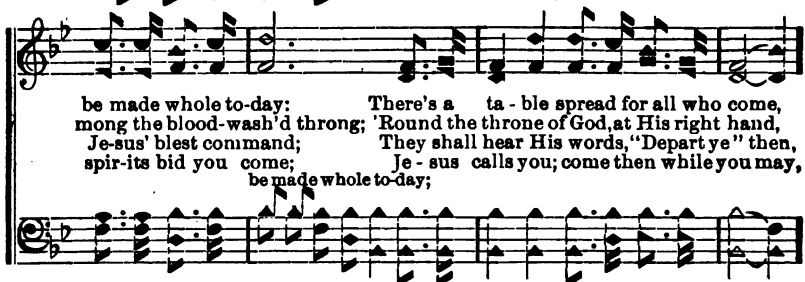
Copyright, 1910, by E. B. Kilgore.

T. O. P.

T. O. PENDER.

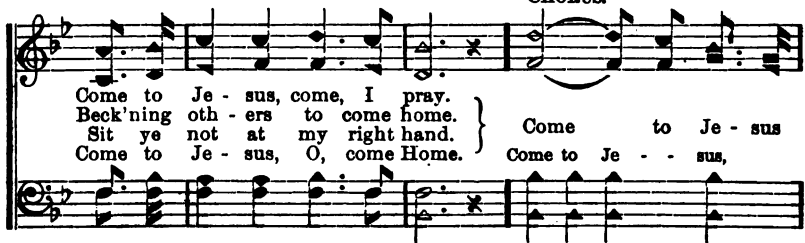


1. There's a foun-tain flow-ing free for all, Will you drink and
 2. There's a time when all who come shall stand, Gathered there a -
 3. There's a time when all shall stand con - demned, Who have slighted
 4. Sin - ner, why, O, why will you de - lay, All the ran-somed



be made whole to-day: There's a ta - ble spread for all who come,
 mong the blood-wash'd throng; 'Round the throne of God, at His right hand,
 Je-sus' blest command; They shall hear His words, "Depart ye" then,
 spir-its bid you come; Je - sus calls you; come then while you may,
 be made whole to-day;

CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus, come, I pray.
 Beck'ning oth - ers to come home. } Come to Je - sus
 Sit ye not at my right hand. } Come to Je - - sus,
 Come to Je - sus, O, come Home.



now;..... Hear Him sweet - ly say,
 come to - day, O, hear Him sweet - - ly say - ing "come," then




Sin - - ner, O be - lieve me, Come to Je - sus, come to - day.
 sin-ner, O, be - - lieve in me, to - day.

By per. of G. W. Lamiter.



No. 96. ALL OF OUR SORROWS SHALL PASS.

J. W. L.


JAS. W. LAMBITTER.



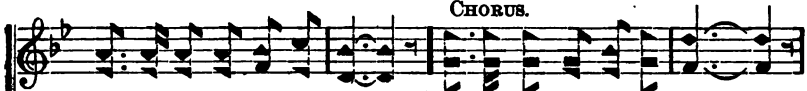
1. When we have reached that beau - ti - ful shore, All of our
 2. Though life on earth may be but a strife, All of our
 3. When to this world we're bid - ding a - dieu, All of our


sorrows shall pass, We shall then cross death's riv - er no more,
 sorrows shall pass, If we o - bey and trust Him through life,
 sorrows shall pass, If we trust Christ to car - ry us through,




CHORUS.



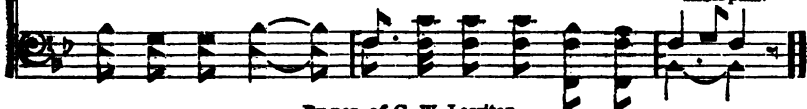
All of our sor - rows shall pass. All of our sorrows shall pass,
 shall pass,




All of our sor - rows shall pass When we have crossed the

riv - er be - yond, All of our sor - rows shall pass.
 shall pass.




By per. of G. W. Lambitter.

JAMES ROWE.

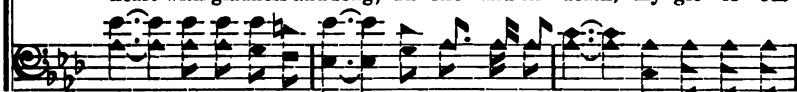
J. D. HOLIFIELD.



1. I'm look-ing to Thee, my heav-en - ly King, And sweeter each
 2. I'm look-ing to Thee, my Sav-iour di - vine, For Thou dost con-
 3. I'm look-ing to Thee, and all the day long Thou fill-est my

day Thy praises I sing, Thy fol - ow - er true I ev - er will
 trol this spir-it of mine; Thy won - der - ful grace is dwell-ing with
 heart with gladness and song; In life and in death, my glo - ri - ous



D.S.—When tri - als be - fall, the whole world shall

FINE. CHORUS.




be; In shad-ow and shine I'm look-ing to Thee. } I will praise Thy
 in And keeping me free from doubt and from sin. }
 King, With rapture my soul Thy prais-es shall sing.

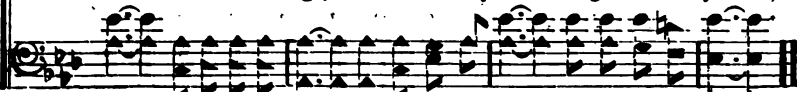


see That, trusting Thy love, I'm look-ing to Thee.

D. S.




love wherev - er I go, That others Thy matchless goodness may know;




Copyright, 1910, by J. D. Hollifield.

JAMES ROWE.


A. J. DUNCAN.



1. I'm trusting the grace..... of Christ my King,.....
 2. The heart He has won..... He'll safe - ly keep,.....
 3. I'm trusting His grace..... through tri - als all,.....
 4. Come, sinner, to - day,..... make Christ your Friend.....
 1. I'm trusting the grace..... of Christ my King,



For tru - ly on Him..... I can de - pend;.....
 His arm will de - fend,..... His voice will cheer;.....
 And rest - ing in peace..... up - on His breast;.....
 Oh, let His sweet love..... your life con - trol;.....
 For tru - ly on Him..... I can de - pend;



In shadow and shine..... to Him I'll cling,.....
 Com - pan - ions may flee,..... the storm may sweep,.....
 With faith in His love,..... I shall not fall,.....
 Your burden would fall,..... your grief would end.....
 In shadow and shine..... to Him I'll cling,



Till sor - row shall cease..... and storms shall end.....
 My soul will be safe,..... with Je - sus near.....
 Though rough be the path..... and foes mo - lest.....
 With joy He would fill..... your wea - ry soul.....
 Till sorrows shall cease..... and storms shall end.

1. Hope on, dear heart, though heav-y bur-dens bend thee, Cling to the
 2. Still on-ward go, though sky and path be drear-y, Though on thy
 3. The dawn will come, the bright, the love-ly morn-ing Will break, at

Lord, thy ev-er-present Friend; Com-fort and cheer and cour-age,
 soul the crushing tempest sweep; Yield not to wrong, tho' tempted,
 length, then night no more will fall, And, with the brow of life thy

He will lend thee; Hope on, dear heart, be faith-ful to the end.
 tried, and wea-ry, Be strong in faith, then Christ will safe-ly keep.
 brow a - dorn-ing, Thou shalt a - bide tri-umph-ant o - ver all.

CHORUS.

Hope on, dear heart, Keep hop-ing on.
 Hope on, dear heart, Keep hoping on, Till break the

Till break the morn, till night be gone; The lights of home, still brightly
 morn, and night be gone; The lights of home

HOPE ON.—Concluded.

shine..... And God's sweet love is ever thine.....
 still brightly shine, And God's sweet love..... is ev - er thine.

No. 100. MARCH TO BATTLE.

JAMES ROWE.

A. J. DUNCAN.

1. March to bat - tle, sol - diers brave, Help the Lord the world to save;
 2. Faith and cour - age nev - er lack, Beat the hosts of e - vil back;
 3. If to Christ you faith - ful prove, If you tru - ly trust His love,

FINE.
 Hosts of sin de - fi - ance fling; March to bat - tle with the King.
 Fight for Christ with all your might, Till the foe be put to flight.
 When you lay your arm - or down, He your faith - ful souls will crown.

D.S.—You the Vic - tor's song shall sing; March to bat - tle with the King.

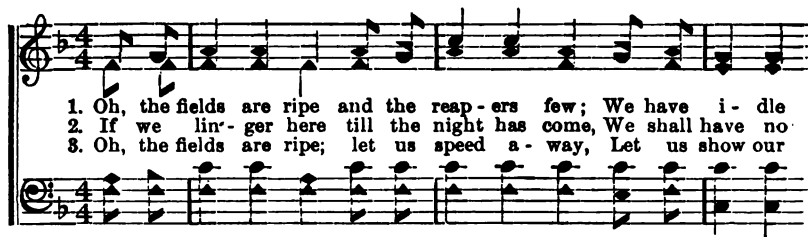
CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Keep the gos - pel ban - ner high, Wave it proud - ly in the sky;

Copyright, 1910, by A. J. Duncan.

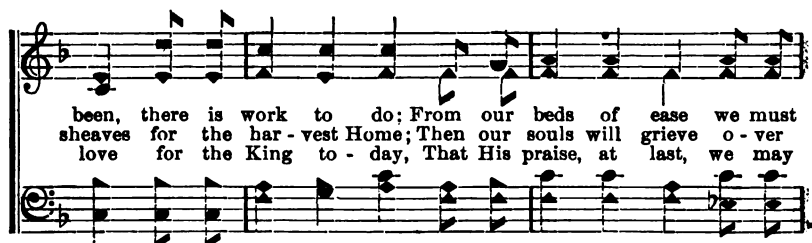
No. 101. LET US WORK WHILE WE MAY.

JAMES ROWE.

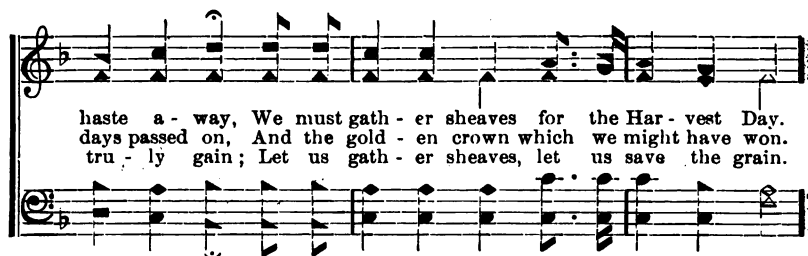
J. BERRY SMITH.



1. Oh, the fields are ripe and the reap-ers few; We have i-dle
 2. If we lin-ger here till the night has come, We shall have no
 3. Oh, the fields are ripe; let us speed a-way, Let us show our

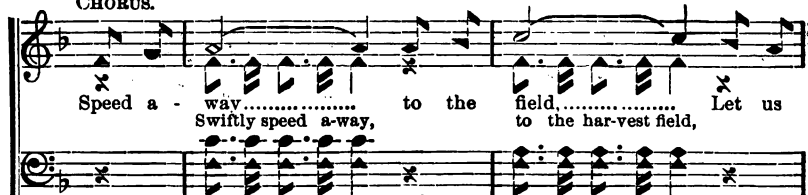


been, there is work to do; From our beds of ease we must
 sheaves for the har-vest Home; Then our souls will grieve o-ver
 love for the King to-day, That His praise, at last, we may



haste a-way, We must gath-er sheaves for the Har-vest Day.
 days passed on, And the gold-en crown which we might have won.
 tru-ly gain; Let us gath-er sheaves, let us save the grain.

CHORUS.



Speed a-way..... to the field..... Let us
 Swiftly speed a-way, to the har-vest field,



work..... while we may;..... Precious sheaves..... we must
 Let us bravely work, labor while we may; Precious golden sheaves

Copyright, 1910, by J. Berry Smith.

LET US WORK WHILE WE MAY.—Concluded.

reap,..... To the field,..... speed a - way.....
 we must try to reap, To the harvest field, yes, speed away.

No. 102. I LONG TO MEET JESUS.

R. D. C.

R. D. CURVIN.

1. Oh, I long to meet my Saviour, Long to meet Him face to face,
 2. I am sure that I shall see Him, On His snow-white throne above.
 3. Some bright morning He will call me, To the fair ce-les-tial shore,

FINE.

And be-hold the matchless beauty, Of the one who saves by grace.
 And shall clasp His hand and praise Him Face to face for all His love.
 There to dwell with Him for - ev - er, There to wor - ship and a - dore.

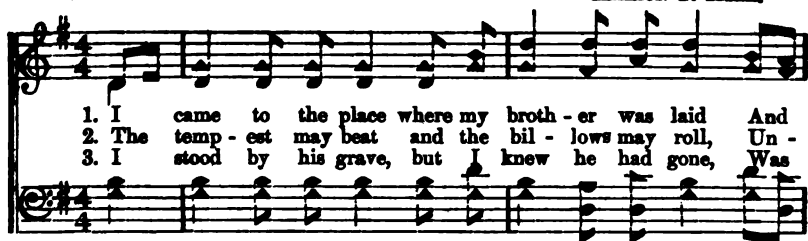
D.S.—Long to praise Him with the an-gels, For His mer - cy and His grace.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

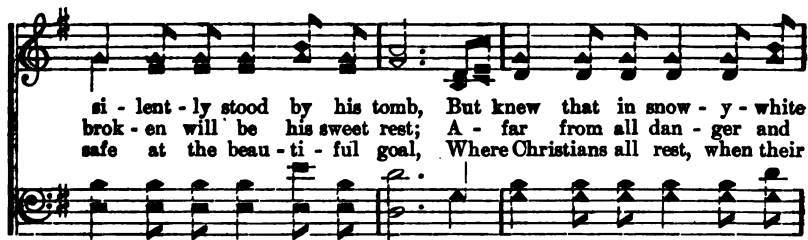
Oh, I long to meet my Saviour, Long to look u-pon His face,

M. T. H.

MARION T. HILL.



1. I came to the place where my broth - er was laid And
 2. The temp - est may beat and the bil - lows may roll, Un -
 3. I stood by his grave, but I knew he had gone, Was

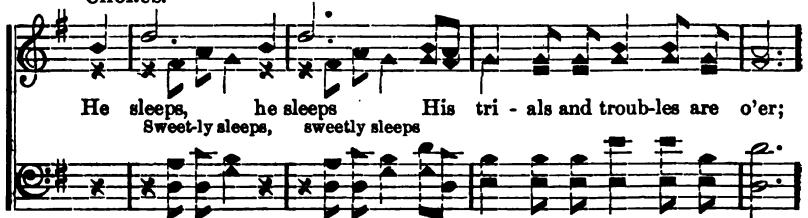


si - lent - ly stood by his tomb, But knew that in snow - y - white
 brok - en will be his sweet rest; A - far from all dan - ger and
 safe at the beau - ti - ful goal, Where Christians all rest, when their

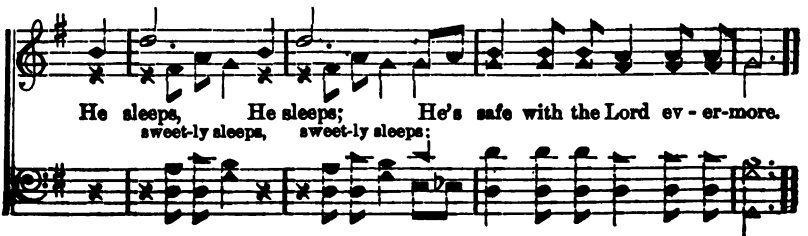


gar - ments ar - rayed, His soul was with Je - sus, at home.
 harm is his soul— He sleeps on the Sav - iour's dear breast.
 la - bors are done— The beau - ti - ful home of the soul.

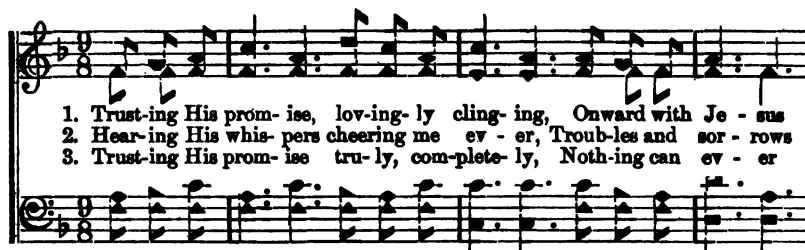
CHORUS.



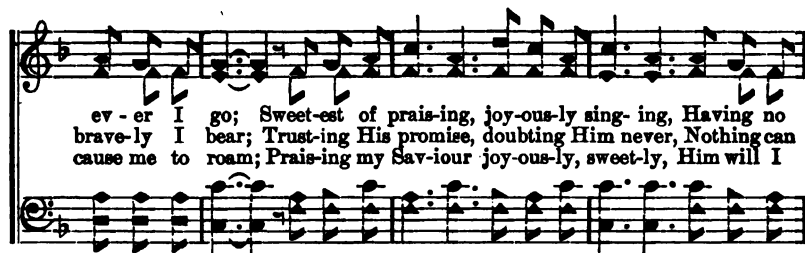
He sleeps, he sleeps His tri - als and troub - les are o'er;
 Sweet - ly sleeps, sweetly sleeps



He sleeps, He sleeps; He's safe with the Lord ev - er - more.
 sweet - ly sleeps, sweetly sleeps;

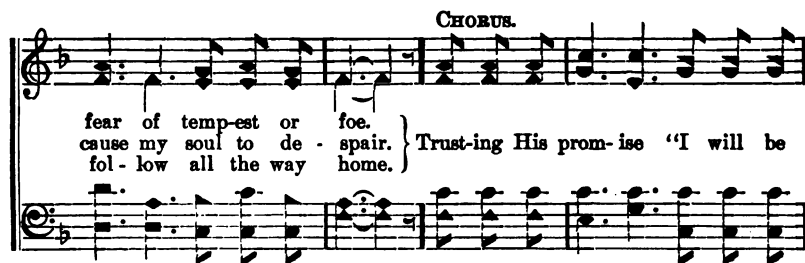


1. Trust-ing His prom-ise, lov-ing-ly cling-ing, Onward with Je - sus
 2. Hear-ing His whis-pers cheering me ev - er, Troub-les and sor - rows
 3. Trust-ing His prom-ise tru-ly, com-plete-ly, Noth-ing can ev - er



ev - er I go; Sweet-est of prais-ing, joy-ous-ly sing-ing, Having no
 brave-ly I bear; Trust-ing His promise, doubting Him never, Nothing can
 cause me to roam; Prais-ing my Sav-iour joy-ous-ly, sweet-ly, Him will I

CHORUS.



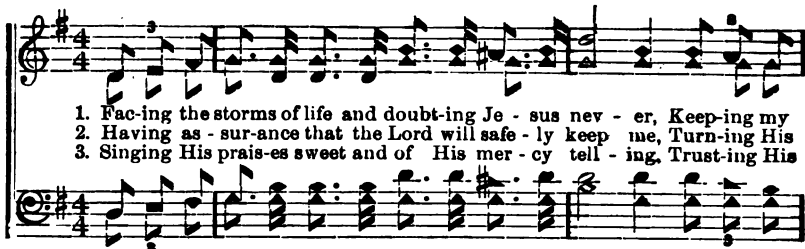
fear of temp-est or foe. } Trust-ing His prom-ise "I will be
 cause my soul to de - spair. }
 fol - low all the way home.



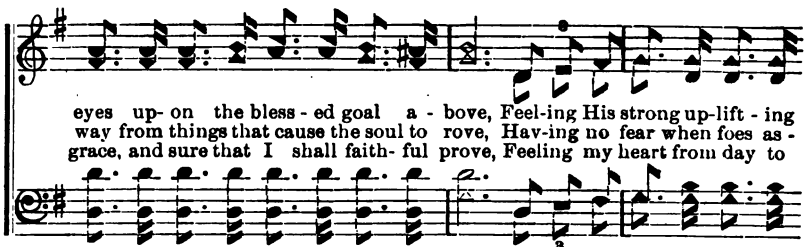
with thee," Sweetly I'm rest - ing deep in His love, Sure that my



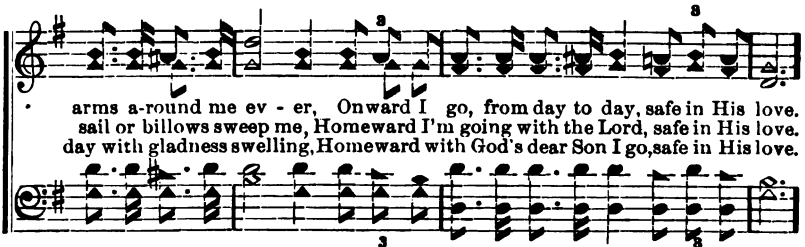
pre-cious Saviour will guide me Safe to that bless-ed homeland a - bove.



1. Fac-ing the storms of life and doubt-ing Je - sus nev - er, Keep-ing my
 2. Having as - sur-ance that the Lord will safe - ly keep me, Turn-ing His
 3. Singing His prais-es sweet and of His mer - cy tell - ing, Trust-ing His

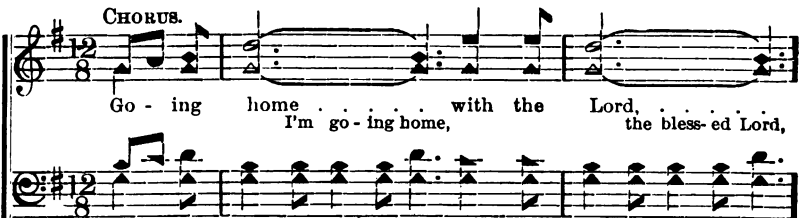


eyes up-on the bless-ed goal a - bove, Feel-ing His strong up-lift - ing
 way from things that cause the soul to rove, Hav-ing no fear when foes as -
 grace, and sure that I shall faith- ful prove, Feeling my heart from day to



arms a-round me ev - er, Onward I go, from day to day, safe in His love.
 sail or billows sweep me, Homeward I'm going with the Lord, safe in His love.
 day with gladness swelling, Homeward with God's dear Son I go, safe in His love.

CHORUS.



Go - ing home go - ing home with the Lord, the bless-ed Lord,
 I'm go - ing home,



To my hap - - - py home a - bove;
 hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, the home a - bove.

SAFE IN HIS LOVE.—Concluded.

Go - ing home,..... go - ing home.....
Just o - ver there, just o - ver there,

With the Lord,..... safe in His love.....
my bless - ed Lord, His pre - cious love.

No. 106.

S. W. B.

SOMETIME.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Sometime the mist will clear above, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the heart will
2. Sometime the sigh will turn to song, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the day will
3. Sometime we'll breathe that summer clime, Sometime, sometime; Sometime we'll soar to
4. Sometime al' anguish will be o'er, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the heart will

D.S.—Some-time we'll sing a

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

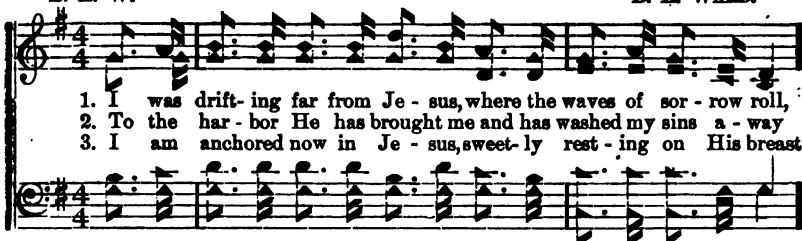
whis-per love, Sometime, sometime.
not be long, Sometime, sometime.
worlds sublime. Sometime, sometime. } Sometime we'll be At home with Thee,
yearn no more, Sometime, sometime.

sweet-er song, Sometime, sometime.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

B. L. W.

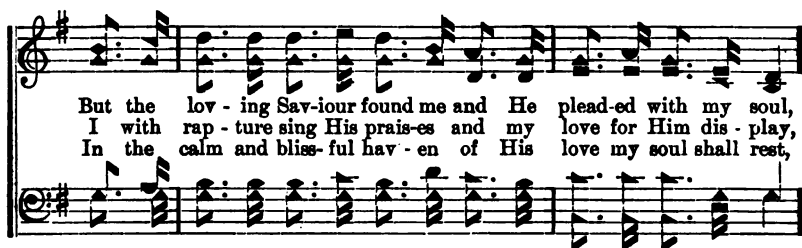
B. L. WARD.



1. I was drift-ing far from Je - sus, where the waves of sor - row roll,
 2. To the har - bor He has brought me and has washed my sins a - way
 3. I am anchored now in Je - sus, sweet-ly rest - ing on His breast



I was wea - ry and was deep - ly stained with sin,
 And the drear - y night of sor - row now is o'er;
 And His "Peace be still," is ring - ing in my soul;

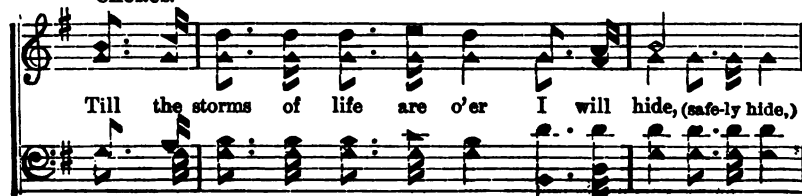


But the lov - ing Sav-iour found me and He plead-ed with my soul,
 I with rap - ture sing His prais-es and my love for Him dis - play,
 In the calm and bliss - ful hav - en of His love my soul shall rest,



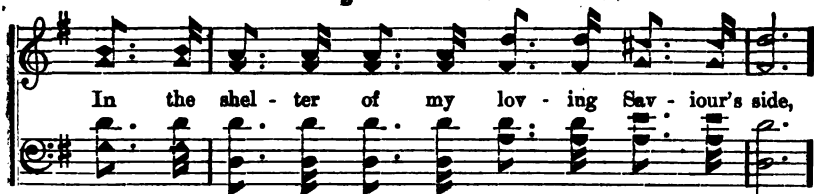
Till I o - pened wide my heart and let Him in.
 For I know that I am safe for - ev - er - more.
 Till the storm shall end and bil - lows cease to roll.

CHORUS.



Till the storms of life are o'er I will hide, (safe-ly hide,)

SAFE IN JESUS.—Concluded.



In the shel - ter of my lov - ing Sav - iour's side,



And, though bil-lows o'er me roll safe will be my trust - ing soul;



In the hav - en of His love I will a - bide. I'll a-bide.

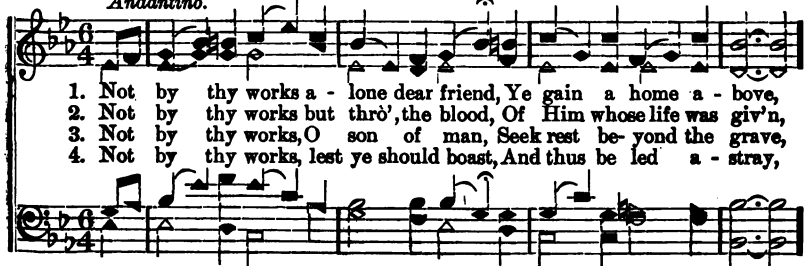
No. 108. NOT BY THY WORKS ALONE.

W. O. C.

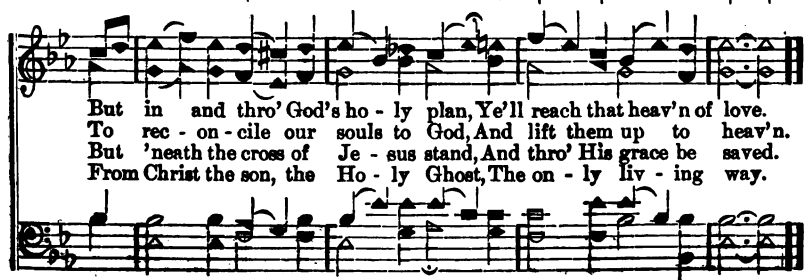
(CHURCH HYMN.)

W. OLIVER COOPER.

Andantino.



1. Not by thy works a - lone dear friend, Ye gain a home a - bove,
2. Not by thy works but thro', the blood, Of Him whose life was giv'n,
3. Not by thy works, O son of man, Seek rest be - yond the grave,
4. Not by thy works, lest ye should boast, And thus be led a - stray,



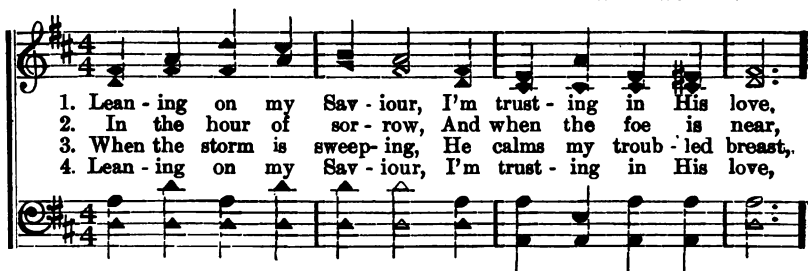
But in and thro' God's ho - ly plan, Ye'll reach that heav'n of love.
 To rec - on - cile our souls to God, And lift them up to heav'n.
 But 'neath the cross of Je - sus stand, And thro' His grace be saved.
 From Christ the son, the Ho - ly Ghost, The on - ly liv - ing way.

Copyright, 1910, by W. Oliver Cooper.

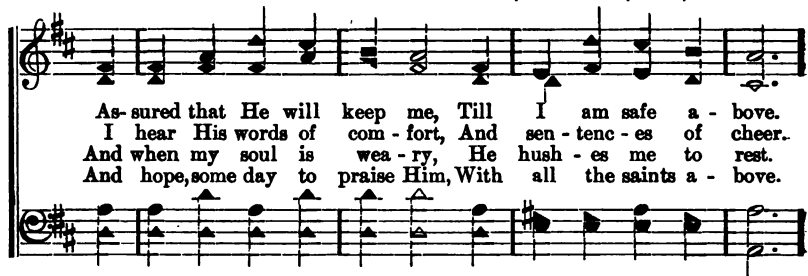
No. 109. LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR

JAMES ROWE.

W. H. SUMRALL.

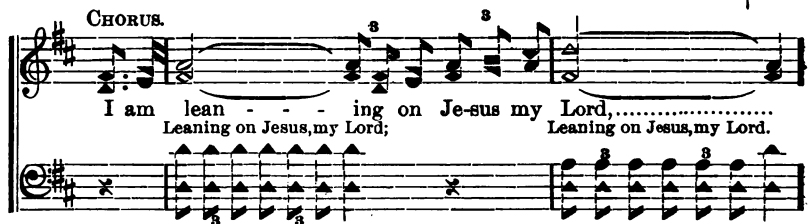


1. Lean - ing on my Sav - iour, I'm trust - ing in His love,
 2. In the hour of sor - row, And when the foe is near,
 3. When the storm is sweep - ing, He calms my troub - led breast,
 4. Lean - ing on my Sav - iour, I'm trust - ing in His love,



As - sured that He will keep me, Till I am safe a - bove.
 I hear His words of com - fort, And sen - tenc - es of cheer.
 And when my soul is wea - ry, He hush - es me to rest.
 And hope, some day to praise Him, With all the saints a - bove.

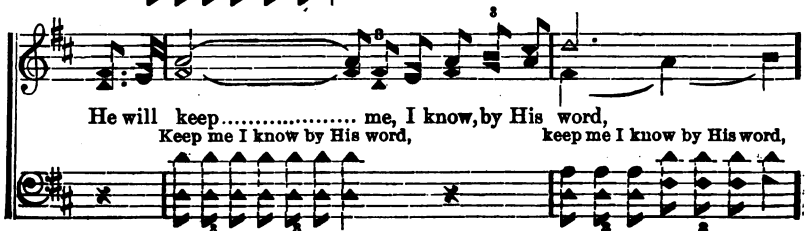
CHORUS.



I am lean - - - ing on Je - sus my Lord,.....
 Leaning on Jesus, my Lord; Leaning on Jesus, my Lord.



As - sured..... of His wonder - ful love;
 As - sured of His wonderful love, sure of His wonderful love;



He will keep..... me, I know, by His word,
 Keep me I know by His word, keep me I know by His word,

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LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

Till safe..... in the home-land above.
Till safe in the beautiful home above, the beau-ti-ful home above.

No. 110. HIS LOVE WILL HELP ME THROUGH.

JAMES ROWE.

B. A. STRUM.

1. I will fol-low the Sav-iour all the way, Though foes my soul pur-sue,
2. Though the pathway be rough and glad-ness flee, I'll brave-ly on-ward go;
3. Let the storm loudly rave, let bil-lows roll, On Christ I can de-pend;

FINE.
With assurance most sweet that, come what may, His love will help me through.
He who died for my soul on Cal-va-ry, Will com-fort me, I know.
He will nev-er for-sake my trusting soul, But keep me to the end.

D. S.—For He loves me I know and all is right, His love will help me through.

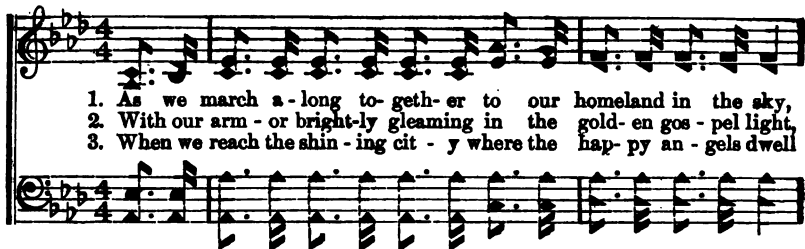
CHORUS. *D. S.*
I will fol-low the Sav-iour day and night, Be ev-er brave and true,

Copyright, 1910, by B. A. Strum.

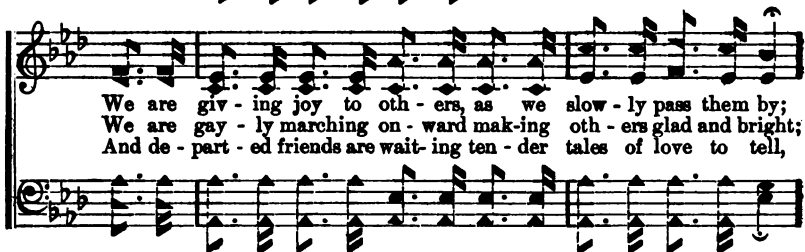
No. 111. ALWAYS SINGING OF HIS LOVE.

JAMES ROWE.

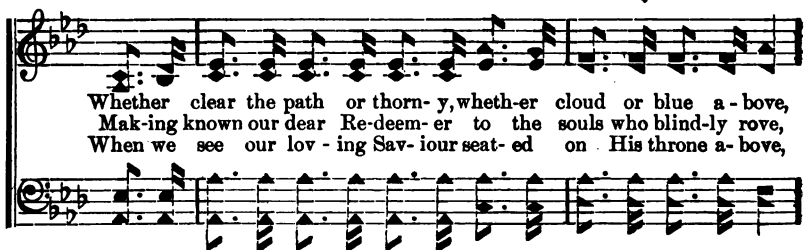
J. BERRY SMITH.



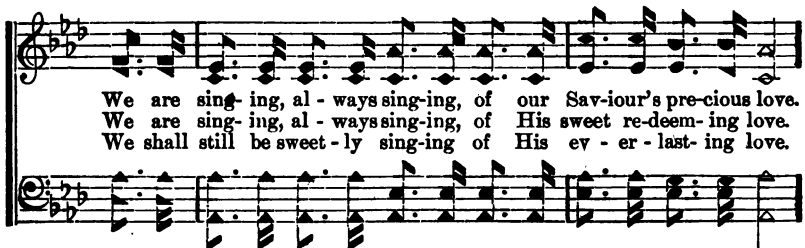
1. As we march a-long to-geth-er to our homeland in the sky,
 2. With our arm - or bright-ly gleaming in the gold-en gos-pel light,
 3. When we reach the shin-ing cit-y where the hap-py an-gels dwell



We are giv-ing joy to oth-ers, as we slow-ly pass them by;
 We are gay-ly marching on-ward mak-ing oth-ers glad and bright;
 And de-part-ed friends are wait-ing ten-der tales of love to tell,

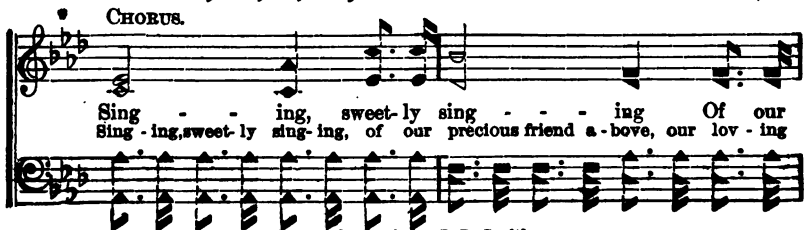


Whether clear the path or thorn-y, wheth-er cloud or blue a-bove,
 Mak-ing known our dear Re-deem-er to the souls who blind-ly rove,
 When we see our lov-ing Sav-iour seat-ed on His throne a-bove,



We are sing-ing, al-ways sing-ing, of our Sav-iour's pre-cious love.
 We are sing-ing, al-ways sing-ing, of His sweet re-deem-ing love.
 We shall still be sweet-ly sing-ing of His ev-er-last-ing love.

CHORUS.



Sing-ing, - - ing, sweet-ly sing - - - ing Of our
 Sing-ing, sweet-ly sing-ing, of our pre-cious friend a-bove, our lov-ing

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ALWAYS SINGING OF HIS LOVE.—Concluded.

lov - ing friends a - bove, Sing - - - ing, al - ways
pre - cious friend a - bove, yes, Sing - ing, al - ways sing - ing of our

sing - - - ing Of our Sav - iour's bound - less love.
Sav - iour's boundless love, His bound - less love, His bound - less love.

No. 112. WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

JAMES ROWE.

MARION T. HILL.

1. I am rest - ing in my Sav - iour, Sweetly rest - ing in His love,
2. All a - round me storms are sweep - ing, Foes as - sail me o'er and o'er,
3. Sin and worldly pleasures scorn - ing, I am look - ing on the goal,

8: FINE.

Sure that He will keep me ev - er, Till I see His face a - bove.
But with Je - sus, in His keep - ing, I am safe for - ev - er - more.
Waiting for the gold - en morn - ing—For the day - break of the soul.

D.S.—Wait - ing for my Lord to call me To the home pre - pared a - bove.
CHORUS. D.S.

Sweetly rest - ing, calmly rest - ing In His bless - ed arms of love;

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No. 113. TELL ALL THE WORLD ABOUT JESUS

JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Tell the gos - pel sto - ry, Sing it to the throng; Spread its light and
2. Tell the gos - pel sto - ry, Ev - 'rywhere you go, Let us help the

beau - ty, As you go a-long; Tell it out with glad - ness,
sin - ner Love di-vine to know; Tell it on the high-ways,

Less - en sin and sad - ness, Make the weak heart strong;
In the gloom - y by - ways, And in val - leys low;


Ev - 'rywhere around us Souls are lone and sad; Let them hear the
Spread a-broad its com-fort, Send a - far its light; Try to lead the

sto - ry, It will make them glad; Tell it to the dear - y,
way - ward Till they live a-right; Tell the sweet old sto - ry

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are interspersed between the systems. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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TELL ALL THE WORLD ABOUT JESUS.—Concluded.





To the weak and wea - ry, Tell it to the bad.
Of His love and glo - ry, Morn - ing, noon, and night.




CHORUS.




Tell all the world a - bout Je - sus, Tell all the world a - bout



Je - sus; Tell the sto - ry more and more, Sing it o'er and o'er;



Tell of its com - fort for sor - row, Tell how it brightens the




mor - row; Mag - ni - fy the King a - bove, Spread the message of love.




H. C. P.

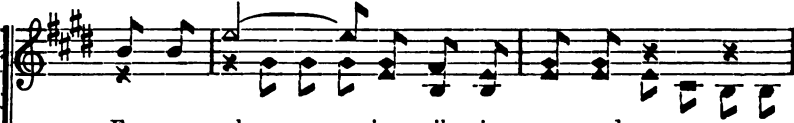
H. C. PRUITT.




1. Light of love..... is bright-ly shin - ing
 2. When our souls..... are sad and drear - y
 3. Pre-cious, bless - - ed love of Je - sus,
 1. Light of love is bright-ly shin - ing, brightly shin - ing



On our drear - - y path - way here,.....
 And we see..... but clouds a - bove,.....
 How it cheers..... us through the gloom,.....
 On our drear - y path - way here, path - way here,



Ev - er cheer - ing pil-grims on-ward
 Oh, what cheer..... and hope it gives us,
 Ev - er giv - - ing sweet-est fore-tastes
 Ev - er cheer-ing pil - grims on - ward, pil-grims on - ward



T'wards that home..... to all so dear.....
 When we see..... His light of love!.....
 Of the joys..... that wait at home!.....
 T'ward that home to all so dear, to all so dear.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

REFRAIN.

Oh, that bliss - ful home up yon - der
Oh, the bliss-ful home up yon - der, home up yon - der

The image shows a musical score for a refrain. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, containing a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The first line of lyrics is 'Oh, that bliss - ful home up yon - der' and the second line is 'Oh, the bliss-ful home up yon - der, home up yon - der'. The word 'bliss' is hyphenated as 'bliss -' in the first line. There are 'x' marks above some notes in the first staff, likely indicating where to place a vocal line or a specific performance instruction.

We are near - ing day by day,
 We are near - ing day by day, day by day,

And the love - - light of the Sav- iour
And the love-light of the Sav- iour, of the Sav- iour

Cheers our hearts. . . . a - long the way. . . .
 Cheer our hearts a - long the way, a - long the way.


JAMES ROWE.

R. H. GILLEY.



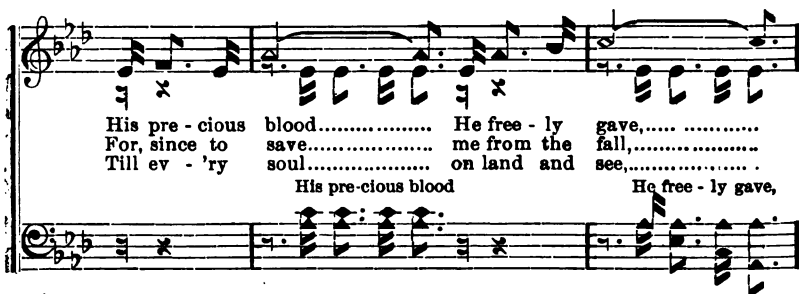
1. O, spread the news..... o'er land and sea;.....
 2. Let na - tions know the ti - dings glad,.....
 3. Proclaim the pow - er of His grace,.....

1. O spread the news o'er land and sea,



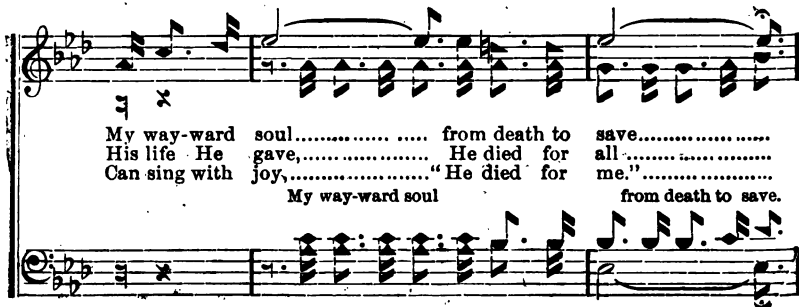
The Son of God..... has died for me;.....
 Re - peat the news to worn and sad,.....
 To ev - 'ry tribe..... and ev - 'ry race,.....

The Son of God has died for me,



His pre - cious blood..... He free - ly gave,.....
 For, since to save..... me from the fall,.....
 Till ev - 'ry soul..... on land and see,.....

His pre - cious blood He free - ly gave,



My way - ward soul..... from death to save.....
 His life He gave,..... He died for all.....
 Can sing with joy,..... "He died for me.".....

My way - ward soul from death to save.

HE DIED FOR ME.—Concluded.

CHORUS

I know not why..... He loved me so,.....
I know not why He loved me so,


Nor why He died..... for one so low,.....
Nor why He died for one so low,

But this my song..... will al - ways be:.....
But this my song will al - ways be:



Up - on the cross..... He died for me.....
Up - on the cross

JAMES ROWE.



JOE J. FLYNT.





1. There is glad-ness in my soul, I have giv - en Christ con-trol,
 2. I have lost my load of sin, I am pure and sweet with-in;
 3. Be the path or bright or dim, He will keep me close to Him,

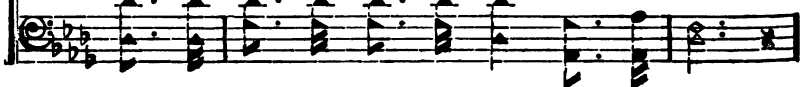
In the vales of sin no more I shall pine; I am
 Je - sus holds my hand in His all the while; He will
 Till I've reached the hap - py home - land a - bove, There thro'

hap - py night and day, sing - ing all a - long the way,
 keep my soul, I know, safe from temp - est and from foe,
 count - less bliss - ful day, with the saved I'll sing His praise,

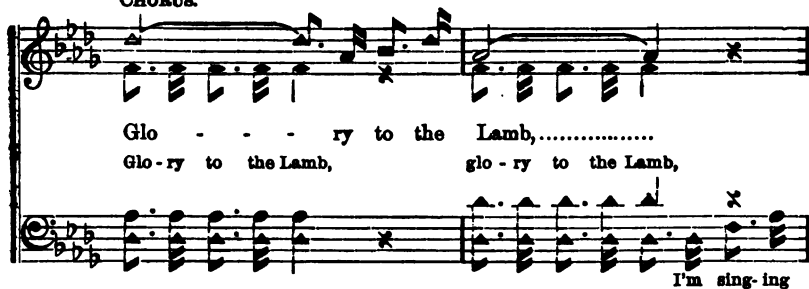
For my soul is saved by grace—grace di - vine.
 And will cheer me with the light of His smile.
 Ev - er rest - ing in the arms of His love.



Copyright, 1910, by J. J. Flynt.

SAVED BY GRACE DIVINE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Glo - - - ry to the Lamb,.....
 Glo-ry to the Lamb, glo-ry to the Lamb,
 I'm sing- ing



Per - - - - - fect joy is mine;.....
 Per-fect joy is mine; per-fect joy is mine;



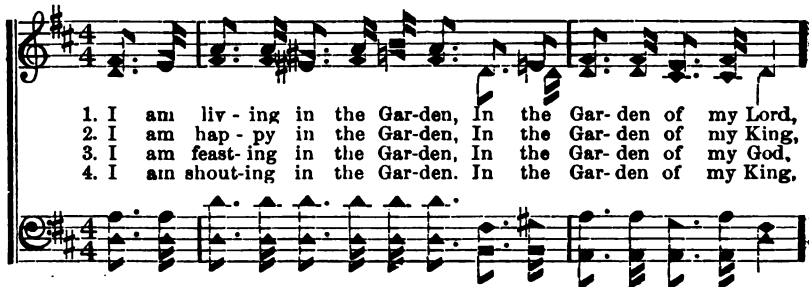
Free..... from sin I am..... My soul is
 Free from is I am, free from sin I am,



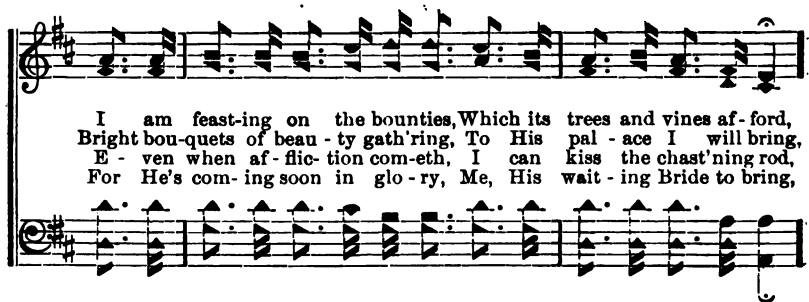
saved..... by grace di - vine.....
 saved by grace di - vine, saved by grace di - vine.

M. W. KNAPP.

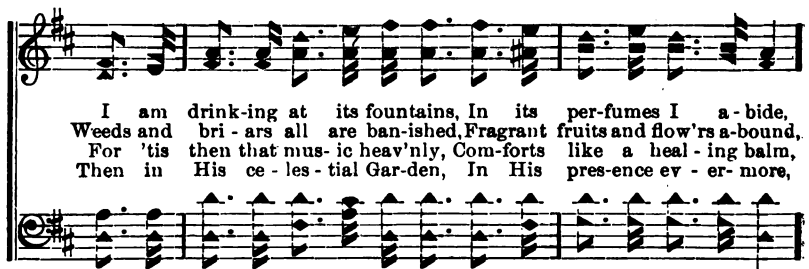
J. W. SMITH.



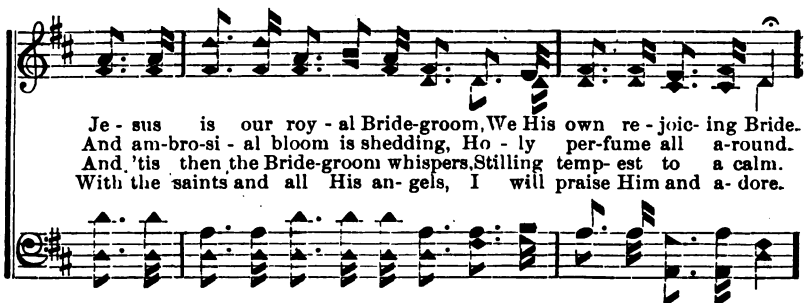
1. I am liv - ing in the Gar-den, In the Gar-den of my Lord,
 2. I am hap - py in the Gar-den, In the Gar-den of my King,
 3. I am feast-ing in the Gar-den, In the Gar-den of my God,
 4. I am shout-ing in the Gar-den. In the Gar-den of my King.



I am feast-ing on the boun-ties, Which its trees and vines af-ford,
 Bright bou-quets of beau-ty gath'ring, To His pal-ace I will bring,
 E-ven when af-flic-tion com-eth, I can kiss the chast'ning rod,
 For He's com-ing soon in glo-ry, Me, His wait-ing Bride to bring,



I am drink-ing at its foun-tains, In its per-fumes I a-bide,
 Weeds and bri-ars all are ban-ish-ed, Fragrant fruits and flow'rs a-bound,
 For 'tis then that mus-ic heav'nly, Com-forts like a heal-ing balm,
 Then in His ce-le-s-tial Gar-den, In His pres-ence ev-er-more,

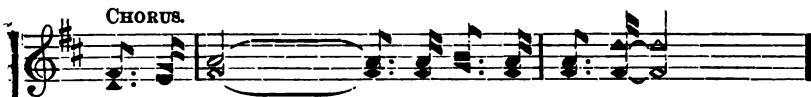


Je-sus is our roy-al Bride-groom, We His own re-joic-ing Bride.
 And am-bro-si-al bloom is shedding, Ho-ly per-fume all a-round.
 And 'tis then the Bride-groom whispers, Still-ing temp-est to a calm.
 With the saints and all His an-gels, I will praise Him and a-dore.

Copyright 1910, by J. W. Smith.

MY GARDEN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



O, how hap - - - py are the mo - ments,
O, how hap - py are the mo - ments, O, how hap - py are the mo - ments,



As they swift - - - ly, sweet - ly glide,
As they swift - ly sweet - ly glide, as they swift - ly sweet - ly glide,



Lost in love..... and joy and won - der,
Lost in love and joy and won - der, lost in love and joy and won - der,



I am ful - - - ly sat - is - fied.
I am ful - ly sat - is - fied, I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.
sat - is - fied.

A. B. C.

A. B. CALK.

1. I far had roamed..... from God and right,.....
 2. In Him is peace..... in Him is rest,.....
 3. I praise the Lord..... for sav - ing grace.....
 1. I far had roamed from God and right,

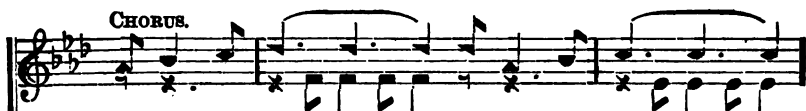
My soul was lost..... in dark - est night,.....
 For troub-led hearts..... and souls op - prest;.....
 And hope to meet..... Him face to face;.....
 My soul was lost in dark-est night,

But, praise the Lord,..... I heard His voice,.....
 His love would make..... your path-way clear,.....
 O, trust Him, too,..... ac - cept His love,.....
 But, praise the Lord, I heard His voice,

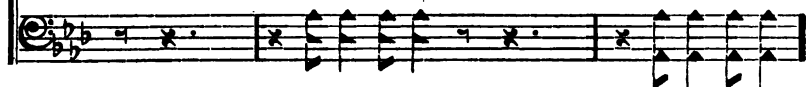
And now He is..... my spir - it's choice.
 And rid your soul of ev - 'ry fear.....
 And win the crown..... that waits a - bove.....
 And now He is my spir-it's choice.

COME TO CHRIST.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



O, come to Christ,..... be saved to - day;.....
O, come to Christ, be saved to-day;



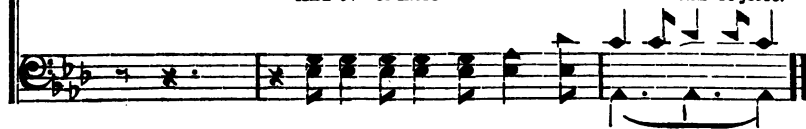
Let Je - sus take..... your sins a - way;.....
Let Je - sus take your sins a-way;



While time re - mains,..... make Christ your choice,
While time re-mains, make Christ your choice,



And ev - er - more..... in Him re - joice.....
And ev - er-more in Him re-joice.



B. H. B.

BETTIE HILTON BROOKS, Whitesburg, Tenn.

Soft and gentle.

1. O coun-try blest,..... dear home a - bove,.....
 2. O hap-py home..... where falls no night,.....
 3. O Sav-iour dear,..... O match-less King,.....
 1. O coun-try blest,..... dear home a-bove,

E - ter - nal land..... of light and love,.....
 Where sim - ple faith..... is lost in sight,.....
 Till life be o'er..... to Thee I'll cling,.....
 E - ter - nal land..... of light and love,

Where loved ones watch..... and wait for me,.....
 Thy jas - per walls..... and streets of gold,.....
 Then come what may..... I shall not roam,.....
 Where loved ones watch..... and wait for me,

How oft my soul..... has longed for Thee.....
 Some cloud-less morn..... I shall be - hold.....
 And Thou wilt bear..... me safe - ly home.....
 How oft my soul..... has longed for Thee.

O BLESSED HOME.—Concluded.

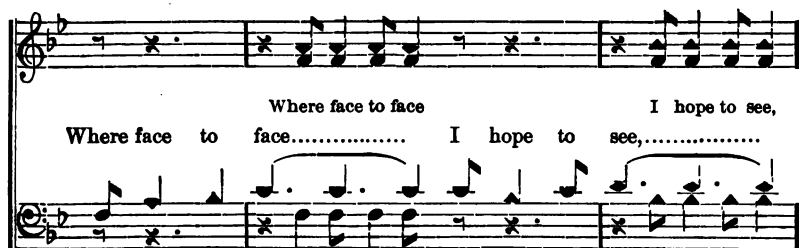
CHORUS.



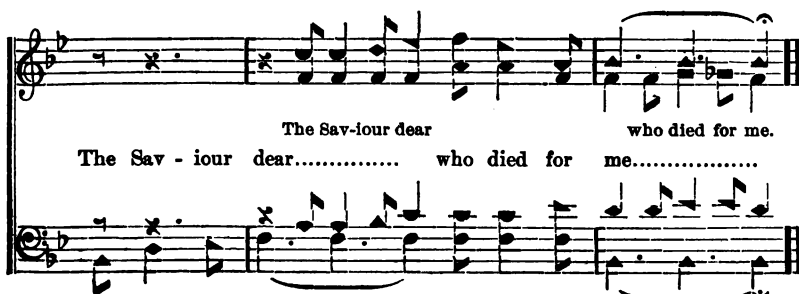
O bless - ed home..... of rest and peace,.....
 O, bless-ed home of rest and peace,



Where songs of joy..... will nev - er cease,.....
 Where songs of joy will nev-er cease,



Where face to face I hope to see,
 Where face to face..... I hope to see,.....



The Sav-iour dear who died for me.
 The Sav - iour dear..... who died for me.....

JAMES ROWE.

W. A. SMITH.

1. O, send, my soul,..... Thy voice a - bove,.....
 2. He broke Thy chains..... and set Thee free,.....
 3. O, send, my soul,..... Thy song a - bove,.....
 1. O, send, my soul,..... Thy voice a - bove;

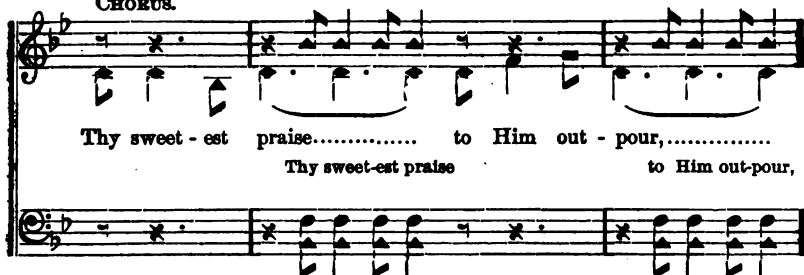
In praise of sweet..... re - deem - ing love;.....
 And caused Thine eyes..... a - gain to see;.....
 His mer - cy praise..... ex - alt His love;.....
 In praise of sweet..... re-deeming love;

He found Thee lost..... in deep - est night,.....
 He caused Thy pain..... and tears to cease,.....
 Wher-e'er Thou art,..... His grace pro - claim,.....
 He found Thee lost..... in deep-est night,

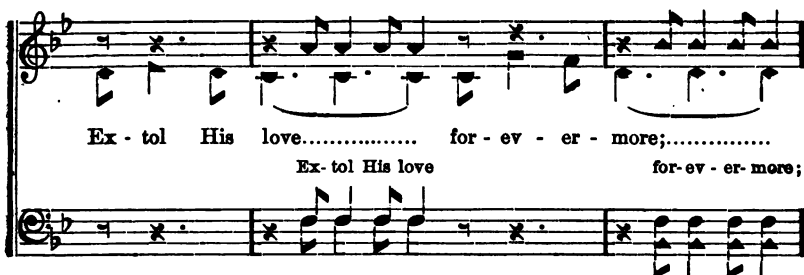
And led Thee out..... to life and light.....
 And gave Thee joy..... and per - fect peace.....
 And mag - ni - fy..... His ho - ly name.....
 And led Thee out..... to life and light.

REDEEMING LOVE.—Concluded.

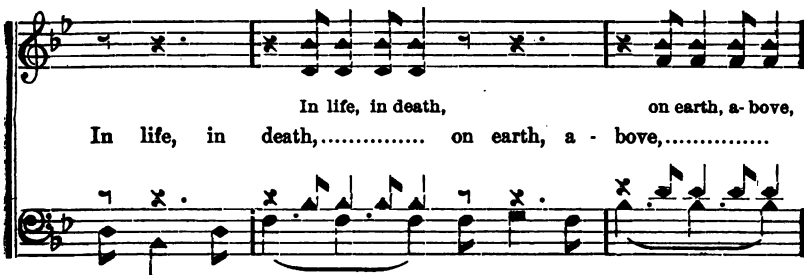
CHORUS.



Thy sweet - est praise..... to Him out - pour,.....
 Thy sweet-est praise to Him out-pour,



Ex - tol His love..... for - ev - er - more;.....
 Ex-tol His love for-ev - er-more;



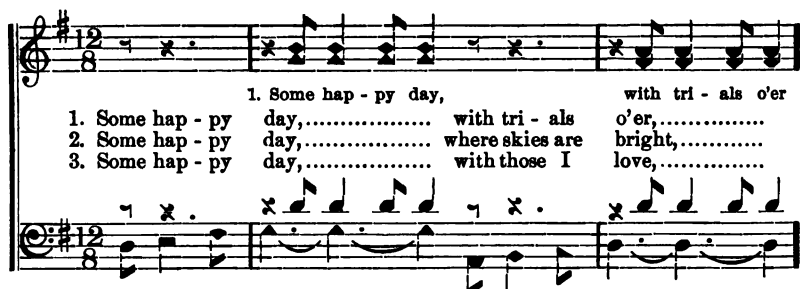
In life, in death, on earth, a - bove,
 In life, in death,..... on earth, a - bove,.....



O, praise, my soul re-deem-ing love.
 O, praise, my soul..... re-deem - ing love.....

JAMES ROWE.

AMOS A. CORLEY.



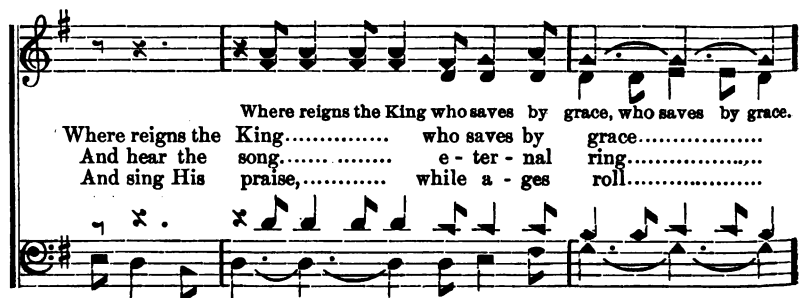
1. Some hap - py day, with tri - als o'er
 1. Some hap - py day,..... with tri - als o'er,.....
 2. Some hap - py day,..... where skies are bright,.....
 3. Some hap - py day,..... with those I love,.....



Where sin will stain my heart no more,
 Where sin can stain..... my heart no more,.....
 My faith will all..... be lost in sight,.....
 My Sav- iour I..... shall meet a - bove,.....



I shall a - wake In that bright place
 I shall a - wake..... in that bright place.....
 For I shall stand..... be - fore the King.....
 Shall feel His love..... with- in my soul.....



Where reigns the King who saves by grace, who saves by grace.
 Where reigns the King..... who saves by grace.....
 And hear the song..... e - ter - nal ring.....
 And sing His praise,..... while a - ges roll.....

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SOME HAPPY DAY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Then I shall sing a sweet new song

Then I shall sing..... a sweet new song.....



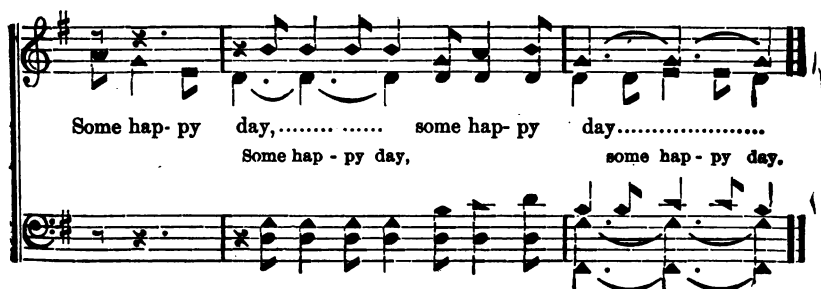
A - mid the glad ce - les - tial throng;

A - mid the glad..... ce - les - tial throng;.....



Oh, per - fect joy..... my soul will sway,.....

Oh, per - fect joy my soul will sway,



Some hap - py day,..... some hap - py day.....

Some hap - py day, some hap - py day.

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

B. N. HULTSMAN.



1. O, watch the ris - - ing, of the tide,.....
2. Out on the o - - cean of His love,.....
3. Then steer thy bark,..... for heav-en's shore,.....



1. O, watch the ris - ing, watch the ris - ing of the tide,
2. Out on the o - cean, on the o - cean of His love,
3. Then steer thy bark, O, steer thy bark for heav-en's shore,



And read - y be..... to spread thy sail;.....
 Where all is calm..... and peace and rest;.....
 And launch thy boat..... up - on the tide;.....



And read - y be, O, read - y be to spread thy sail;
 Where all is calm, where all is calm and peace and rest;
 And launch thy boat, O, launch thy boat up - on the tide;



A - gainst life's dan - - gers, now pro - vide,.....
 O, seek the heav'n - - ly port a - bove,.....
 For Christ your Cap - - tain, guides your o'er,.....



A - gainst life's dan - gers, 'gainst life's dan - gers now pro - vide,
 O, seek the heav'n - ly, seek the heav'n - ly port a - bove,
 For Christ your Cap - tain, Christ your Cap - tain guides you o'er,

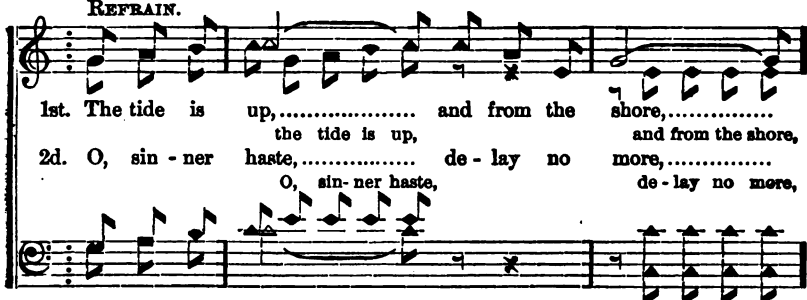
THE TIDE IS RISING.—Concluded.



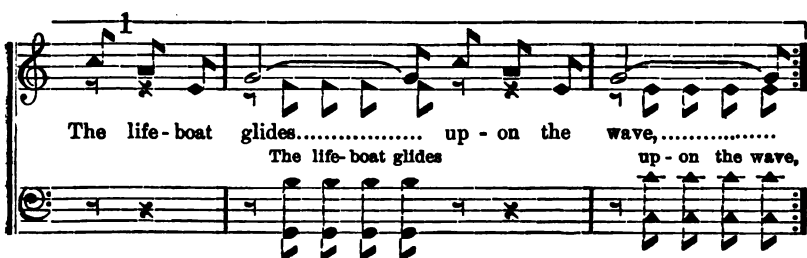
A - gainst the temp - est and the gale.....
 Where ev - 'ry soul is Je - sus' guest.....
 And He a hav - en will pro - - vide.....

and the gale.
 is Je - sus guest.
 will pro - vide.

REFRAIN.



1st. The tide is up,..... and from the shore,.....
 the tide is up, and from the shore,
 2d. O, sin - ner haste,..... de - lay no more,.....
 O, sin - ner haste, de - lay no more,



1
 The life-boat glides..... up - on the wave,.....
 The life-boat glides up - on the wave,

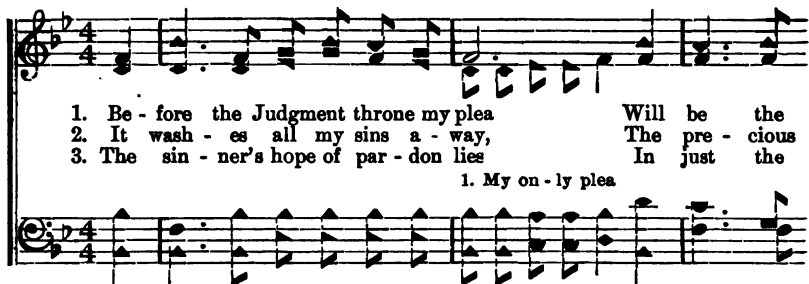


2
 The God of mer - cy waits to save.....
 He waits to save.

No. 123. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

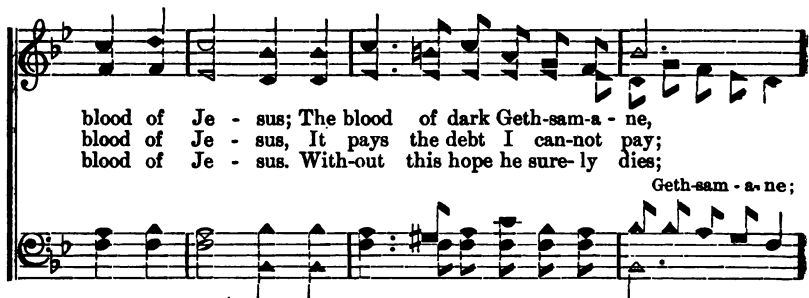
Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

P. M. BOYD.

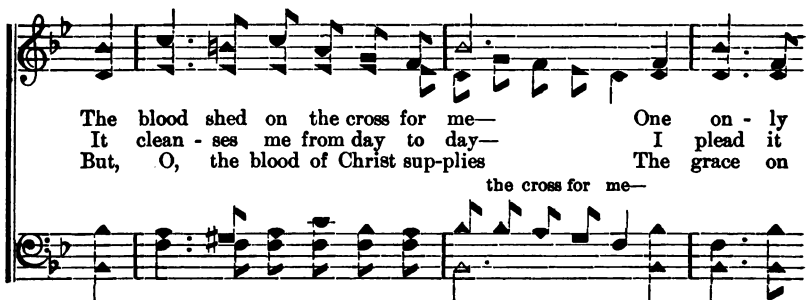


1. Be - fore the Judgment throne my plea Will be the
 2. It wash - es all my sins a - way, The pre - cious
 3. The sin - ner's hope of par - don lies In just the

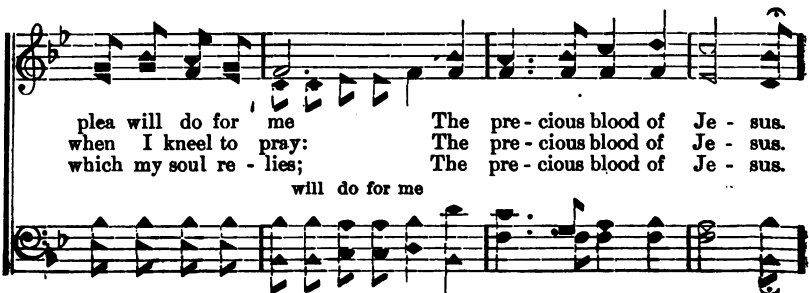
1. My on - ly plea



blood of Je - sus; The blood of dark Geth-sam-a - ne,
 blood of Je - sus, It pays the debt I can-not pay;
 blood of Je - sus. With-out this hope he sure-ly dies;
 Geth-sam - a - ne;



The blood shed on the cross for me— One on - ly
 It clean - ses me from day to day— I plead it
 But, O, the blood of Christ sup-plies The grace on
 the cross for me—



plea will do for me The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
 when I kneel to pray: The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
 which my soul re - lies; The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
 will do for me

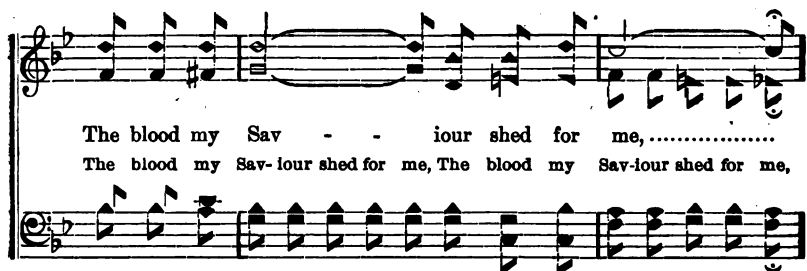
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THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



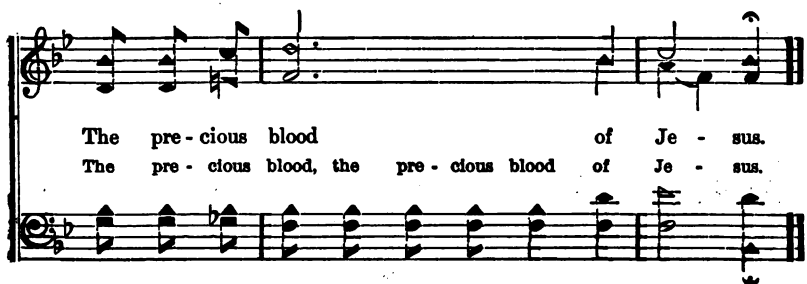
One hope a - lone..... is all I see:.....
 One hope a - lone is all I see; is all I see;



The blood my Sav - - iour shed for me,.....
 The blood my Sav-iour shed for me, The blood my Sav-iour shed for me,



And this a - lone..... shall be my plea;
 and this a - lone shall be my plea, shall be my plea;



The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.
 The pre - cious blood, the pre - cious blood of Je - sus.

W. T. S.

WALTER T. SMITH.

1. Lord, I need Thee as times pass by, Hear my plead-ings and
 2. Thou, the Com-fort - er and the True, Help me al-ways to
 3. Thou, my strength and my Lord of all, Take and stead - y me
 4. As I trav-el a - long my path, From be - gin-ning un -

hear my cry, Near to Thee O let me ev - er be,.....
 ev - er do, The commands that Thou hast left for me;.....
 lest I fall, Place my feet up - on some sol - id ground,...
 til the last, Lord I need to lean up - on Thy arm;.....

Then 'tis ea - sy to bear the cross And 'tis ea - sy to
 May I du - ti - ful ev - er be, So in heav - en that
 Where the sands will not be so deep, Or the sharp rocks to
 For with - out Thee I walk a - lone, In the paths of temp -

suf - fer loss, For the Lord has done so much for me.
 I may see, My loved ones u - nit - ed with the free.
 bruise my feet, For 'tis hard to walk with bleed - ing wound.
 ta - tion roam, Take me, Lord, and then I'm safe from harm.

NEAR TO THEE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



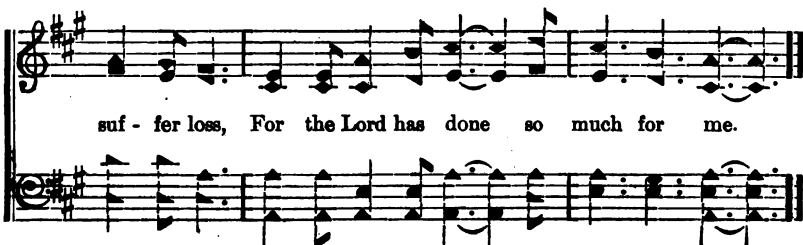
Near - - er..... my God..... to Thee.....
Near to Thee, near to Thee, yes, near to Thee, O let me be,



Near - - er..... to Thee,.....
Near to Thee, near to Thee, O, let me be,



Then 'tis ea - sy to bear the cross, And 'tis ea - sy to

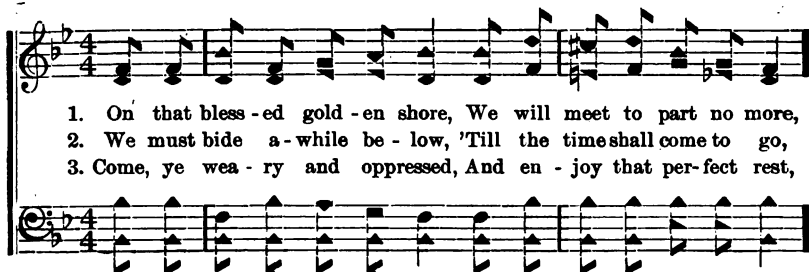


suf - fer loss, For the Lord has done so much for me.

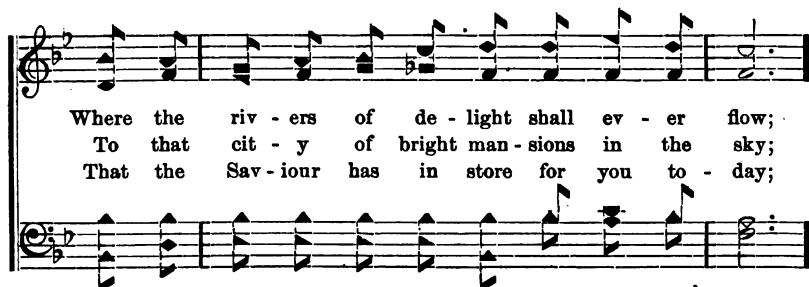
No. 125. SINGING WITH THE RANSOMED.

R. HUGH BROOKS.

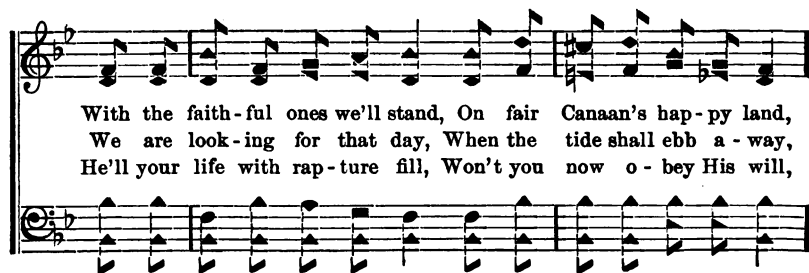
WALTER H. BERNARD.



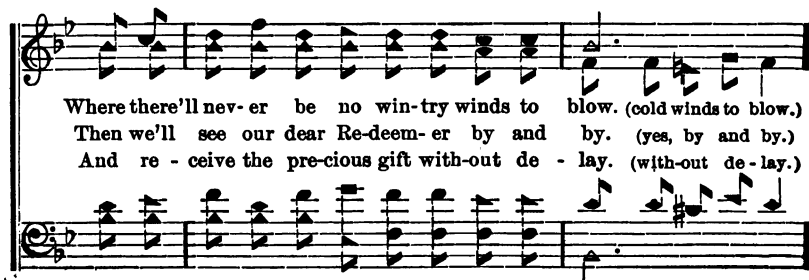
1. On that bless-ed gold-en shore, We will meet to part no more,
 2. We must bide a-while be-low, 'Till the timeshall come to go,
 3. Come, ye wea-ry and oppressed, And en-joy that per-fect rest,



Where the riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er flow;
 To that cit-y of bright man-sions in the sky;
 That the Sav-iour has in store for you to-day;



With the faith-ful ones we'll stand, On fair Canaan's hap-py land,
 We are look-ing for that day, When the tide shall ebb a-way,
 He'll your life with rap-ture fill, Won't you now o-bey His will,

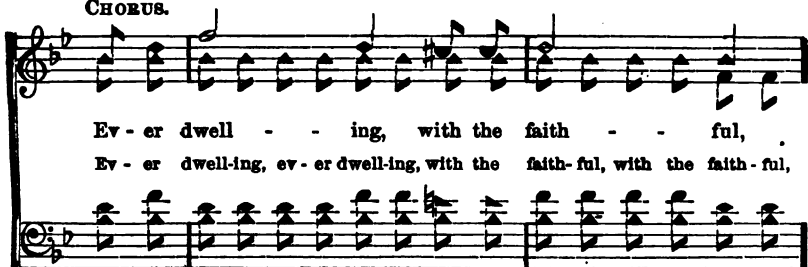


Where there'll nev-er be no win-try winds to blow. (cold winds to blow.)
 Then we'll see our dear Re-deem-er by and by. (yes, by and by.)
 And re-ceive the pre-cious gift with-out de-lay. (with-out de-lay.)

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SINGING WITH THE RANSOMED.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



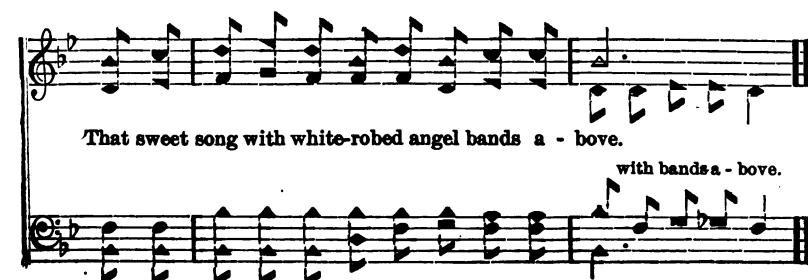
Ev - er dwell - - ing, with the faith - - ful,
 Ev - er dwell-ing, ev - er dwell-ing, with the faith-ful, with the faith-ful,



In that hap - py sum-mer-land of light and love;
 of light and love;



Sweet - ly sing - - ing, with the ran - - somed,
 Sweet - ly sing-ing, sweet - ly sing - ing, with the ransomed, with the ransomed,

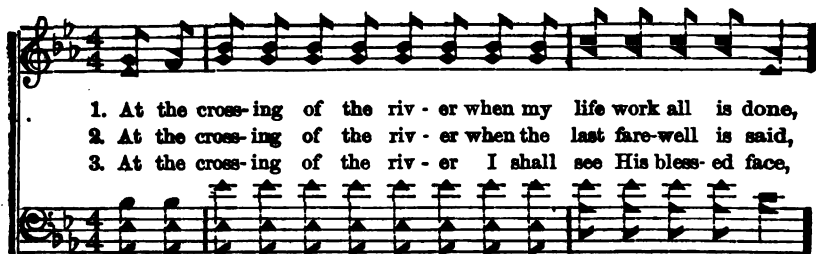


That sweet song with white-robed angel bands a - bove.
 with bands a - bove.

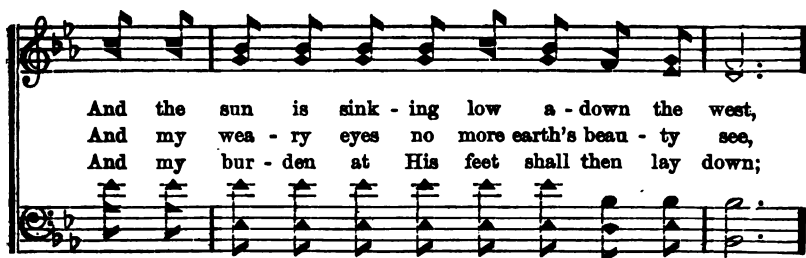
No. 126. AT THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

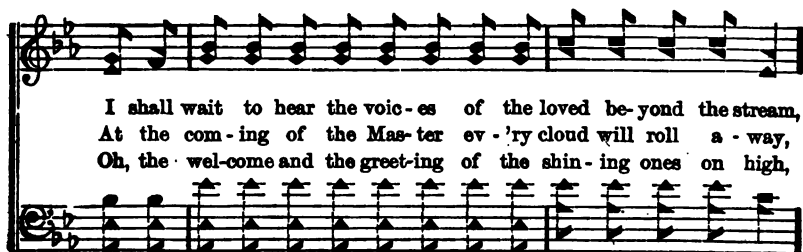
S. W. BEAZLEY.



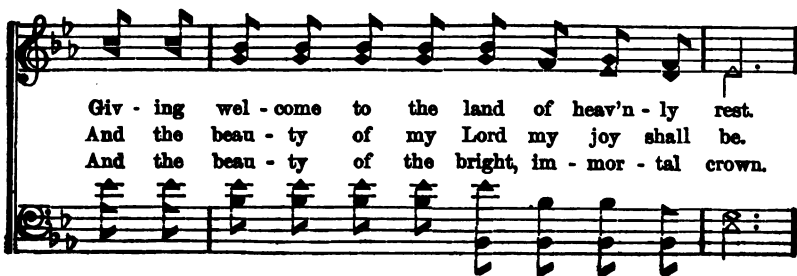
1. At the cross-ing of the riv - er when my life work all is done,
2. At the cross-ing of the riv - er when the last fare-well is said,
3. At the cross-ing of the riv - er I shall see His bless-ed face,



And the sun is sink - ing low a - down the west,
And my wea - ry eyes no more earth's beau - ty see,
And my bur - den at His feet shall then lay down;



I shall wait to hear the voic-es of the loved be-yond the stream,
At the com-ing of the Mas-ter ev-'ry cloud will roll a - way,
Oh, the wel-come and the greet-ing of the shin-ing ones on high,

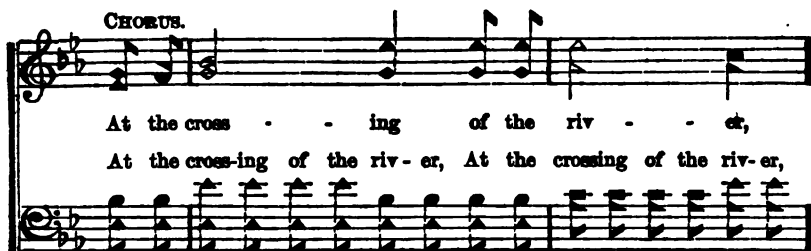


Giv - ing wel - come to the land of heav'n - ly rest.
And the beau - ty of my Lord my joy shall be.
And the beau - ty of the bright, im - mor - tal crown.

S. W. Beazley, owner.

At the Crossing of the River.—Concluded.

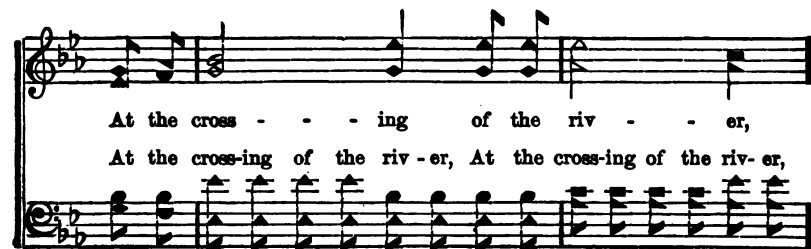
CHORUS.



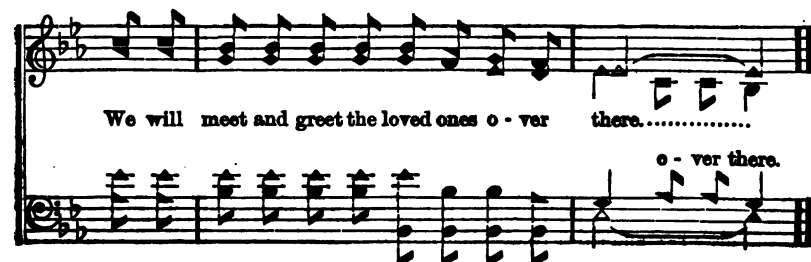
At the cross - - ing of the riv - - er,
At the cross-ing of the riv-er, At the crossing of the riv-er,



To the land of heav'nly rest so bright and fair;
bright and fair;



At the cross - - - ing of the riv - - er,
At the cross-ing of the riv-er, At the cross-ing of the riv-er,

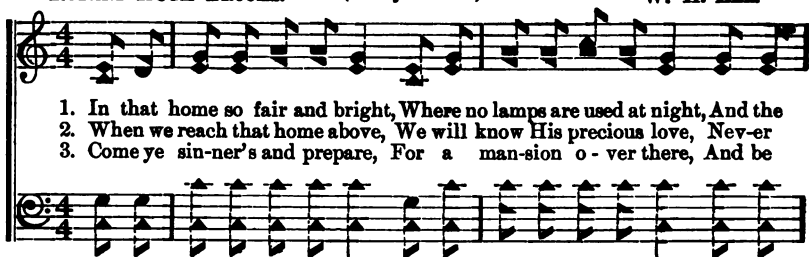


We will meet and greet the loved ones o - ver there.....
o - ver there.

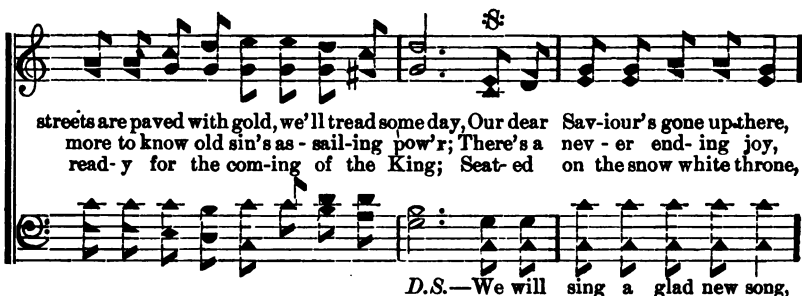
ROBERT HUGH BROOKS.

(To My Mother.)

W. H. LEE.



1. In that home so fair and bright, Where no lamps are used at night, And the
 2. When we reach that home above, We will know His precious love, Nev-er
 3. Come ye sin-ner's and prepare, For a man-sion o-ver there, And be

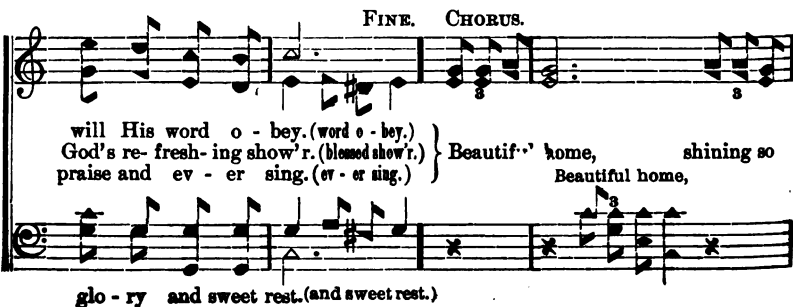


streets are paved with gold, we'll tread some day, Our dear Sav-iour's gone up-ther,
 more to know old sin's as-sail-ing pow'r; There's a nev-er end-ing joy,
 read-y for the com-ing of the King; Seat-ed on the snow white throne,
D.S.—We will sing a glad new song,



To pre-pare a man-sion fair, For the faith-ful ones who
 For there's noth-ing to des-troy, That sweet peace that falls in
 He will al-ways rule a-lone, When we meet Him there to
 And be hap-py all day long, In the Sav-iour's bless-ed

FINE. CHORUS.



will His word o-bey. (word o-bey.)
 God's re-fresh-ing show'r. (blessed show'r.) } Beautif-ful home, shining so
 praise and ev-er sing. (ev-er sing.) } Beautiful home,
 glo-ry and sweet rest. (and sweet rest.)

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THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.—Concluded.

D.S.

bright, shining so bright, We are go-ing there to dwell with all the blest; all the blest;

No. 128.

I HAVE NO MOTHER.

L. L. W.

L. L. WYNN.

1. My dear-est friend has left me In this sad world to roam;
2. Some-times my heart grows wea-ry, Me thinks I'm left a-lone,
3. I want to live for Je-sus, While here on earth I roam;
4. My pre-cious friends and school-mates, You'll have no sor-row here,
5. Dear friends, let's live for Je-sus While here on earth we roam,

She's gone to live with Je-sus, In her e-ter-nal home.
Tho' moth-er still is call-ing, "Dear child, you must come home."
And meet my an-gel moth-er, In her e-ter-nal home.
Till moth-er's gone and left you The heav-y cross to bear.
And then we'll live with moth-er In her e-ter-nal home.

REFRAIN.

I have no moth-er now, I have no moth-er now, She's

gone to live with Je-sus In her e-ter-nal home.

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No. 129. I Will Meet You Over In Glory By and By.

(Respectfully inscribed to my Christian friends in Nevada County, Arkansas.)

J. W. S.

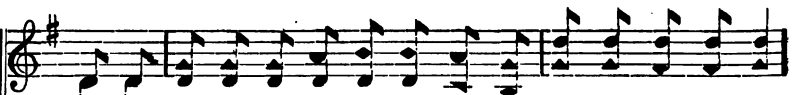
J. W. SMITH.



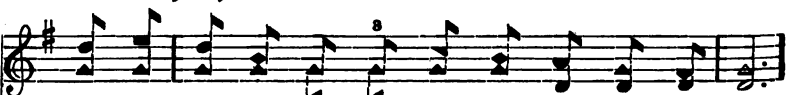
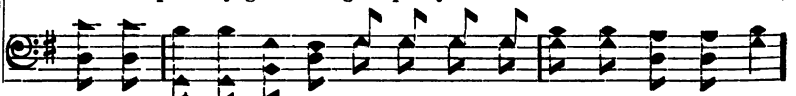
1. I am on my hap-py jour-ney to the land of end-less day,
2. I've a man-sion in that ci - ty, wait-ing now for me to come,
3. I will glad-ly trust the Sav-iour while I jour-ney here be-low,
4. Then be read-y, faithful Christians, when the Sav-iour calls for your,



I	will	meet	you	o - ver	in	glo - ry	by	and	by;
I	will	meet	you	o - ver	in	glo - ry	by	and	by;
I	will	meet	you	o - ver	in	glo - ry	by	and	by;
I	will	meet	you	o - ver	in	glo - ry	by	and	by;



Where the Lord in peace is reigning and where hap-py an-gels stay.
 Soon I'll go and take pos-ses-sion of my bright e-ter-nal home,
 He will gen-tly lead me on-ward till I reach that shin-ing shore,
 When the pearl-y gates swing o-pen you shall find an en-trance thro',



I	will	meet	you	o - ver	in	glo - ry	by	and	by.
I	will	meet	you	o - ver	in	glo - ry	by	and	by.
I	will	meet	you	o - ver	in	glo - ry	by	and	by.
I	will	meet	you	o - ver	in	glo - ry	by	and	by.



Copyright, 1910, by J. W. Smith.

I Will Meet You Over In Glory, etc.—Concluded.

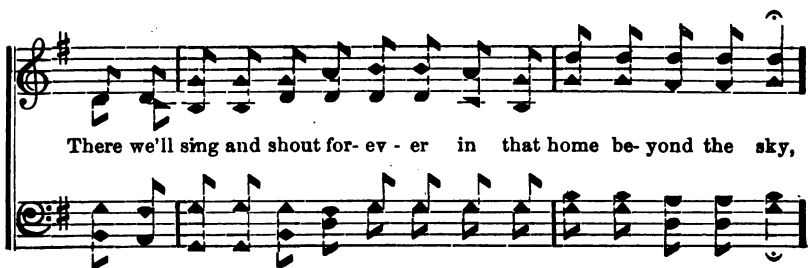
REFRAIN.



I will meet you o - ver in glo - ry by and by,
by and by,



I will meet you o - ver in glo - ry by and by,
by and by,



There we'll sing and shout for - ev - er in that home be - yond the sky,

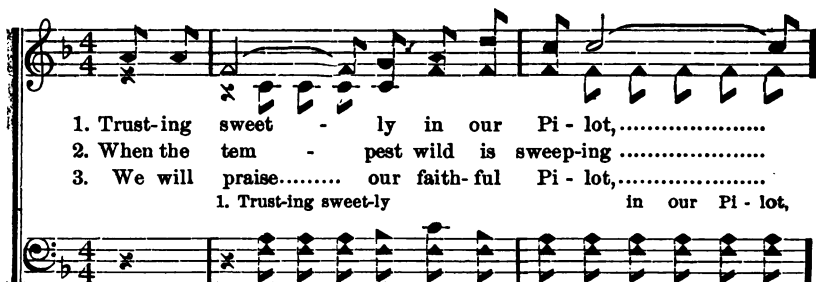


I will meet you o - ver in glo - ry by and by.
by and by.

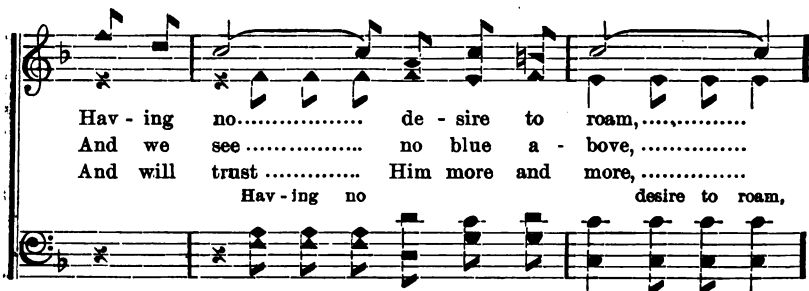
No. 130. NEARING HOME, SWEET HOME.

JAMES ROWE.

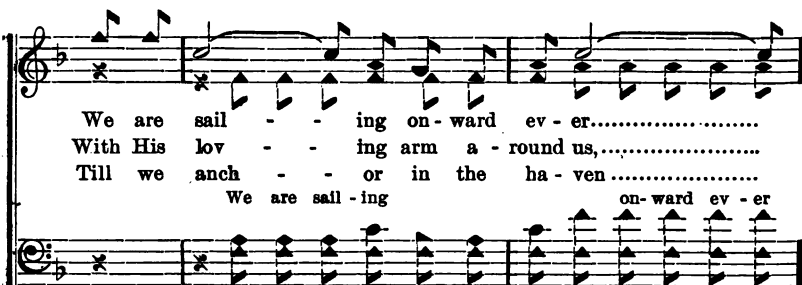
S. NOAH JOHNSON.



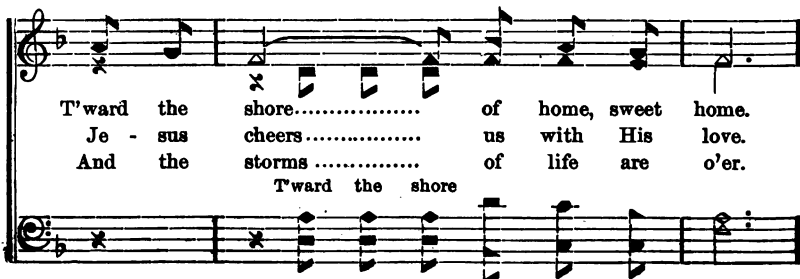
1. Trust-ing sweet - ly in our Pi - lot,.....
 2. When the tem - pest wild is sweep-ing
 3. We will praise..... our faith-ful Pi - lot,.....
 1. Trust-ing sweet-ly in our Pi - lot,



Hav - ing no..... de - sire to roam,.....
 And we see..... no blue a - bove,
 And will trust..... Him more and more,
 Hav - ing no desire to roam,



We are sail - - ing on-ward ev - er.....
 With His lov - - ing arm a - round us,.....
 Till we anch - - or in the ha - ven
 We are sail - ing on-ward ev - er



T'ward the shore..... of home, sweet home.
 Je - sus cheers..... us with His love.
 And the storms of life are o'er.
 T'ward the shore

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NEARING HOME, SWEET HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Sail - ing home..... with Christ our Pi - lot,.....

Sail - ing home Christ our Pi - lot;



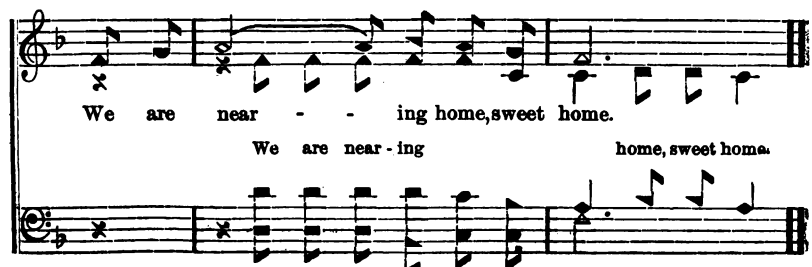
Drench'd by waves..... and splash'd by foam,.....

Drench'd by waves splashed by foam,



Sing - ing sweet - - - est prais - es ev - er,.....

Sing - ing sweet - est prais - es ev - er,



We are near - - - ing home, sweet home.

We are near - ing home, sweet home.


No. 130. NEARING HOME, SWEET HOME.

JAMES ROWE.

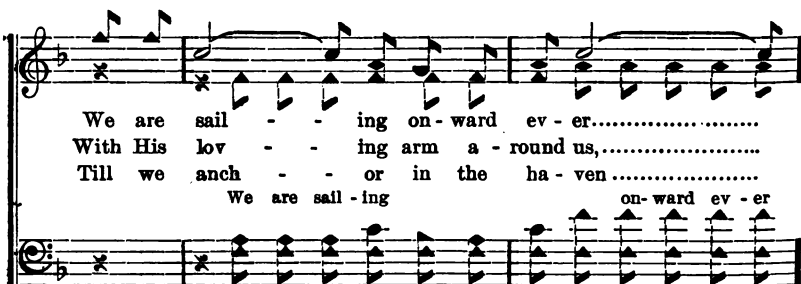
S. NOAH JOHNSON.



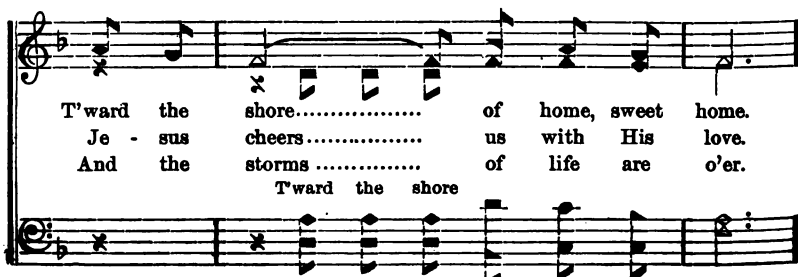
1. Trust-ing sweet - ly in our Pi - lot,.....
 2. When the tem - pest wild is sweep-ing
 3. We will praise..... our faith-ful Pi - lot,.....
 1. Trust-ing sweet-ly in our Pi - lot,



Hav - ing no..... de - sire to roam,.....
 And we see..... no blue a - bove,.....
 And will trust..... Him more and more,.....
 Hav - ing no desire to roam,



We are sail - ing on - ward ev - er.....
 With His lov - ing arm a - round us,.....
 Till we anch - or in the ha - ven.....
 We are sail - ing on - ward ev - er



T'ward the shore..... of home, sweet home.
 Je - sus cheers..... us with His love.
 And the storms..... of life are o'er.
 T'ward the shore

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NEARING HOME, SWEET HOME.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Sail - ing home..... with Christ our Pi - lot,.....

Sail - ing home Christ our Pi - lot;




Drench'd by waves..... and splash'd by foam,.....

Drench'd by waves splashed by foam;



Sing - ing sweet - - est prais - es ev - er,.....

Sing - ing sweet - est prais - es ev - er,



We are near - - ing home, sweet home.

We are near - ing home, sweet home.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

JOE J. FLYNT.

1. At the dawn-ing of that morn-ing bright and fair, When the
 2. When the shad-ows of the night have passed a-way, And the
 3. If we're ev-er faith-ful in this earth-ly race, At the

cries of souls u-nit-ed fill the air; Will you be pre-pared to
 sun as-cends the sky on that glad day; Oh! shall we with joy o-
 dawn-ing we shall meet Him face to face; E'er to praise Him on that

wear a crown of gold, With the righteous in the peaceful, heav'nly fold?
 bey the trumpet's blast, Feel-ing that our sorrows all are with the past?
 blest e-ter-nal shore, Where the light of love shall beam forev-er-more.

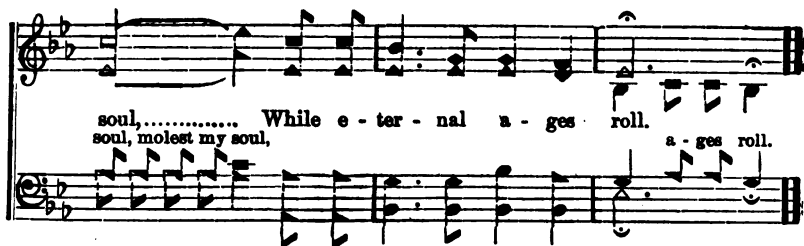
CHORUS.

At the dawn - - ing we shall meet,..... And His
 At the dawn-ing, at the dawn-ing we shall meet, we shall meet,

pre-cious name re-peat; Sin shall ne'er mo-lest my
 Sin shall ne'er, sin shall ne'er mo-lest my

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AT THE DAWNING.—Concluded.



soul,..... While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
soul, molest my soul, a - ges roll.

No. 132.

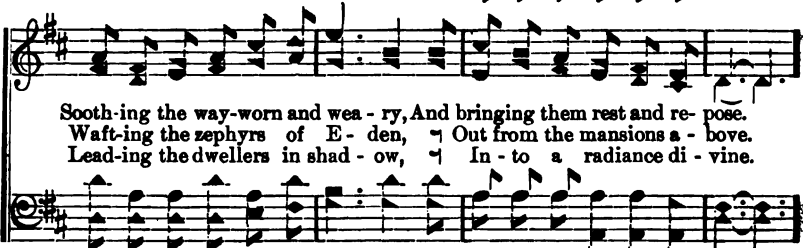
BEAR A BLESSING.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

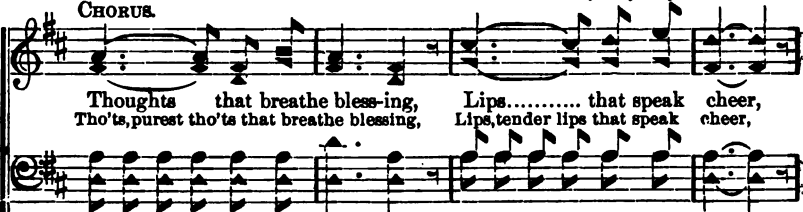


1. Make ev'-ry tho't bear a bless-ing, As fragrance distilled by the rose,
2. Make ev'-ry word bear a bless-ing, And filled with the nectar of love,
3. Make ev'-ry deed bear a bless-ing, That maketh some darkened life shine,

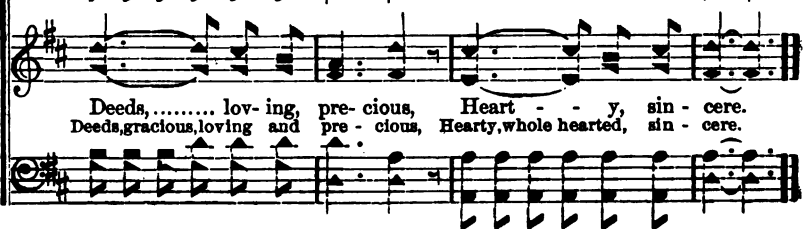


Sooth-ing the way-worn and wea - ry, And bringing them rest and re - pose.
Waft-ing the zephyrs of E - den, Out from the mansions a - bove.
Lead-ing the dwellers in shad - ow, In - to a radiance di - vine.

CHORUS.



Thoughts that breathe bless-ing, Lips..... that speak cheer,
Tho'ts, purest tho'ts that breathe blessing, Lips, tender lips that speak cheer,



Deeds,..... lov-ing, pre-cious, Heart - - y, sin - cere.
Deeds, gracious, loving and pre - cious, Hearty, whole hearted, sin - cere.

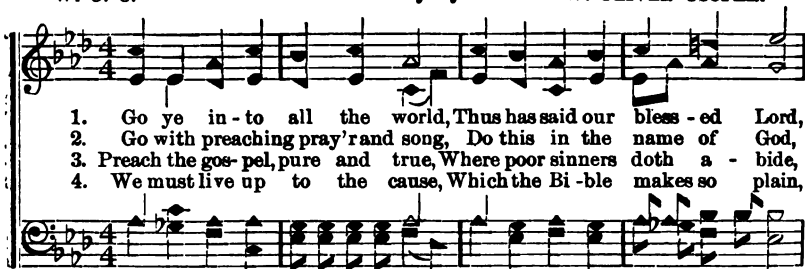
Controlled by the Author.

No. 133. GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

W. O. C.

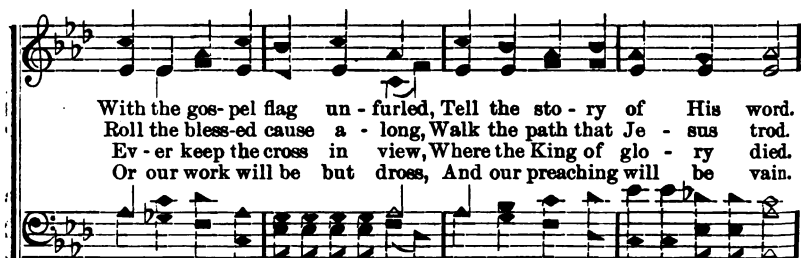
Missionary Hymn.

W. OLIVER COOPER.



1. Go ye in - to all the world, Thus has said our bless - ed Lord,
 2. Go with preaching pray'r and song, Do this in the name of God,
 3. Preach the gos - pel, pure and true, Where poor sinners doth a - bide,
 4. We must live up to the cause, Which the Bi - ble makes so plain,

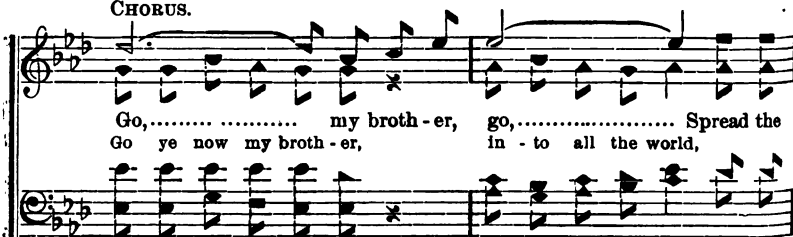
1. Go ye, go ye in - to all the world, Thus has said, has said our blessed Lord,
 2. Go with preaching, preaching pray'r and song, Do, oh! do this in the name of God,
 3. Preach, oh! preach the gospel pure and true, Where poor sinners, sinners doth a - bide,
 4. We must live, must live up to the cause, Which the Bi - ble makes to us so plain,



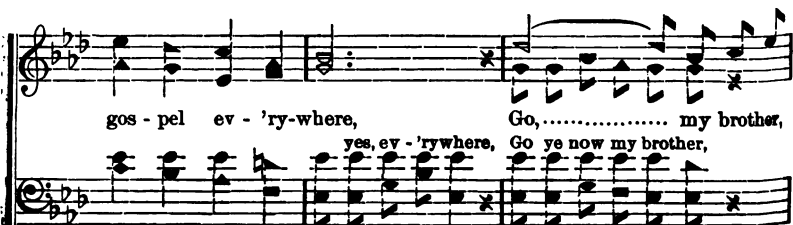
With the gos - pel flag un - furled, Tell the sto - ry of His word.
 Roll the bless - ed cause a - long, Walk the path that Je - sus trod.
 Ev - er keep the cross in view, Where the King of glo - ry died.
 Or our work will be but dross, And our preaching will be vain.

With the flag, the gospel flag un-furled, Tell, oh! tell the sto-ry of His word.
 Roll, yes roll the blessed cause a-long, Walk the path, the path that Je-sus trod.
 Ev - er keep, yes keep the cross in view, Where the roy - al King of glo-ry died.
 Or our work, our work will be but dross, And our preaching, preaching will be vain.

CHORUS.



Go, my broth - er, go, Spread the
 Go ye now my broth - er, in - to all the world,



gos - pel ev - 'ry-where, Go, my brother,
 yes, ev - 'rywhere, Go ye now my brother,

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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.—Concluded.

go,..... Go ye on and nev - er fear.
in - to all the world, Go ye on, yes, go ye on and nev - er fear.

No. 134. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—JOHN 16: 13.

M. M. WELLS.

J. W. JORDAN.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,

FINE.
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there.

D.S.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.S.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 135. LOOKING UPWARD, NEVER DOUBTING.

A. C. G.

A. C. GANN.

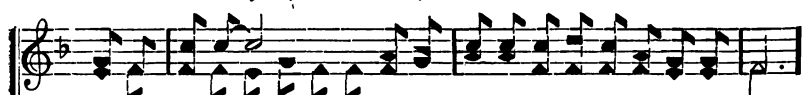


1. While we're on the path that's rugged dark and dreary, We are
2. Tho' the storm clouds gather thick and threat'ning o'er us, There's a
3. When the temp-est rag-es and the winds are blow-ing, We will

1. dark and dreary,



clinging to our Sav-iour as our guide; There's a comfort, peace and blessing
star that will be guid-ing us al - way; It is Christ our read-y lead-er,
look un-to our Sav-iour and our guide; He's the morning star the bea-con



for the wear-y
Bless-ed Je - sus,
light that's glowing,

Who will walk in low-ly meekness by His side.
And He'll bring us to the realms of perfect day.
And with Him in safe-ty we may e'er a - bide.

for the wear-y,



REFRAIN.



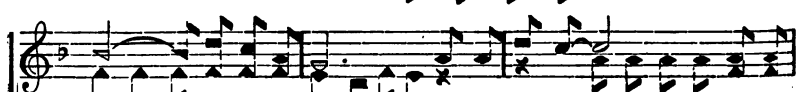
Look-ing up - ward,

Look-ing for - ward,

As the

Look-ing up-ward,

looking forward,



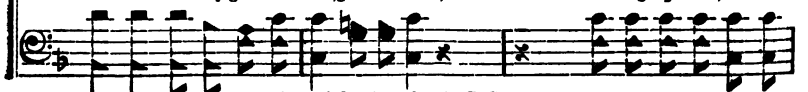
heav'n - ly goal we near:

Looking up - ward,

Never

As the heav'nly goal we near, goal we near,

look-ing upward,



Copyright, 1910. by A. C. Gann.

Looking Upward, Never Doubting.—Concluded.

doubt-ing, Trust-ing Je-sus, We'll not fear.
Nev-er doubting, Trusting Je-sus, trusting Je-sus, We'll not fear.

No. 136. Soon We'll Walk the Golden Streets.

Rev. CHARLES W. M'CROSSAN.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Soon we'll reach the pear-ly gates; Soon we'll walk the gold-en street;
2. Sor-row's tears will be no more, Sick-ness nor dis-ease will come,
3. Oh, what joy will thrill us then, As we see our Sav-iour's face;

There for us the Sav-iour waits; Soon the dear ones we shall meet.
On that hap-py gold-en shore, Bless-ed and e-ter-nal home.
Sweet-est voic-es there will blend, Prais-ing His re-deem-ing grace.

CHORUS.

Soon we'll walk the gold - - en street,
Soon we'll walk, yes, walk the golden streets, Soon we'll walk, yes, walk the golden streets,


Soon the dear ones we shall meet.
Soon the dear ones, dear ones we shall meet, Soon the dear ones, dear ones we shall meet.

Copyright, 1895, by Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

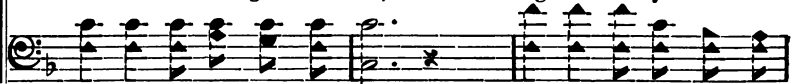



1. I have found..... a friend in Je - sus,..... One who
 2. I have found..... this friend so faith - ful..... When my
 3. This dear Sav - - iour found me wea - ry,..... Bur - dened


1. Friend in Je - sus

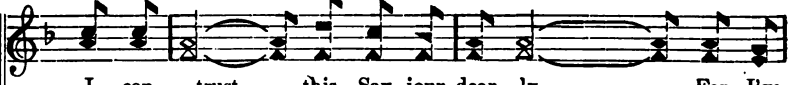
I..... can trust so dear, For He saved..... me when so
 soul..... was tried and sore, And He leads..... me gen - tly
 down..... with guilt and sin, And I glad - ly follow - ed


lone - ly,..... All for - lorn..... in sin be - low.
 on - ward,..... In this wild - er - ness be - low.
 on - ward,..... In the paths..... of right - ous - ness.
 Where so lone - ly,



CHORUS.



I can trust this Sav - iour dear - ly,..... For I've
 I can trust Sav - iour dear - ly,




learned To love Him so,..... And He saved..... my soul from
 I've learned love Him so, He saved



A FRIEND IN JESUS.—Concluded.

wan-d'ring..... And His love's.....so dear to me.
soul from wand'ring His love's dear to me.

No. 138. AS WE GO TRAVELING HOME.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Oh, blest as-sur-ance ev-er dear, As we go trav-el-ing home;
2. Our path way may be o-ver-cast, As we go trav-el-ing home;
3. Led by the pil-lar, by the cloud, As we go trav-el-ing home;

It comes our drooping hearts to cheer, As we go trav-el-ing home.
But joy and peace will come at last, As we go trav-el-ing home.
Re-deemed by Je-sus's pre-cious blood, As we go trav-el-ing home.

CHORUS.

As we go trav-el-ing home, As we go travel-ing home,
trav-el-ing home, trav-el-ing home,

All sor-rows past, sweet peace at last, As we go trav-el-ing home.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

W. H. SUMRALL.

1. Is there bless-ing at the cross? Come and see, is there
 2. Does He make the wounded whole? Does He
 3. Will He com-fort in dis-tress? Be a
 4. Will He long-ings sat-is-fy? come and see, Teach me

gain for ev-'ry loss? Come and see, If I ev-'ry sin resign,
 heal the sin-sick soul? Has the Christ of Naz-a-reth,
 sinner's righteousness? Is He true when oth-ers fail?
 how to live and die? come and see, Has He cared what I could be?

If I make the Saviour mine, Shall I know His grace divine? Come and see.
 Pardoned sin and conquered death? Is He all the Bible saith? Come and see.
 Is He strong when others quail? Will He help the weak prevail? Come and see.
 Will He hear my earnest plea? Has He real-ly died for me? Come and see.

CHORUS.

Come and learn how kind He is, Come and see, Come and
 Come and see,

learn what peace is His, Come and see, He has loved you all the years,
 come and see,

COME AND SEE.—Concluded.

He will wipe away your tears, He will take away your fears, Come and see.
come and see.

No. 140.

GO TO THE FOUNTAIN.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Go to the clear flowing fount. ain, Go, from thy sin seek re- lief,
2. Go to the clear flowing fount- ain, Go, there is cleans- ing for thee,
3. Go to the clear flowing fount- ain, Go, with great blessing received,

Go, and drink deep of its wa - ters, So - lace you'll find for your grief.
Go, with your sins red as crim- son, Whit - er than snow you shall be.
Go, and be healed by its wa - ters, They are made whole who believe.

CHORUS.

Go to the fount - ain, Plunge in its clear flow- ing tide,
Go to the fount, Go to the fount,

Wash in its wa - ters, Whit - er than snow you shall be.
Wash in its stream, wash in its stream.

Controlled by the Author.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

GEO. W. BACON.

1. Je-sus loves His wayward, wayward children ev-'ry one, Speed the bless-ed
 2. He has filled my wretched, wretched soul with lasting peace, Speed the bless-ed
 3. Je-sus died each helpless, helpless soul from sin to free, Speed the bless-ed

ti - dings far and wide; He will give them rest a - bove, a -
 ti - dings far and wide; From the pow'r of sin He gave, He
 ti - dings far and wide; There's a home pre-pared, pre-pared for

bove when life is done, Speed the bless - ed ti - dings far and wide.
 gave me sweet re-lease, Speed the bless - ed ti - dings far and wide.
 saints a - cross the sea, Speed the bless - ed ti - dings far and wide.

CHORUS.

Speed the ti - dings, speed the ti - dings, If we're
 bless-ed ti-dings, bless-ed ti-dings,

true, in heav'n we ev-er shall a - bide; Speed the ti - dings,
 we shall a-bide; bless-ed tidings.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. W. Bacon.

SPEED THE TIDINGS.—Concluded.

Speed the ti - dings, Speed, oh! speed the bless-ed tidings far and wide!
bless-ed tidings,

No. 142. THE CITY OF GOLD.

G. P. HOTT.

J. F. LESLIE.

1. There are mansions of light in the cit - y of gold, Where the joy of His
2. There are mansions of beauty where God ev - er dwells, And the glo - ries of
3. There are mansions of rest wait-ing us over there, Where loved ones forev -

pres-ence and love, Fill the hallowed hours like the per-fume of flow-ers,
heav-en surround; All im - mor - tal are they who their Sav - iour o - bey,
ev - er a - bide; They're for you and for me, with our Sav - iour we'll be,

D.S.—There no sor - row or an-guish the heart e'er shall know,

FINE. CHORUS.
And our home is those man-sions a - bove.
To His pres-ence He wel-comes us home. } There the wa - ter of
Where no e - vil can ev - er be-tide.

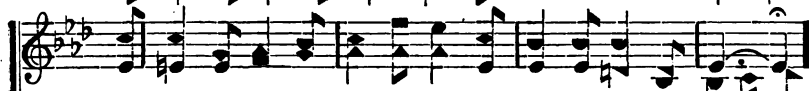
Neith-er dread-ing of death or the tomb.

D.S.
life with its heal - ing doth flow, And the flow-ers in beau - ty e'er bloom;

Copyright, 1910, by McD. Weams.



1. Ye hap - py bells of Eas - ter, Ring out in glad ac - cord,
2. Ye vic - tor bells of Eas - ter, Make known to sin - ful men,
3. Ye ten - der bells of Eas - ter, Ring out to those who grieve
4. Ye bless - ed bells of Eas - ter, Ring sweetly on and on,



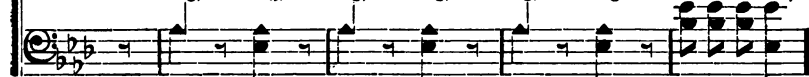
Make known to all, both great and small, The glo - ry of the Lord.
 On land and sea, wher-e'er they be, That Je - sus lives a - gain.
 The ti - dings of the King a - bove Who would their hearts re - lieve.
 Till all the earth shall know His worth And doubt and sin are gone.



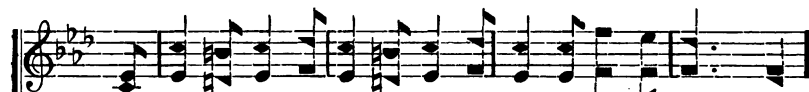
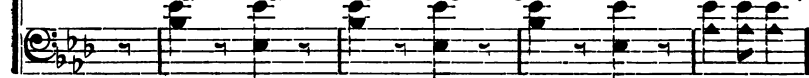
CHORUS.



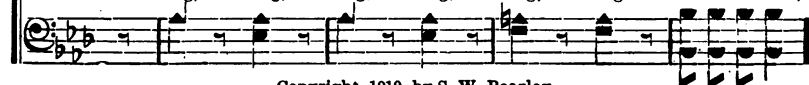
Ring out, ring out your car - ols sweet, Re - peat the matchless sto - ry;
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring beautiful bells,



Ring out, till all the na - tions greet The ris - en Lord and King;
 ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring greet the ris - en Lord,



Ring out, ring out your hap - py strains And spread abroad His glo - ry;
 ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring beau - ti - ful bells,



HAPPY BELLS.—Concluded.

Tell all the world that Je - sus reigns, O ring, ring, ring.
beau-ti-ful bells ring, ring.

No. 144.

HOME AT LAST.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. Home at last, from darkness of night, Home at last and in - to the light;
2. Home at last, the way has been long, Home at last to en - ter with song;
3. Home at last, how blessed the clime, Home at last, its beau-ties all mine;

Home at last, and out of sin's blight, Home at last with Je - sus.
Home at last to greet the blest throng, Home at last with Je - sus.
Home at last, the joy - bells all chime, Home at last with Je - sus.

CHORUS

Home, home, oh, to be home, Home, home, no more to roam;

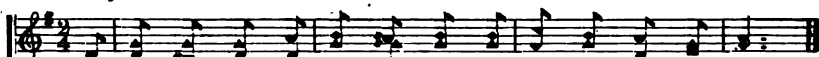
Home, home, no shad - ows come, Home at last with Je - sus.

Copyright, 1910, by W. H. Ruebush.

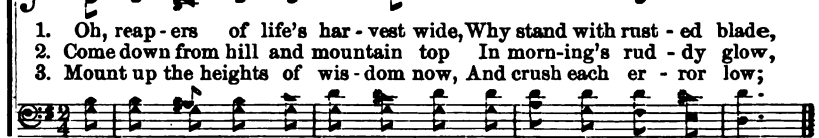

No. 145. REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

Arr. by S. J. F.

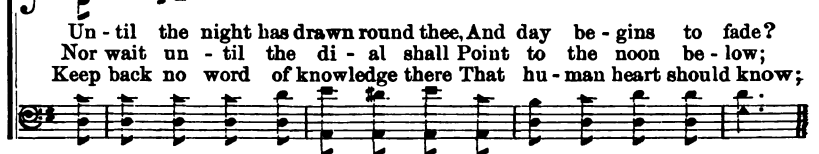

S. J. FARMER.



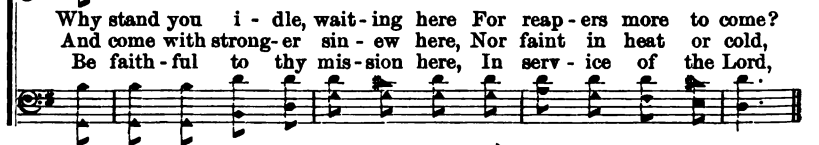

1. Oh, reap-ers of life's har-vest wide, Why stand with rust-ed blade,
 2. Come down from hill and mountain top In morn-ing's rud-dy glow,
 3. Mount up the heights of wis-dom now, And crush each er-ror low;

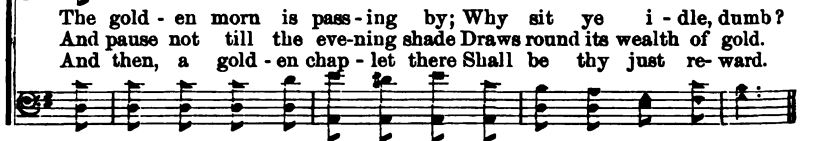
Un-til the night has drawn round thee, And day be-gins to fade?
 Nor wait un-til the di-al shall Point to the noon be-low;
 Keep back no word of knowledge there That hu-man heart should know;

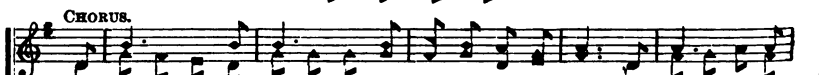
Why stand you i-dle, wait-ing here For reap-ers more to come?
 And come with strong-er sin-ew here, Nor faint in heat or cold,
 Be faith-ful to thy mis-sion here, In serv-ice of the Lord,

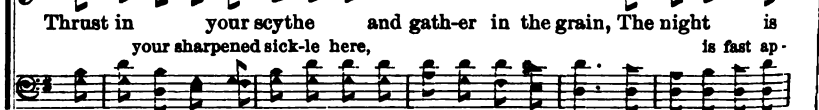

The gold-en morn is pass-ing by; Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?
 And pause not till the eve-ning shade Draws round its wealth of gold.
 And then, a gold-en chap-let there Shall be thy just re-ward.



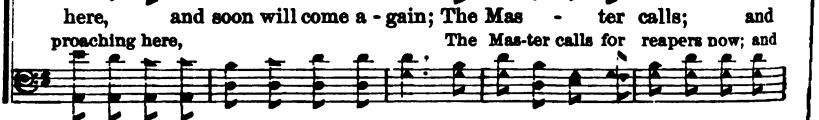
CHORUS.



Thrust in your scythe and gath-er in the grain, The night is
 your sharpened sick-le here, is fast ap-

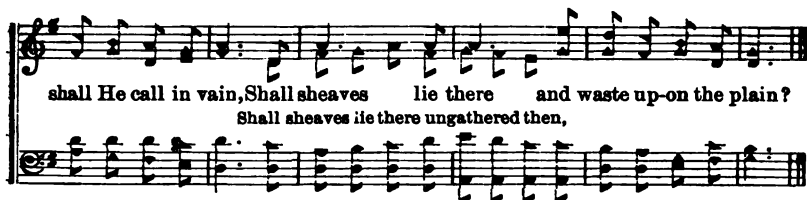



here, and soon will come a - gain; The Mas - ter calls; and
 proaching here, The Mas-ter calls for reapers now; and



S. J. Farmer. owner.

REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.—Concluded.



shall He call in vain, Shall sheaves lie there and waste up-on the plain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered then,

No. 146. SING, LITTLE BIRDIES, SING.

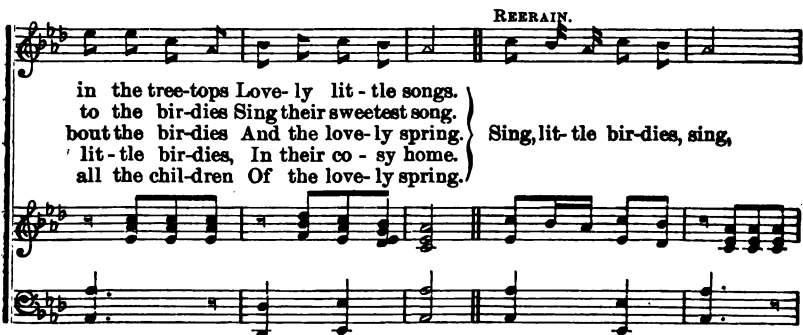
J. P. McC.

J. P. McCALESTER.

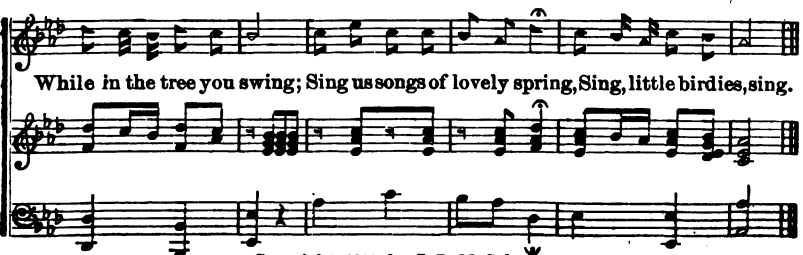


1. Out beneath the shade trees, With my dol-lie play-ing, Bir-dies sing-ing
2. Precious lit-tle dol-lie Likes to see the flow-ers, And to lis-ten
3. Mam-masings to sis-ter, Dar-ling lit-tle Nel-lie, Sings to her a-
4. Chich-a-dee-dee, dee-dee, Sing to bir-die ba-bie, Sing to sleep your
5. Mam-ma says that Je-sus Makes the lit-tle bir-dies Sing to me and

REERAIN.



in the tree-tops Love-ly lit-tle songs.
to the bir-dies Sing their sweetest song.
bout the bir-dies And the love-ly spring. Sing, lit-tle bir-dies, sing,
lit-tle bir-dies, In their co-sy home.
all the chil-dren Of the love-ly spring.



While in the tree you swing; Sing us songs of lovely spring, Sing, little birdies, sing.

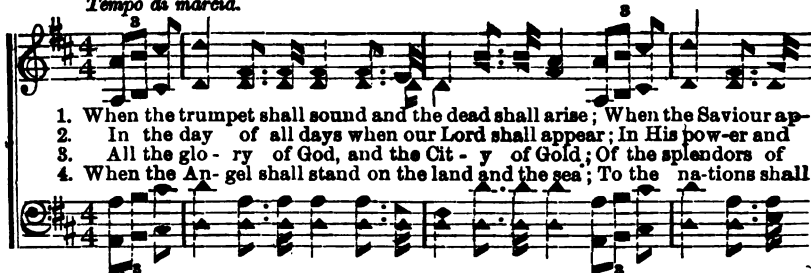
Copyright, 1901, by J. P. McCalester.

No. 147. THE COMING OF CHRIST.

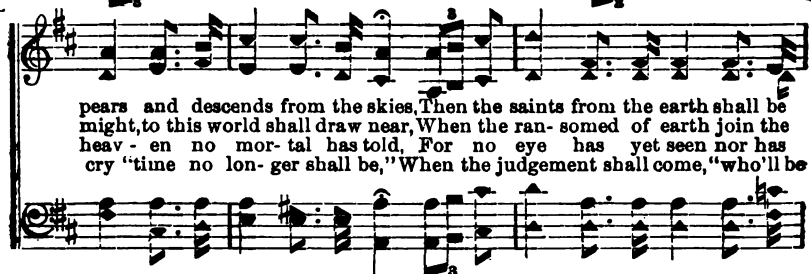
J. M. BOWMAN.

JOHN M. DYE.

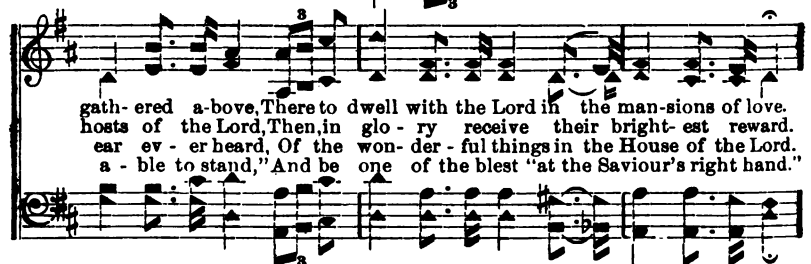
Tempo di marcia.



1. When the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall arise ; When the Saviour ap-
2. In the day of all days when our Lord shall appear ; In His pow-er and
3. All the glo-ry of God, and the Cit-y of Gold ; Of the splendors of
4. When the An-gel shall stand on the land and the sea ; To the na-tions shall



pears and descends from the skies, Then the saints from the earth shall be
might, to this world shall draw near, When the ran-somed of earth join the
heav-en no mor-tal has told, For no eye has yet seen nor has
cry "time no lon-ger shall be," When the judgements shall come, "who'll be

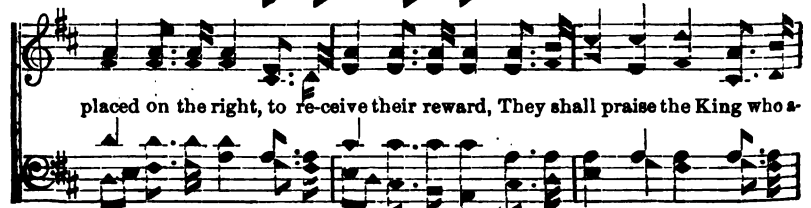


gath-ered a-bove, There to dwell with the Lord in the man-sions of love.
hosts of the Lord, Then, in glo-ry receive their bright-est reward.
ear ev-er heard, Of the won-der-ful things in the House of the Lord.
a-ble to stand," And be one of the blest "at the Saviour's right hand."

REFRAIN.



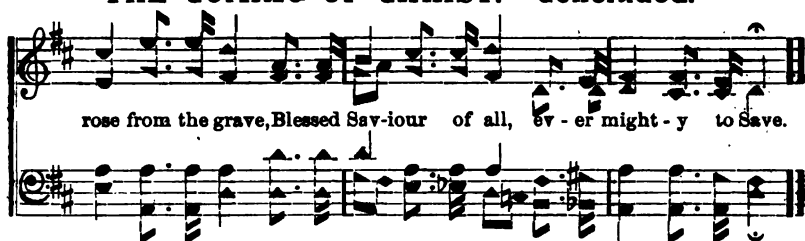
In that day, when the saints of the Lord, Shall be
Great judgment day,



placed on the right, to re-ceive their reward, They shall praise the King who a-

Copyright, 1910, by John M. Dye.

THE COMING OF CHRIST.—Concluded.

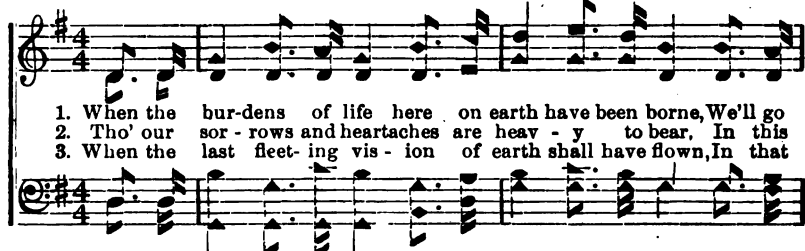


rose from the grave, Blessed Sav-iour of all, ev - er might - y to Save.

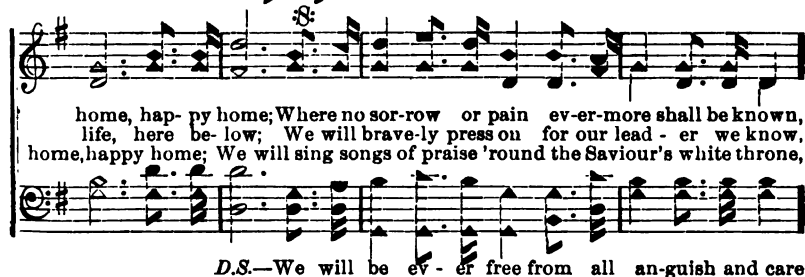
No. 148. IN THAT HOME, HAPPY HOME.

L. DOW McDONALD, Dunn, Tenn.

N. F. HAYGOOD, St. Joseph, Tenn.



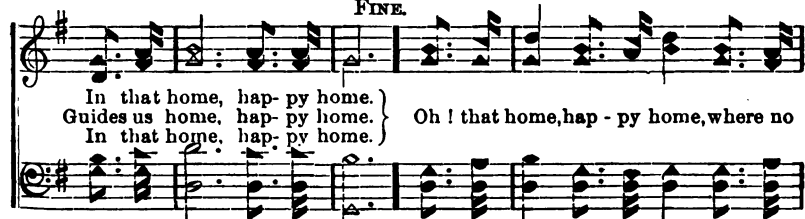
1. When the bur-dens of life here on earth have been borne, We'll go
2. Tho' our sor - rows and heartaches are heav - y to bear, In this
3. When the last fleet-ing vis - ion of earth shall have flown, In that



home, hap - py home; Where no sor - row or pain ev - er - more shall be known,
life, here be - low; We will brave - ly press on for our lead - er we know,
home, happy home; We will sing songs of praise 'round the Saviour's white throne,

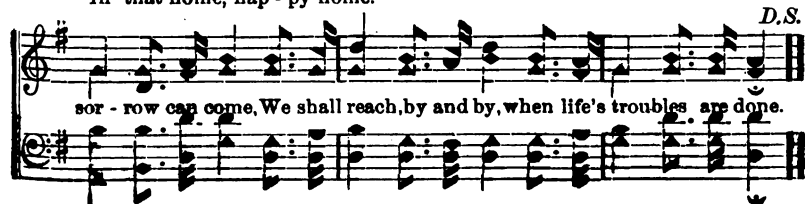
D.S.—We will be ev - er free from all an-guish and care

FINE.



In that home, hap - py home. }
Guides us home, hap - py home. } Oh ! that home, hap - py home, where no
In that home, hap - py home. }

In that home, hap - py home.

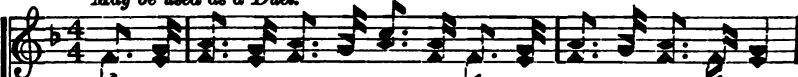


sor - row can come, We shall reach, by and by, when life's troubles are done.

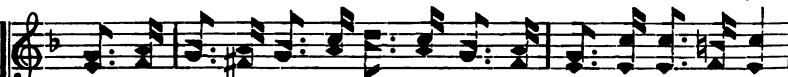
N. E. Haygood, owner.

LAURA E. NEWELL.


J. H. RUEBUSH.

May be used as a Duet.



1. "Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est!" Sang the an - gels of the air,
 2. Now by fan - cy we can see them, As they watch their flocks by night,
 3. Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est On earth peace, good-will t'ward men,



When they brought to earth the mes - sage That the in - fant Sav - iour fair,
 On the plains of old Ju - de - a, When the strange, the won - drous sight,
 Let all tongues u - nite in sing - ing, Laud and praise, a - gain, a - gain,



Lay with - in a low - ly man - ger By the cat - tle of the stall,
 Greets their vis - ion, start - ling wild - ly, They the an - gels cho - rus hear, -
 Till the earth's re - mot - est plac - es Ech - o with this mes - sage sweet,



Bade the shepherds there to wor - ship, At the Sav - iour's feet to fall.
 As up - on the air of mid - night Rang the mes - sage, sweet and clear.
 Bring - ing all un - tu - tored ra - ces To the Christ whom now we greet.

CHORUS



Glo - ry in the high - est! glo - - - ry.
 Glo - ry in the high - est! glo - ry! Rang the sweet an - gel - ic

GLORY IN THE HIGHEST!—Concluded.

Rang the sweet..... an-gel - ic strain,
 strain, the sweet an-gel - ic strain As they told the ten-der

As they told..... the ten-der
 sto - ry. As they told the ten-der, ten-der

sto - ry, In a grand..... sub-lime re - frain.

No. 150. DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Rev. JAMES G. SIBLEY.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Let all the na-tions on the earth, Come praise the God that gave them birth;
 2. Praise God the Fa-ther's glorious name, Praise God the Son, our Priest and King;

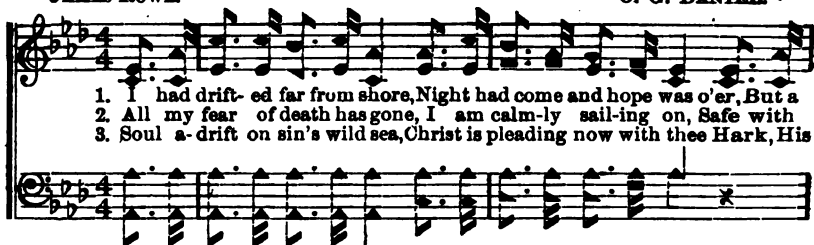
Let ev-'ry tongue a- wake and sing, Sing praises to our God and King.
 Praise God the Ho-ly Ghost, these Three, Praise them to e - ter - ni - ty.

Controlled by S. W. Beazley.

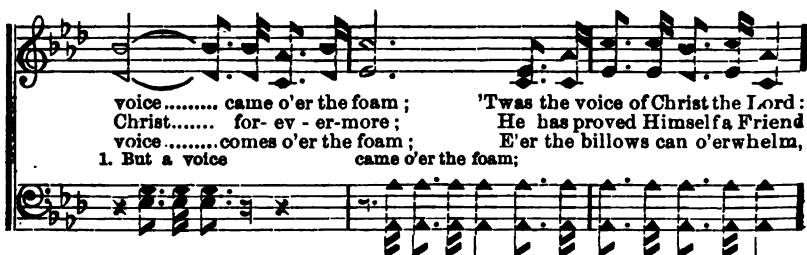
No. 151. LET THE PILOT TAKE THE HELM.

JAMES ROWE.

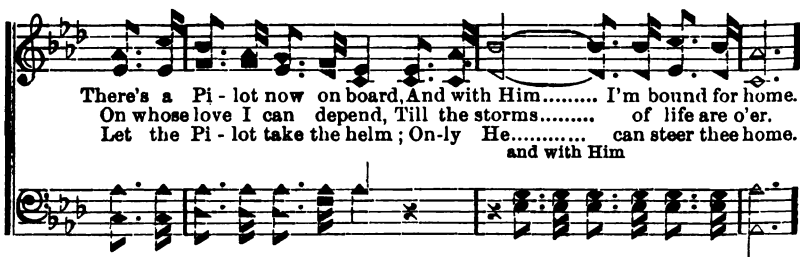
O. G. DANIEL.



1. I had drift-ed far from shore, Night had come and hope was o'er, But a
 2. All my fear of death has gone, I am calm-ly sail-ing on, Safe with
 3. Soul a-drift on sin's wild sea, Christ is pleading now with thee Hark, His



voice..... came o'er the foam ; 'Twas the voice of Christ the Lord :
 Christ..... for- ev - er-more ; He has proved Himself a Friend
 voice..... comes o'er the foam ; E'er the billows can o'erwhelm,
 1. But a voice came o'er the foam ;

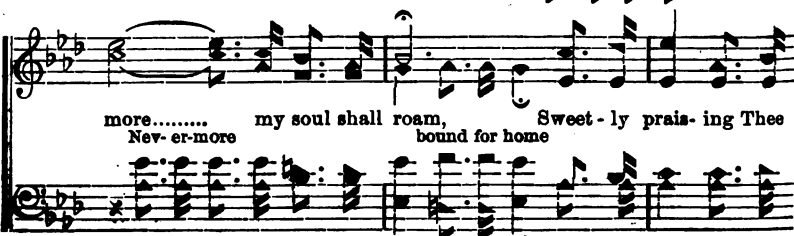


There's a Pi - lot now on board, And with Him..... I'm bound for home.
 On whose love I can depend, Till the storms..... of life are o'er.
 Let the Pi - lot take the helm ; On-ly He..... can steer thee home.
 and with Him

CHORUS.



Bound for home with my Sav - - iour, Nev - er -
 Bound for home with my Saviour,



more..... my soul shall roam, Sweet- ly prais- ing Thee
 Nev-er-more bound for home

Copyright, 1910, by O. G. Daniel, Marble Valley, Ala.

LET THE PILOT TAKE THE HELM.—Concluded.

love of Je-sus ev - er. I am now bound for home.
ev - er, Je-sus ev-er, praise the Lord,

No. 152. I'M COMING HOME.

JAMES ROWE.

L. E. HAVENS.

1. I'm weak and worn, for pardon longing, In sin no more I wish to roam;
2. The world's delights no longer charm me, For higher joys my soul would win;
3. I've heard Thy plea, I know Thy promise, I trust at last Thy boundless love;

rit. FINE.
I need Thy love, I need Thy comfort, So, trust-ing Thee, I'm com-ing home.
Sin on- ly gives remorse and sorrow; O bless-ed Sav - iour, take me in.
Dear Saviour, take me in Thy keeping, And guide me to Thy home above.

I need Thy love, Thou precious Jesus; Thy wayward child is com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I'm com-ing home, I'm coming home, In paths of sin no more to roam;

Copyright, 1910, by L. E. Havens.

T. V. W. Arranged.

(John 14 : 3.)

THOS. V. WALLIE.

1. Hope on, my soul,..... bear still thy cares,.....
 2. Still trust His word,..... still cling to Him,.....
 3. Wait, watch and pray,..... and pa-tient be;.....
 1. Hope on, my soul,..... bear still thy cares,

For bliss there is..... in store for thee,.....
 Though dark the night..... and rough the way,.....
 Have cour- age strong,..... and faith com- plete;.....
 For bliss there is..... in store for thee;

A bless-ed home..... Thy Lord pre-pares,.....
 For soon shall flee..... the shad-ows dim,.....
 Thy Lord will keep..... His word to thee;.....
 A blessed home..... thy Lord prepares,

That where He dwells..... thou may-est be.....
 And break the fair..... e-ter-nal day,.....
 Be read-y for..... the sum-mons sweet.....
 That where He dwells..... thou may-est be.

I WILL COME AGAIN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Thy Lord will come..... a - gain some day.....

Thy Lord will come a - gain some day,



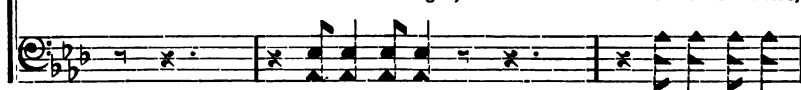
To bear thee far..... from earth a - way,.....

To bear thee fare from earth a - way,



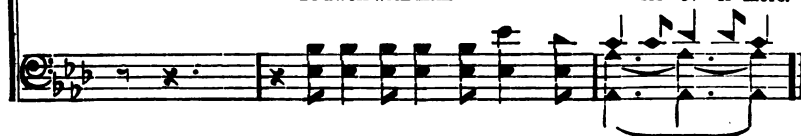
To heav - en's bright,..... e - ter - nal shore,.....

To heaven's bright, e - ter - nal shore,



To dwell with Him..... for - ev - er - more.....

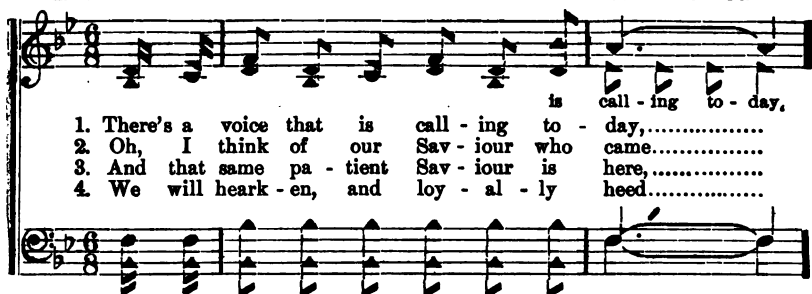
To dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.



No. 154. There's a Voice that is Calling To-day.


LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. H. RUEBUSH.



is call - ing to - day,

1. There's a voice that is call - ing to - day,.....
2. Oh, I think of our Sav - iour who came,.....
3. And that same pa - tient Sav - iour is here,.....
4. We will hear - en, and loy - al - ly heed,.....



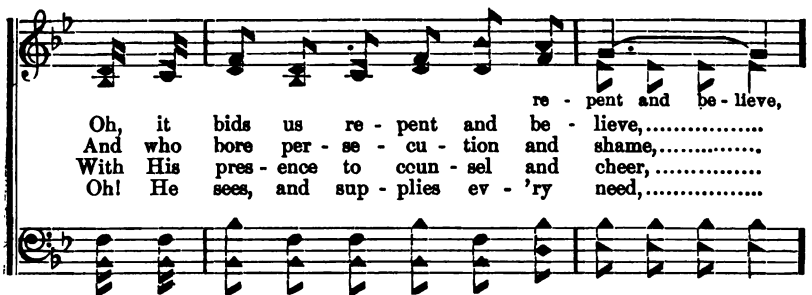
the mes - sage I hear,

"Come to Me" is the mes - sage I hear,.....

Un - to earth in the low - li - est guise,.....

He is call - ing to me and to Thee,.....

This dear Sav - iour the chil - dren's best Friend.....



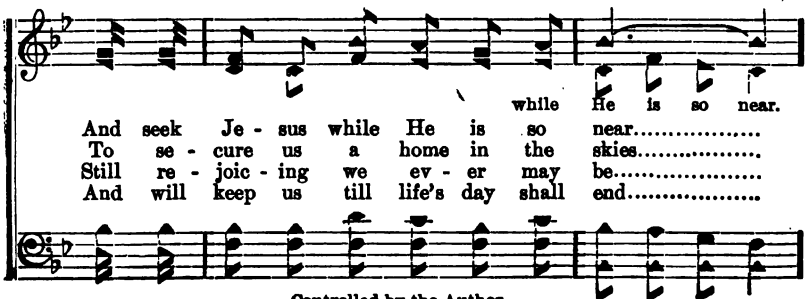
re - pent and be - lieve,

Oh, it bids us re - pent and be - lieve,.....

And who bore per - se - cu - tion and shame,.....

With His pres - ence to coun - sel and cheer,.....

Oh! He sees, and sup - plies ev - 'ry need,.....



while He is so near.

And seek Je - sus while He is so near,.....

To se - cure us a home in the skies,.....

Still re - joic - ing we ev - er may be,.....

And will keep us till life's day shall end,.....

Controlled by the Author

There's a Voice that is calling To-day.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

“Who-so - ev - er will may come,” Haste un- to the Shepherd's fold,
 There is love, and rest, and home, Come, ere hearts grow hard and cold.

No. 155.

I REST IN THEE.

JAMES ROWE.

W. H. LEE.

1. I rest in Thee, my Lord and King, And more and more Thy praises sing;
 2. When foes surround, Thou dost defend, And cheer and strength and courage lend;
 3. Thy goodness more and more I see; I know that Thou wilt faithful be—

FINE.

En-fold-ed by Thine arms of love, I'll rest, till safe with Thee a - bove.
 My griefs, my tri - als Thou dost share, And keep my pathway al-ways fair.
 That Thou wilt keep se-cure from sin, The soul that Thou hast died to win.

D.S.—What-ev-er tri - als come to me, Thro' all, dear Lord, I'll rest in Thee.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I rest in Thee, my King di-vine, For tru-ly all my heart is Thine;

Copyright, 1910, by W. H. Lee.

JAMES ROWE.

T. T. TAYLOR.

1. I am close to Thy side, bless-ed Sav-iour, In the light of Thy
 2. Sweetest whis-pers of love I am hear-ing, Sweet-est com-fort to
 3. Safe-ly past ev-'ry snare Thou dost guide me, For my hand Thou art

glo-ri-ous face, And from e-vil Thou keepest me ev-er, By the
 me Thou dost lend; Neither tem-pest nor foe I am fear-ing, For my
 keep-ing in Thine; I will trust Thee, whatev-er be-tide me, And will

CHORUS.

strength of Thy wonderful grace.
 soul Thou wilt keep to the end.
 praise Thee in shadow and shine. } Close to Thee, close to Thee,
 Close to Thee, close to Thee,

Trust-ing sweet-ly Thy mer-cy and love, Precious love, close to Thee, close to
 close to Thee, close to Thee,

Thee, Press-ing on to my home-land a-bove. home a-bove.
 close to Thee, home a-bove.

Copyright, 1910, by T. T. Taylor.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. N. LINCOLN

1. Go-ing un - pre-pared to the judg- ment throne, Go- ing to be
 2. Go-ing rash - ly on in your guilt and sin. Care-less - ly a -
 3. Go-ing fast as mo - ments can bear you on, Knowing that your

tried at the bar a - lone, Go-ing up unsaved thro' the precious blood,
 long, naught of peace within, Trampling on the ten- der Redeem-er's blood,
 days will be quick- ly run, Soon will lay your bod- y be-neath the sod,

REFRAIN.

Go-ing un - pre-pared to meet your God.
 Go-ing all a - lone to meet your God. } Go-ing un - pre-pared,
 Go-ing un - pre-pared to meet your God.


go-ing un-prepared, Go-ing un-prepared to the judgment seat; Go-ing

un-prepared, Go-ing unprepared, Go-ing un-prepared the Lord to meet.



Copyright, 1909, by H. N. Lincoln. By per.

GEO. W. LASSITER.


L. J. GODWIN.



1. I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love, Trusting Him as my pi- lot and guide;
 2. Earth's companions seem to prove untrue, And our con-fi- dence is all but lost;
 3. So I'll serve Him for His love to me, Trusting Him as my guard and my stay;

Ev- er seek-ing for a home a- bove, I am safe when I'm close by His side.
 But the Saviour is the same to you, Ev- er-more, nev-er counting the cost.
 For I know with such a love, so free, He will lead me a- right all the way.




CHORUS.



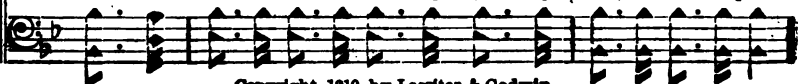
I am trust - - ing, in His love,.....
 I am trust-ing in Him, trust-ing in the bless-ed Sav-iour's love,




For there's none..... whose love's so free;.....
 For there's none whose love, is fade- less, and so ten- der and so free;

As the Lord..... who died to prove,.....
 As the Lord who died so will- ing- ly up- on the tree to prove,



Copyright, 1910, by Lassiter & Godwin.

TRUSTING IN HIS LOVE.—Concluded.

That He loved..... all, e - ven me.
That He lov'd all hu-man rac - es, e - ven me, you and me.

No. 159.

MAKE ME A BLESSING.

J. S. R.

JULIUS S. RUSHING.

1. Make me a blessing for Je-sus to-day, Make me a work-er for Je - sus;
2. Make me a blessing for Je-sus my King, Make me a work-er for Je - sus;
3. Liv-ing and praying for those who are lost, Go-ing the path-way of sor- row;

Help me to sing—and to pray all the way, Winning the erring for Je - sus.
Help me go in-to the hedges of sin, Bringing the lost ones to Je - sus.
Beg them to stop and con-sid-er the cost, Be-ing a-way from their Saviour.

CHORUS.


Make me a bless-ing for Je - sus, Winning by earn-est en-deav-or;

Make me a bless-ing for Je - sus, Sing-ing His prais-es for-ev-er.

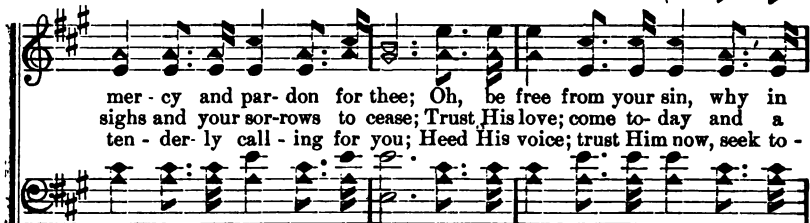
Copyright, 1910, by Julius S. Rushing.

JAMES ROWE.

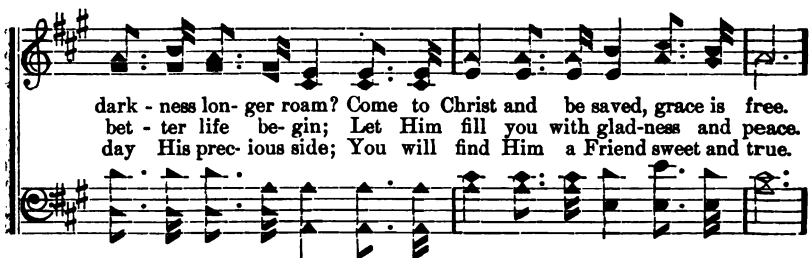
THOS. F. FRIDAY.



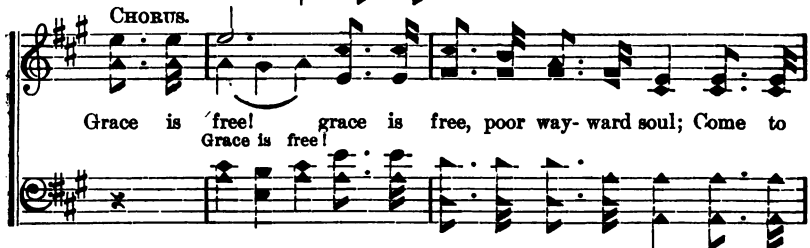
1. Hear the news, joy-ful news, soul a - far from God and home, There is
 2. Hear the news, bless-ed news, Christ will take a - way your sin; Cause your
 3. Hear the news, matchless news; arms of love are o - pen wide; Christ is



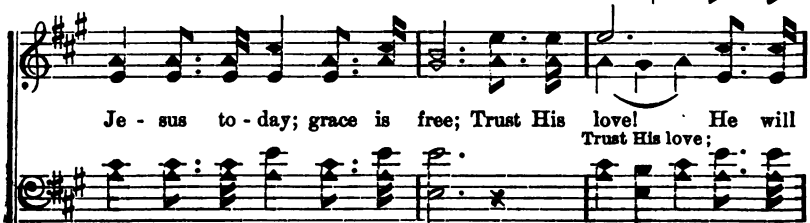
mer - cy and par - don for thee; Oh, be free from your sin, why in
 sighs and your sor - rows to cease; Trust His love; come to - day and a
 ten - der - ly call - ing for you; Heed His voice; trust Him now, seek to -



dark - ness lon - ger roam? Come to Christ and be saved, grace is free.
 bet - ter life be - gin; Let Him fill you with glad - ness and peace.
 day His pre - cious side; You will find Him a Friend sweet and true.



CHORUS.
 Grace is free! grace is free, poor way - ward soul; Come to
 Grace is free!



Je - sus to - day; grace is free; Trust His love! He will
 Trust His love;

GRACE IS FREE.—Concluded.

make you pure and whole; There is mer - cy and par - don for thee.

No. 161 WHO WILL BE A SOLDIER?

JAMES ROWE.

W. R. HYDE.

1. The Sav - iour is call - ing for sol - diers brave and strong, Who will
2. The Sav - iour is call - ing: don't let Him call in vain; Buck - le
3. The Sav - iour is call - ing: oh, ral - ly round the cross; Read - y

love for Christ now dis - play? For souls must be res - cued, or
on your arm - or and sword, And for - ward to bat - tle, the
be to do and to dare; Be loy - al, and help Him to

D.S.—No harm will be - fall us, for

FINE.

won, from sin and wrong; Who will be a sol - dier to - day?
crown of life to gain, Trust - ing in the strength of the Lord.
save these souls from loss; In His glo - ry then we shall share.

Christ will be our shield, Who will be a sol - dier to - day?

CHORUS.

D.S.

Who will firm - ly stand for truth and right? Who will no - bly fight?

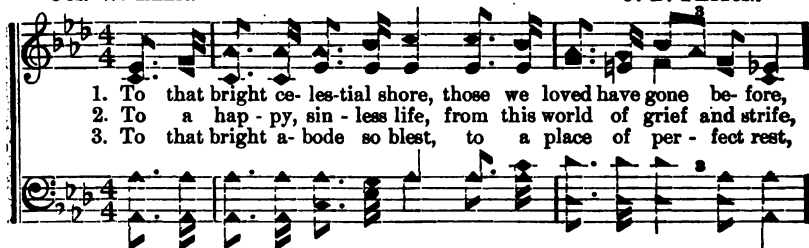
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No. 162. WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE?

Written in memory of Dr. G. C. Chapman and others, who were killed in the great Cyclone at Birmingham, Ala., March 25, 1901.

JOSEPH W. ELLIS.

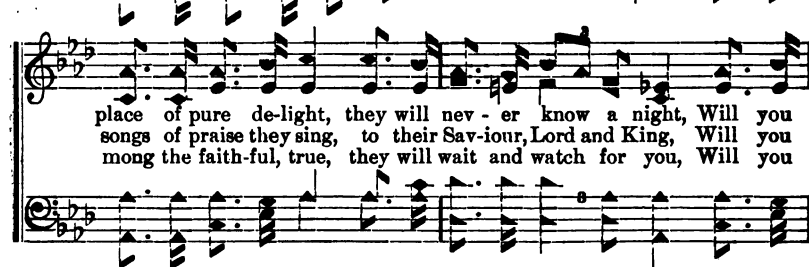
J. D. PATTON.




1. To that bright ce - les - tial shore, those we loved have gone be - fore,
 2. To a hap - py, sin - less life, from this world of grief and strife,
 3. To that bright a - bode so blest, to a place of per - fect rest,



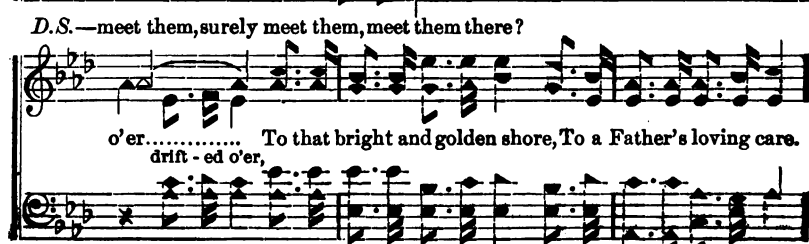
They have drift - ed, swift - ly drift - ed, drift - ed o'er; In that
 They have drift - ed, swift - ly drift - ed, drift - ed o'er; With sweet
 They have drift - ed, swift - ly drift - ed, drift - ed o'er; And a -



place of pure de - light, they will nev - er know a night, Will you
 songs of praise they sing, to their Sav - iour, Lord and King, Will you
 mong the faith - ful, true, they will wait and watch for you, Will you



FINE. REFRAIN.
 meet them, surely meet them, meet them there? They have drift - ed, drifted
 They have drifted,



D.S.—meet them, surely meet them, meet them there?
 o'er..... To that bright and golden shore, To a Father's loving care.
 drift - ed o'er,

Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton. By per.

WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE?—Concluded.

D. &

From this world of dark de - spair,..... Will you
From this world of dark despair,

No. 163.

COME UNTO ME.

SAM J. GOLDEN.

JNO. J. GOLDEN.

1. To all who place their trust in me, Rest, peace and grace are promised thee;
2. If we but trust Him ev-'ry day, Walk in His pre-cepts all the way.
3. Haste to ac-cept the Saviour's call, Down at His feet this mo-moment fall;

The price is paid, the way is clear, If you the call will on - ly hear.
Crowns ev-er-last-ing we shall wear, Up in the homeland, oh, so fair.
Plead His for-give-ness for your sin, Your sins He'll pardon, take you in.

CHORUS.

“Come un - to me,” thus saith the Lord, Then un-to thee shall come re-ward;

No lon-ger roam, dear sin-ner, rise! Ac-cept a home in par - a - dise.

Copyright, 1910, by Jno. J. Golden.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. "Till He come!" O let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords;
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on that rest a - bove,
 3. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread,

Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold - en light be seen.
 Hush, be ev - ry mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
 Sweet mem - o - rials, till the Lord Calls us round His heav'nly board

REERAIN.

Let us think..... how heav'n and home, Lie be -
 Let us think how heav'n and home, Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be -

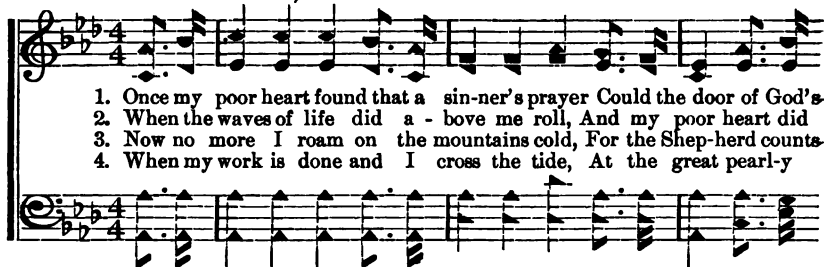
yond..... that "Till He come!" Let us think..... how
 yond that "Till He come!" Lie beyond that "Till He come!" Let us think how heav'n and home,

heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"
 Let us think how heav'n and home "Till He come!"

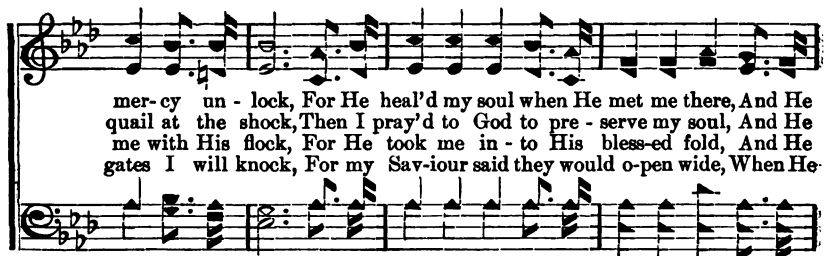
Deut. 32: 13. Ps. 81: 16.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

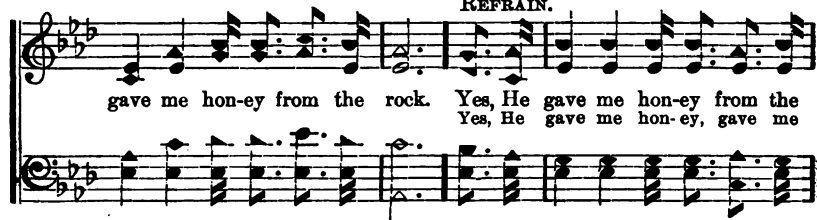


1. Once my poor heart found that a sin-ner's prayer Could the door of God's
 2. When the waves of life did a - bove me roll, And my poor heart did
 3. Now no more I roam on the mountains cold, For the Shep-herd count-
 4. When my work is done and I cross the tide, At the great pearl-y

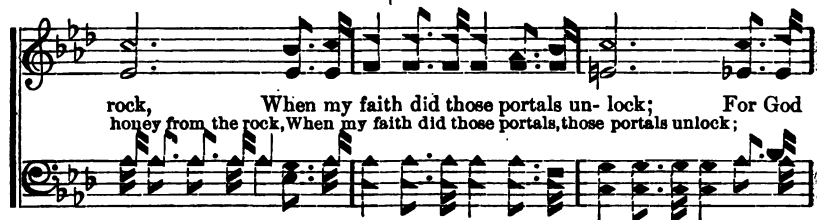


mer-cy un - lock, For He heal'd my soul when He met me there, And He
 quail at the shock, Then I pray'd to God to pre - serve my soul, And He
 me with His flock, For He took me in - to His bless-ed fold, And He
 gates I will knock, For my Sav-iour said they would o-pen wide, When He


REFRAIN.



gave me hon-ey from the rock. Yes, He gave me hon-ey from the
 Yes, He gave me hon-ey, gave me



rock, When my faith did those portals un- lock; For God
 honey from the rock, When my faith did those portals, those portals unlock;




heard my pray'r when I met Him there, And He gave me honey from the rock.

Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter. By per.


Dedicated to every faithful minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

N. W. A.


N. W. ALLPHIN.



1. Bear the ti-dings of Sal - va - tion, To the lost of ev - 'ry
 2. Turn them not a - way in sor - row, Bid - ding them re - turn to -
 3. On - ward, time is swift - ly steal - ing; Art thou just - ly with them
 4. Show them by His word in kind - ness, How they grope in hu - man




na - tion; They are seek - ing for the light; O - ver
 mor - row; Help you
 deal - ing? Go the
 blind - ness; Seek - ing, they are seek - ing, Tell them



faint - est hopes, they ponder, Yet in dark - ness still they wan - der; Show to
 not their mourning lengthen, Speak to them their faith to strengthen;
 gos - pel sto - ry tell - ing, Thus, their night of gloom dispelling;
 what the Lord hath spoken, That sin's fet - ters may be brok - en,

REFRAIN.

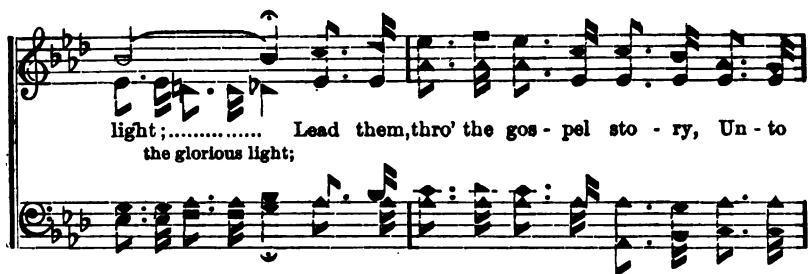


them the gos - pel light. They are seek - ing
 yes, show to them seek - ing, they are seek - ing

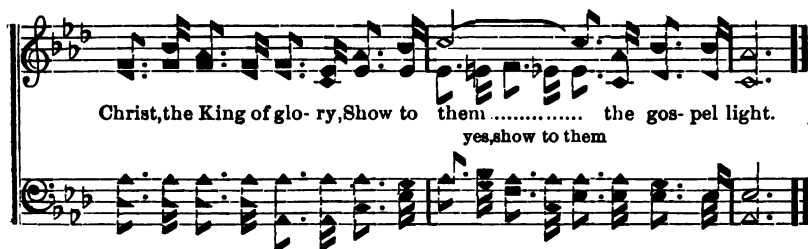


for the light, They are seek - ing for the
 the gospel light, seek - ing, they are seek - ing,

SEEKING FOR THE LIGHT.—Concluded.



light;..... Lead them, thro' the gos - pel sto - ry, Un - to
the glorious light;

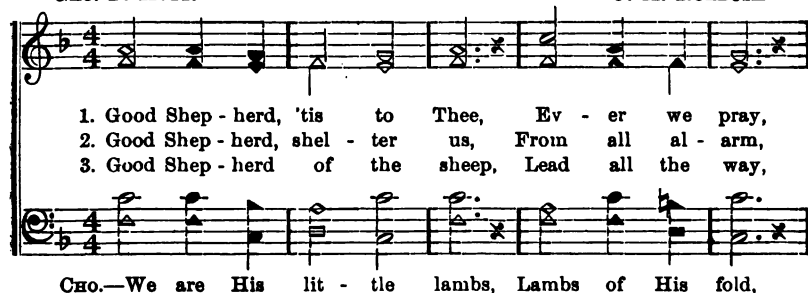


Christ, the King of glo - ry, Show to them..... the gos - pel light.
yea, show to them

No. 167. GOOD SHEPHERD.

GEO. P. HOTT.

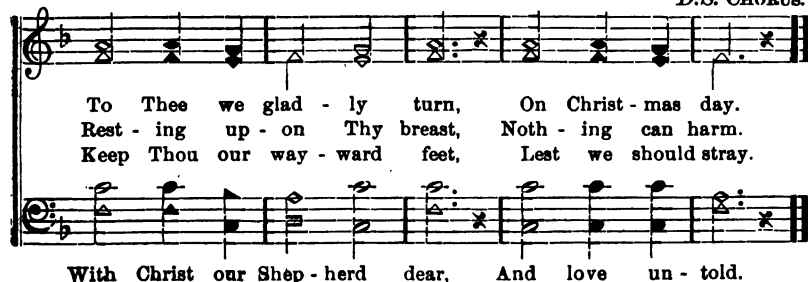
J. H. RUEBUSH



1. Good Shep - herd, 'tis to Thee, Ev - er we pray,
2. Good Shep - herd, shel - ter us, From all al - arm,
3. Good Shep - herd of the sheep, Lead all the way,

CHO.—We are His lit - tle lambs, Lambs of His fold,

D.S. CHORUS.

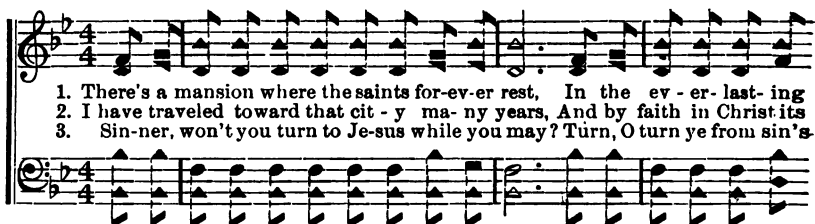


To Thee we glad - ly turn, On Christ - mas day.
Rest - ing up - on Thy breast, Noth - ing can harm.
Keep Thou our way - ward feet, Lest we should stray.

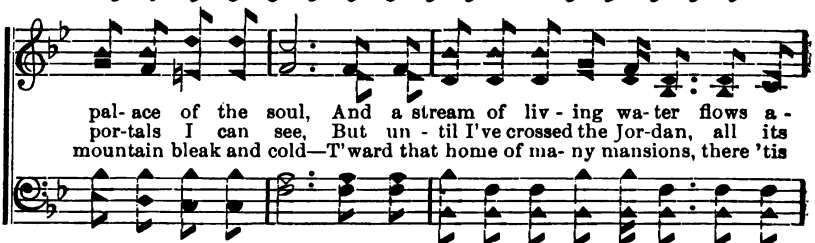
With Christ our Shep - herd dear, And love un - told.

No. 168. YET, THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD!

Mortal mind may wisely think, and so, may sing. Yet, the beauties of that city will unfold
after human tongue is silent (When with spirit eyes we see.) Yes, the half has never been told!
J. E. T. —F. L. E. J. E. THOMAS



1. There's a mansion where the saints for-ev-er rest, In the ev-er-last-ing
2. I have traveled toward that cit-y ma-ny years, And by faith in Christ its
3. Sin-ner, won't you turn to Je-sus while you may? Turn, O turn ye from sin's

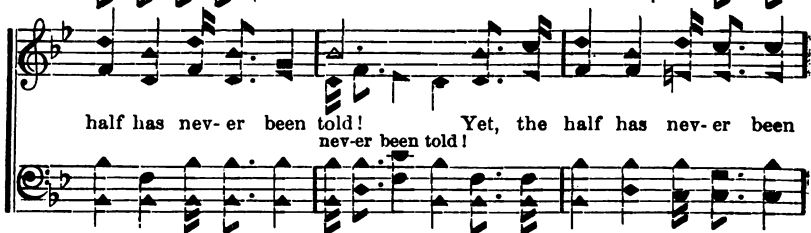


pal-ace of the soul, And a stream of liv-ing wa-ter flows a-
por-tals I can see, But un-til I've crossed the Jor-dan, all its
mountain bleak and cold—T'ward that home of ma-ny mansions, there 'tis

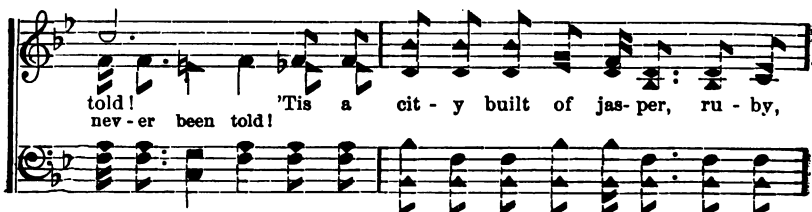
REFRAIN.



midst the cit-y blest—Yet, the half has nev-er been told! } Yet, the
joys I can-not know—For the half has nev-er been told! }
one e-ter-nal day—Yet, the half has nev-er been told! }



half has nev-er been told! Yet, the half has nev-er been
nev-er been told!



told! 'Tis a cit-y built of jas-per, ru-by,
nev-er been told!

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Quartet Music Co., Fort Worth, Texas.

YET, THE HALF, etc.—Concluded.

dia- mond, pearl and gold— Yet, the half has nev- er been told!

No. 169. THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

W. L., arranged.

WASHINGTON LEE.

1. "My Lord hath need of flow'rs a-bove," The reap-er said and smiled,
2. "Trans-plant-ed by His ten-der care, In par-a-dise a-bove,
3. The moth-er saw, with tears and pain, Her loved one pass a-way,
4. Oh, not in wrath the reap-er comes, But al-ways filled with love,

As from a moth-er's arms of love He took a lit-tle child.
Your flow-er fair shall blos-som there For-ev-er, in His love."
But knew that she would meet a-gain Her child, some bet-ter day.
'To gath-er blooms in earth-ly homes For gar-dens bright a-bove.

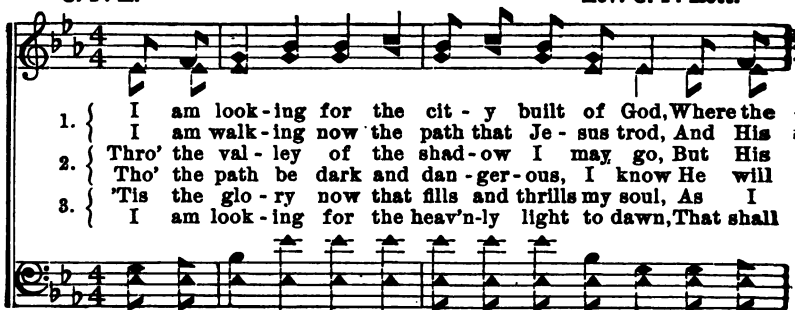
CHORUS.

Be-reaved ones, be pa-tient; Trust still the Sav-our's love;

Your dear ones wait at heav-en's gate, To wel-come you a-bove.

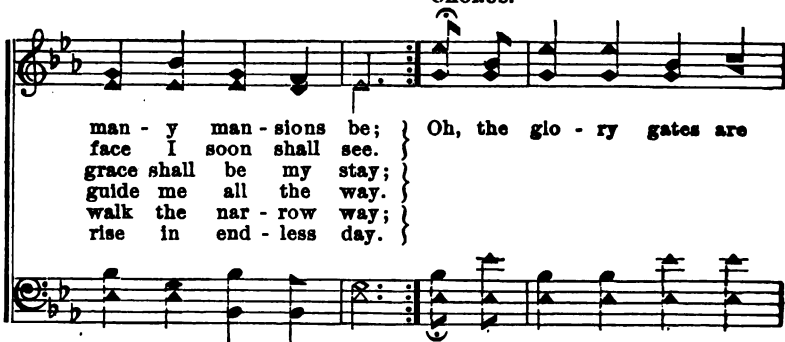
G. P. H.

Rev. G. P. Hott.



1. { I am look-ing for the cit - y built of God, Where the
I am walk-ing now the path that Je - sus trod, And His
2. Thro' the val - ley of the shad - ow I may go, But His
Tho' the path be dark and dan - ger - ous, I know He will
3. 'Tis the glo - ry now that fills and thrills my soul, As I
I am look-ing for the heav'n - ly light to dawn, That shall

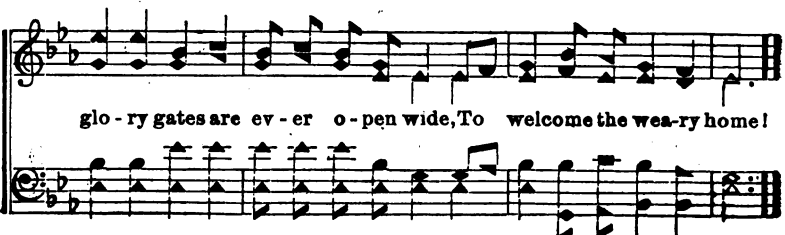
CHORUS.



man - y man - sions be; } Oh, the glo - ry gates are
face I soon shall see. }
grace shall be my stay; }
guide me all the way. }
walk the nar - row way; }
rise in end - less day. }



ev - er o - pen wide, In - vit - ing the world to come! Oh, the



glo - ry gates are ev - er o - pen wide, To welcome the wea - ry home!

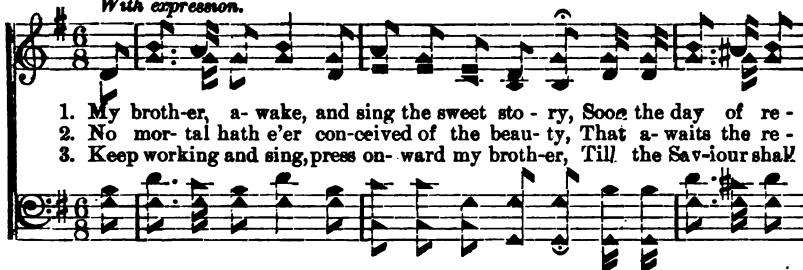
No. 171. When All Redeemed Singers Get Home.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

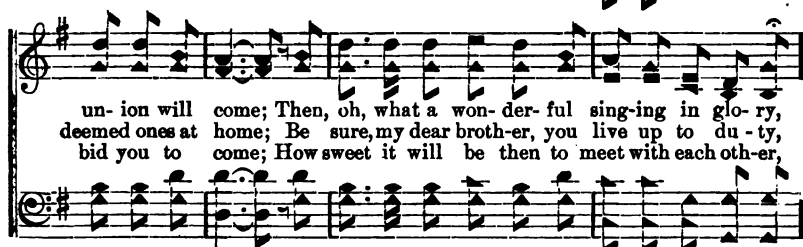
J. B. V.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

With expression.

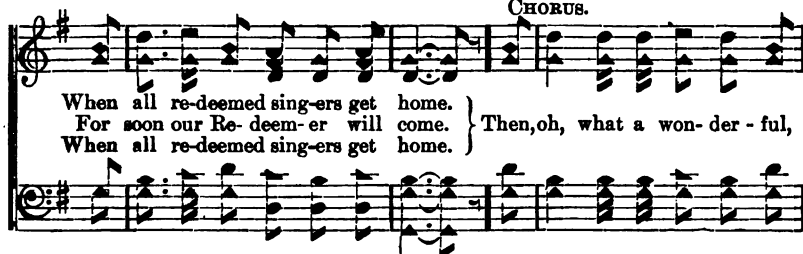


1. My broth-er, a-wake, and sing the sweet sto-ry, Soon the day of re-
 2. No mor-tal hath e'er con-ceived of the beau-ty, That a-waits the re-
 3. Keep working and sing, press on-ward my broth-er, Till the Sav-iour shall

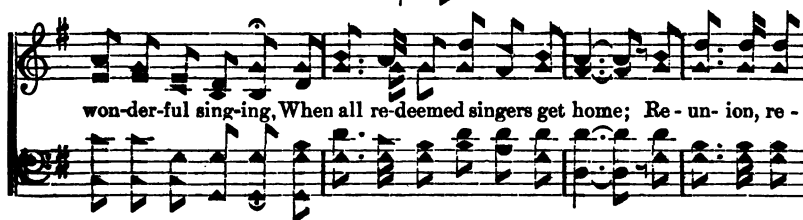


un-ion will come; Then, oh, what a won-der-ful sing-ing in glo-ry,
 deemed ones at home; Be sure, my dear broth-er, you live up to du-ty,
 bid you to come; How sweet it will be then to meet with each other,

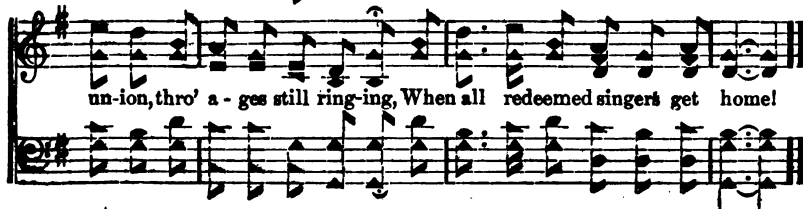
CHORUS.



When all re-deemed sing-ers get home.
 For soon our Re-deem-er will come. } Then, oh, what a won-der-ful,
 When all re-deemed sing-ers get home. }



won-der-ful sing-ing, When all re-deemed singers get home; Re-un-ion, re-




un-ion, thro' a- ges still ring-ing, When all redeemed singers get home!


By permission.

W. H. RUEBUSH.


J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. Be sow-ing the seed at the break of the morning, Pre-par-ing the
 2. Be sow-ing the seed till the shades of the ev'n-ing Pro-claim to the
 3. Be sow-ing the seed for sure is the har-vest, And they that went




field with your pray'rs. The prospects seem dreary, the ground rough and stony,
 wea-ry one rest, The dew of God's blessing re-fresh-eth the sowing,
 sow-ing in tears, Shall come with rejoic-ing for joy at the harvest,

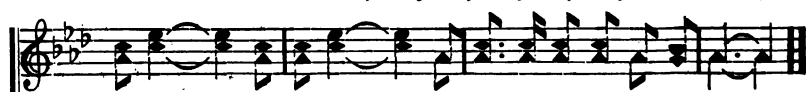


CHORUS.

Some wheat will spring up by the tares. } Be sow-ing,..... be
 And work of the toil-er is blest. }
 From fields that seem'd fruitless for years. } Be sow-ing the seed, be



sow-ing,..... Rich grain to the har-vest will come Be
 sow-ing the seed,

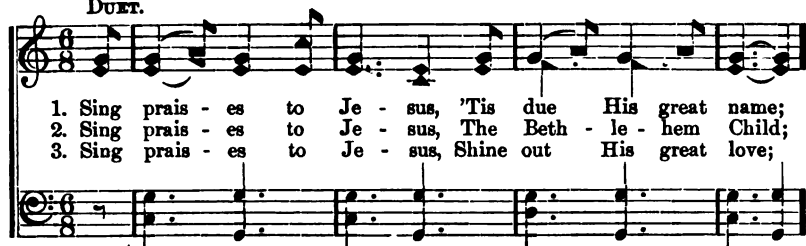


sow-ing,..... be sow-ing,..... And welcome the call harvest home.
 sow-ing the seed, be sow-ing the seed,

No. 173. SING PRAISES TO JESUS.

LENA J. JOHNSON.
DUET.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.



1. Sing prais - es to Je - sus, 'Tis due His great name;
2. Sing prais - es to Je - sus, The Beth - le - hem Child;
3. Sing prais - es to Je - sus, Shine out His great love;

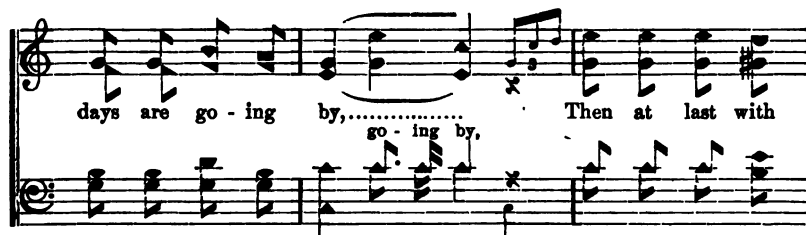


Shout forth a glad cho - rus, A joy - ous re - frain.
Who came to re - deem us, The Sav - iour so mild.
That poor, wea - ry sin - ners May win joys a - bove.

CHORUS.



Sing, O sing a - loud His prais - es, While the youth - ful



days are go - ing by, go - ing by, Then at last with

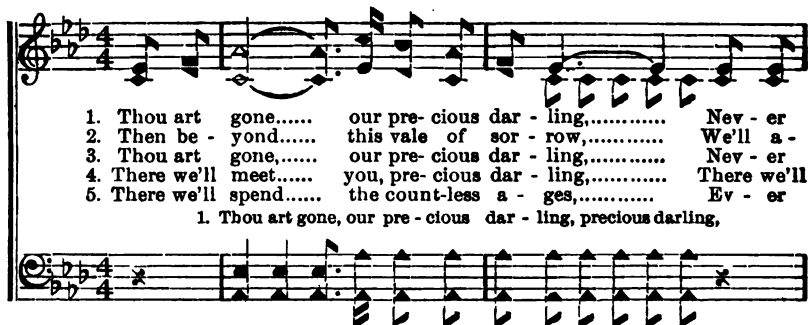


loud hal - le - lu - jahs, We shall tri - umph by and by.

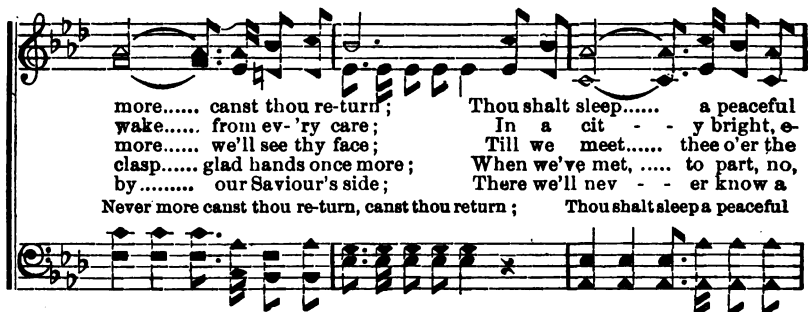
Copyright, 1909, by E. T. Hildebrand. By per.

SAM. SHULTZ.

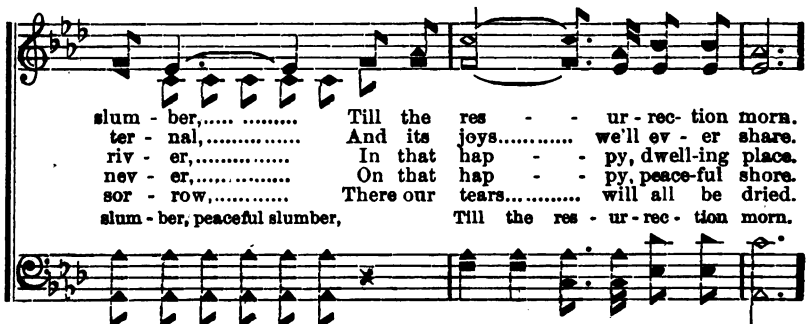
EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. Thou art gone..... our pre-cious dar - ling,..... Nev - er
 2. Then be - yond..... this vale of sor - row,..... We'll a -
 3. Thou art gone..... our pre-cious dar - ling,..... Nev - er
 4. There we'll meet..... you, pre-cious dar - ling,..... There we'll
 5. There we'll spend..... the count-less a - ges,..... Ev - er
 1. Thou art gone, our pre-cious dar - ling, precious darling,

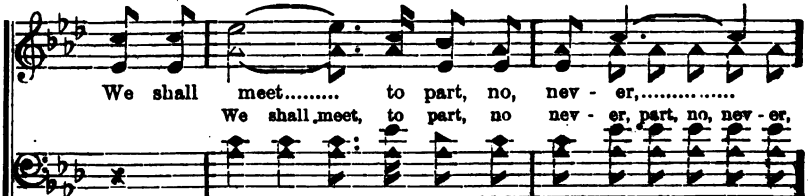


more..... canst thou re-turn; Thou shalt sleep..... a peaceful
 wake..... from ev-'ry care; In a cit - - y bright, e-
 more..... we'll see thy face; Till we meet..... thee o'er the
 clasp..... glad hands once more; When we've met, to part, no,
 by..... our Saviour's side; There we'll nev - er know a
 Never more canst thou re-turn, canst thou return; Thou shalt sleep a peaceful



slum - ber,..... Till the res - - ur-rec-tion morn.
 ter - nal,..... And its joys..... we'll ev - er share.
 riv - er,..... In that hap - - py, dwell-ing place.
 nev - er,..... On that hap - - py, peace-ful shore.
 sor - row,..... There our tears..... will all be dried.
 slum - ber, peaceful slumber, Till the res - ur-rec-tion morn.

CHORUS.



We shall meet..... to part, no, nev - er,.....
 We shall meet, to part, no nev - er, part, no, nev - er,

THOU ART GONE.—Concluded.

By and by, By and by; We shall meet..... to part, no,
 By and by, By and by; We shall meet to part, no,

nev - er..... In that home..... be-yond the sky.
 nev - er, part, no, nev - er, In that home be-yond the sky.

No. 175.

FOLLOW THE KING.

JAMES ROWE.

WADE A. KENNEDY.

1. "Forward, soldiers!" is the order clear; Forward, with songs of gladness and love;
2. Forward, soldiers, showing faith and love; Help all the world your Leader to know;
3. Forward, soldiers; there's a crown to win; Fight, till the foes of Jesus shall flee;

Christ will shield you, there is naught to fear; Fol- low the King a - bove.
 Till you stand be-fore your King a - bove, On-ward with courage go.
 Keep the war-cry ring-ing "Down with sin!" Forward, to vic - to - ry.

D.S.—Lift the stand-ard and the foe pur - sue; Fol- low the King a - bove.


CHORUS.

Follow the King, soldiers brave and true; Forward, with courage to dare and do.

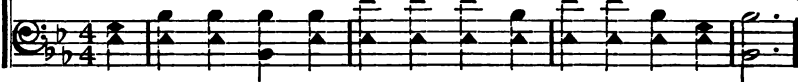

Copyright, 1910, by Wade A. Kennedy.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

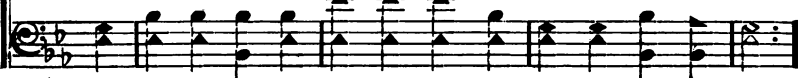
H. C. WRISTON.



1. Have faith in God what-e'er be-tide Up-on His grace re-ly;
 2. Have faith in God when all goes ill; Do not His good-ness doubt;
 3. Have faith in God when all goes well; For-get not, then, His love,
 4. Have faith in God when foes as-sail; Up-on His grace de-pend;
 5. Have faith in God each day and hour, And trust Him for your all;

The Lord will jour-ney by your side, And all your needs sup-ply.
 Tho' hard may seem His sovereign will, Yet trust and mur-mur not.
 When mer-cies more than tongue can tell, Come down from heav'n a-bove.
 They can-not o-ver God pre-vail; He will His own de-fend.
 While un-der His con-trol-ing pow'r, No e-vil can be-fall.



CHORUS.



Have faith in God, have faith in God, Tho' He His own may chide;




Have faith in God, have faith in God, What-ev-er may be-tide.



Copyright, 1907, by H. C. Wriston. By per.

No. 177. WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, Wake the

song..... of ju - bi - lee,..... lee,
Wake the song of ju - bi - lee;

Let it ech - o,..... Let it ech - o o'er the sea, o'er the sea, Let it

ech - o..... Let it ech - o o'er the sea.
Let it ech - o o'er the sea, o'er the sea,

p Organ. Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song,

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.—Continued.

Wake the song..... of ju - bi - lee,..... Loud as
Wake the song of ju - bi - lee,

might - ty thunders roar, When it breaks..... upon the shore.
Loud as mighty thunders roar, When it breaks

See Je - hovah's banner furled, Sheath'd the sword, He speaks, 'tis done,
See Je - ho - vah's banner furled, Sheath'd the sword, He speaks, 'tis done,

Now the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms of His Son,
Now the king - doms of this world, Are the king - doms of His Son.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.—Concluded.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -
hal - le - lu - jah, a - men, a - men, hal - le - lu - jah,
hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah,
hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men and a - men.
hal - le - lu - jah,

*Several high voices sing small notes.

No. 178. THOU ART MY ALL.

W. H. RUEBUSH.
Slow and gentle.

I. B. WOODBURY.

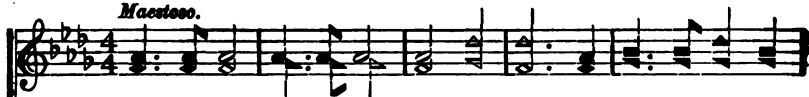
1. I need Thee Christ my all, Life's rugged way to cheer, No e - vil can be - fall,
2. I need Thee Christ my all, To keep me lest I stray, No darkness can ap - pall,
3. I need Thee Christ my all, No love so great as Thine, No sin can me enthrall,

If Thou my Lord art near, Keep me, no harm can then be - fall.
If Thou wilt light the way, Keep me, no dark - ness can ap - pall.
If I can claim Thee mine, Keep me, no sin can then enthrall.


Anthem.

103d PSALM.

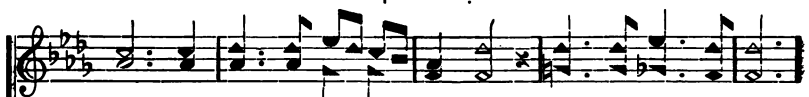
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Macabreo.


Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! O my soul; And all that is with-



in me, bless His ho - ly name, Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! O my



soul; And all that is with-in me, bless His ho - ly name,


SOLO.



Yea, bless the Lord O, my soul, And for - get not

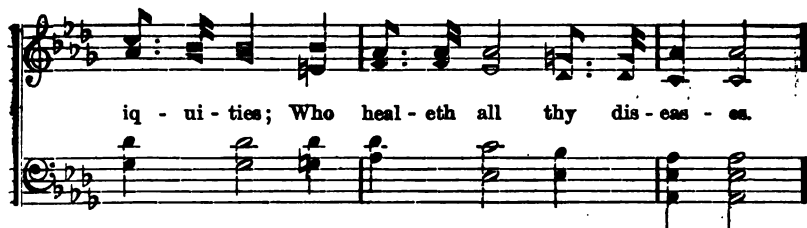
p

DUET.



all His ben - e - fits, Who for - giv - eth all thine in -

BLESS THE LORD.—Continued.



iq - ui - ties; Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es.


f **TUTTI.**



Yea, bless the Lord, O my soul, And for - get not

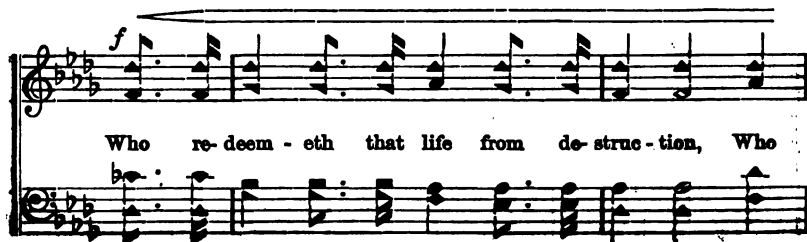


all His ben - e - fits, Who for - giv - eth all thine in -



iq - ui - ties; Who heal - eth all thy dis - eas - es,

f



Who re - deem - eth that life from de - struc - tion, Who

BLESS THE LORD.—Concluded.

crown-eth thee with lov - ing kind - ness, Who re-deem - eth thy

life from de- struc - tion, Who crown-eth thee with lov - ing

kind - ness, Who crown-eth thee with lov - ing kind - ness, Who

crowneth thee with lov - ing kind - ness, Who crowneth thee with lov - ing

kind - ness, And ten - der mer - cies. Bless the Lord, A - men.

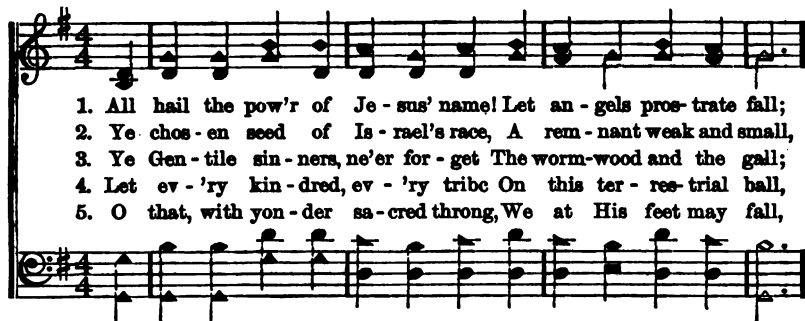
SELECTED HYMNS.

No. 180.

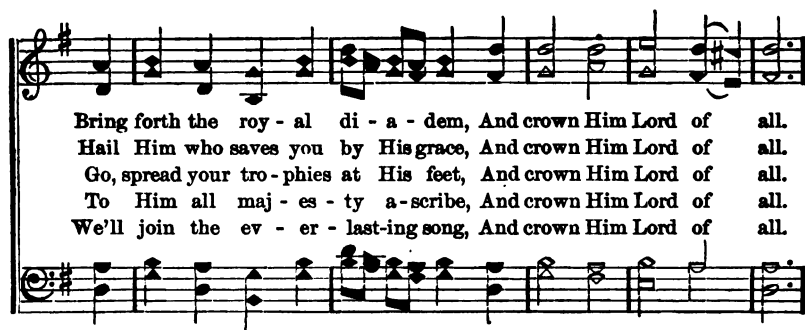
CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERROWE.

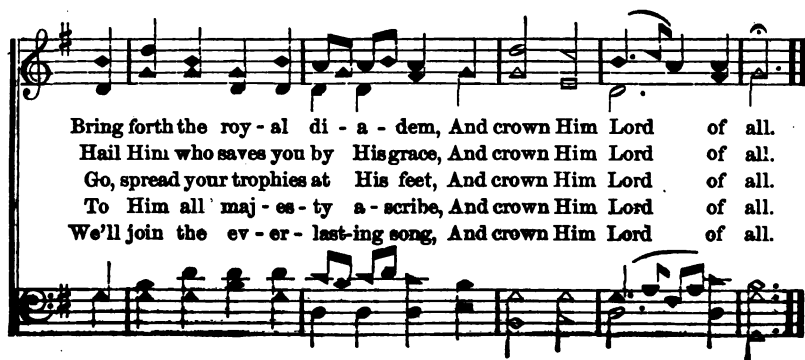
O. HOLDEN.



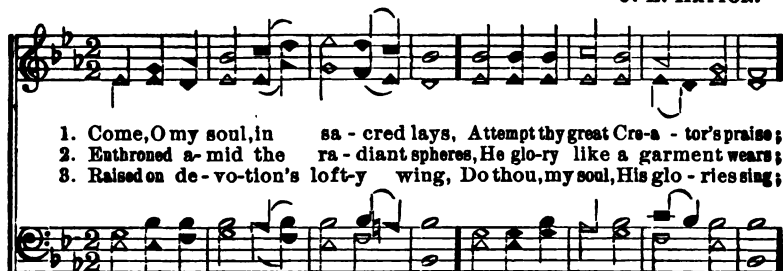
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, A rem - nant weak and small,
 3. Ye Gen - tile sin - ners, ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
 5. O that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall,



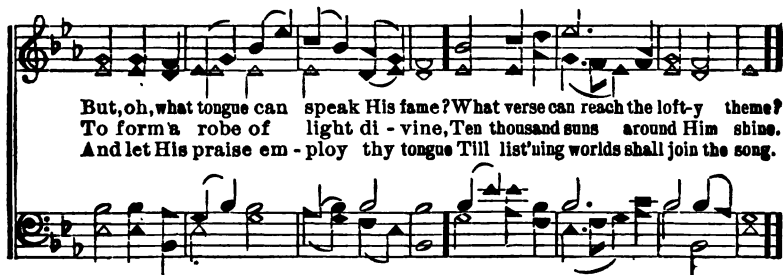
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



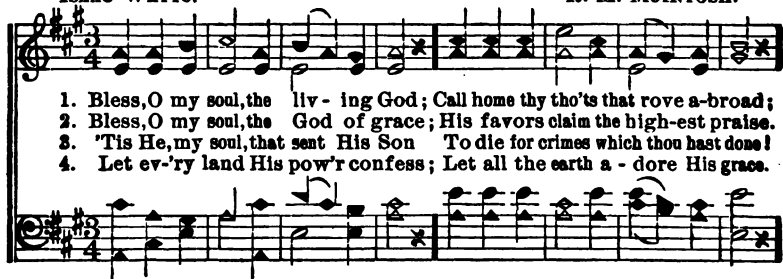
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



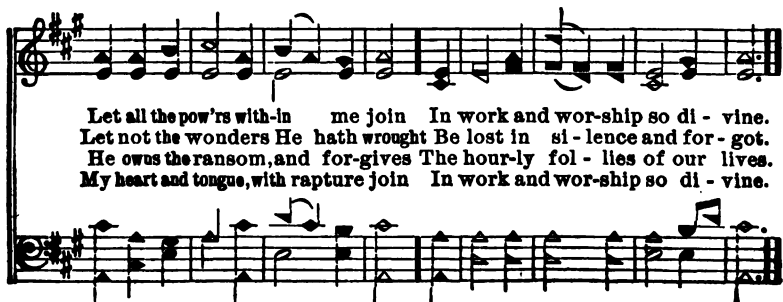
1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;
 2. Enthroned a-mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a garment wears;
 3. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ri - ousing;



But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?
 To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
 And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

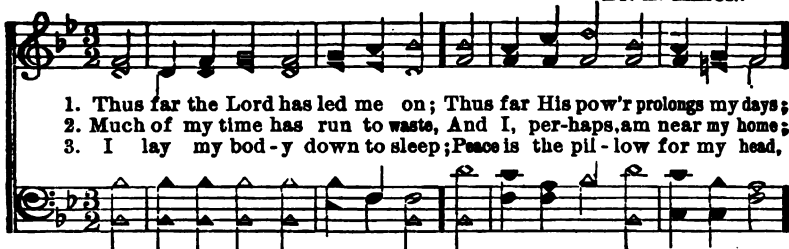


1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy tho'ts that rove a-broad;
 2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His favors claim the high - est praise.
 3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son To die for crimes which thou hast done!
 4. Let ev - ry land His pow'r confess; Let all the earth a - dore His grace.

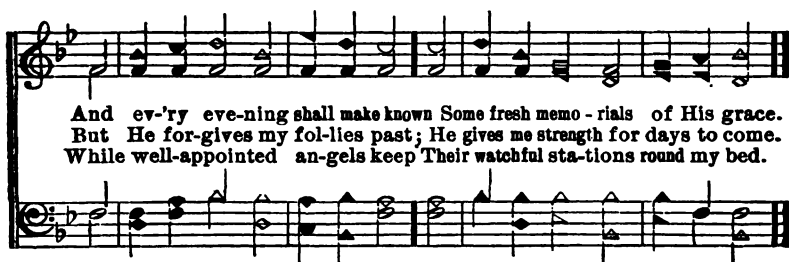


Let all the pow'rs with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.
 Let not the wonders He hath wrought Be lost in si - lence and for - got.
 He owes the ransom, and for-gives The hour - ly fol - lies of our lives.
 My heart and tongue, with rapture join In work and wor-ship so di - vine.

Dr. L. Mason.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head,



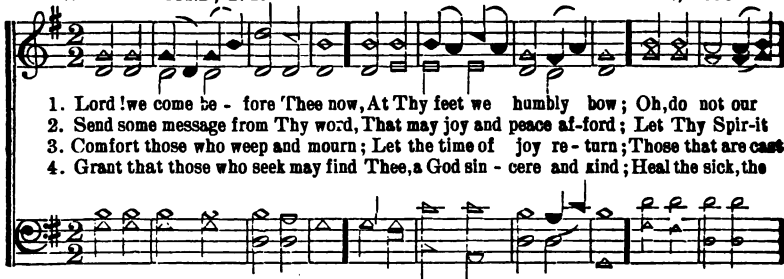
And ev'-ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memo-rials of His grace.
 But He for-gives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-appointed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

No. 184.

bendon. 7s.

WM. HAMMOND, 1745.

CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.



1. Lord! we come be- fore Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our
 2. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace af-ford; Let Thy Spir-it
 3. Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re- turn; Those that are cast
 4. Grant that those who seek may find Thee, a God sin- cere and kind; Heal the sick, the



suit dis- tain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 now im-part Full sal-va-tion to each heart, Full sal-va-tion to each heart.
 down lift up, Strong in faith, in love, and hope, Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
 cap-tive free, Let us all re-joice in Thee, Let us all rejoice in Thee.

No. 185. Loving-kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

American Tune.



1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-fullays And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruin-ed by the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' sum-rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,



He just-ly claims a song from me; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lostes-tate; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a-long; His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
 He near my soul has always stood! His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how good!



Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how free!
 Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how great!
 Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how strong!
 Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, O how good!



No. 186.

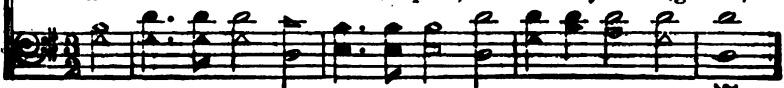
Erlington. C. M.

JOSEPH HART, 1768.

DR. ARNE.



1. Once more we come be-fore our God; Once more His bless-ings ask.
2. Fa-ther, Thy quick-n'ing Spir-it send From heav'n in Je-sus' name;
3. May we re-ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon-est heart;
4. To seek Thee all our hearts dis-pose, To each Thy blessings suit,



Brlington. (Concluded.)

O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor - ship seem a task!
To make our wait - ing minds at - tend, And put our souls in frame.
And keep the pre - cious treas - ure there, And nev - er with it part.
And let the seed Thy ser - vant sows Pro - duce a - bun - dant fruit.

No. 187. Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend. Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour. Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence - ev - er - more! His sov - reign ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 188.

Nicaea. 11s, 12s, & 10s.

REGINALD HEER, alt.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Almighty - y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Almighty - y! All Thy words shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
 gold - encrowns a-round the glassy sea; Cher-u-bim and sera-phim
 sin - ful man Thy glory may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,

mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.
 fall-ing down before Thee, Who wast, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pu-ri - ty,
 mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.

No. 189.

Lottie. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are;
 2. His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
 3. His good-ness stands ap - proved Thro' each suc - ceed - ing day;

Lottie. (Concluded.)

Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 190. Amsterdam. 7s, 6s.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

JAMES NARES.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place;
2. { Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, as - cend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source.
3. { Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;
Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn, Tri - um - phant in the skies.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view His glo - rious face,
Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given,

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
Up - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth exchanged for heaven.

No. 191.

Guide. 7s. D.

M. M. WELLS.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.

FIVE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land. }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend, }
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark - ness drear. }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, }
 Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there, }

D.C. *Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d'r'er, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.*

Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood.

No. 192.

Spring. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart re - signed, submis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne—
 3. O for a low - ly, contrite heart, Con - fid - ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,
 5. Thy Spir - it, gra - cious Lord, im - part; Di - rect me from a - bove;

A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me;
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone!
 Which neither life, nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.
 Per - fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine!
 May Thy dear name be near my heart—That dear, best name is Love.

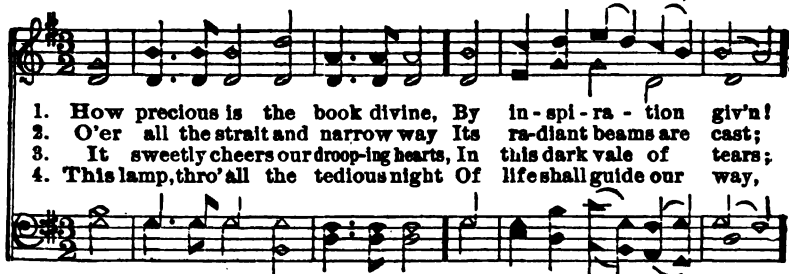
By pub. The E. M. Walcott Co., owners of the Copyright.

No. 193.

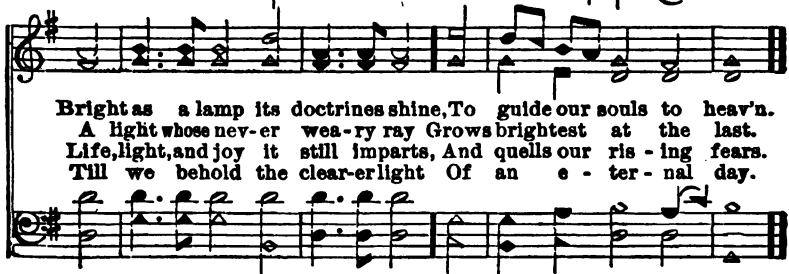
Woodstock. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.

DUTTON, 1829.



1. How precious is the book divine, By in-spi-ra-tion giv'n!
2. O'er all the strait and narrow way Its ra-diant beams are cast;
3. It sweetly cheers our droop-ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears;
4. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life shall guide our way,



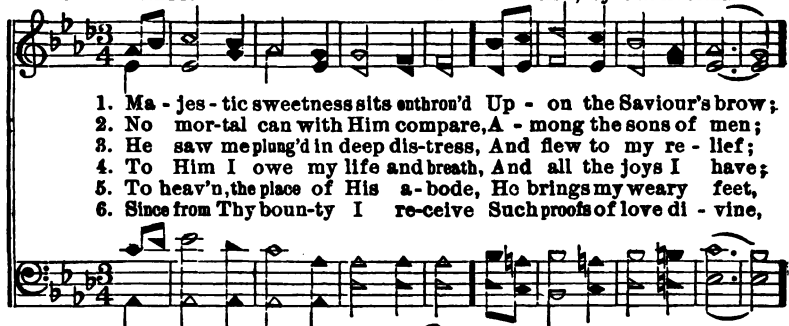
Bright as a lamp its doctrine shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
 A light whose nev-er wea-ry ray Grows brightest at the last.
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our ris-ing fears.
 Till we behold the clear-er light Of an e-ter-nal day.

No. 194.

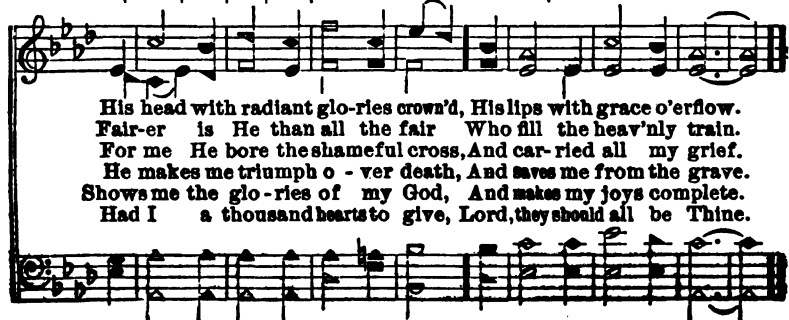
Manoah. C. M.

S. STENNETT.

From ROSSINI, by GREATOR EX.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up-on the Saviour's brow;
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief;
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;
5. To heav'n, the place of His a-bode, He brings my weary feet,
6. Since from Thy boun-ty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine,

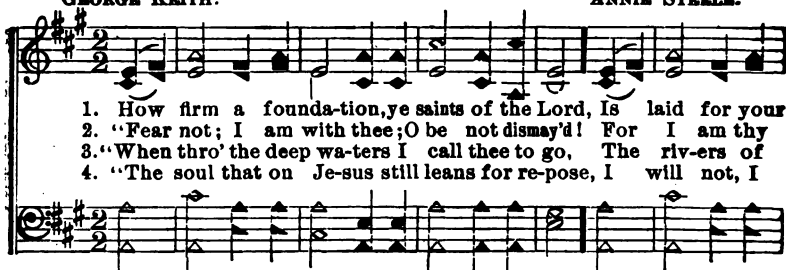


His head with radiant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 Fair-er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train.
 For me He bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief.
 He makes me triumph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave.
 Shows me the glo-ries of my God, And makes my joys complete.
 Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine.

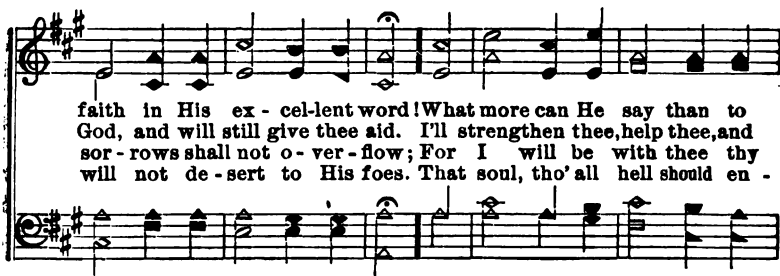
No. 195. **How firm a foundation.** 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.

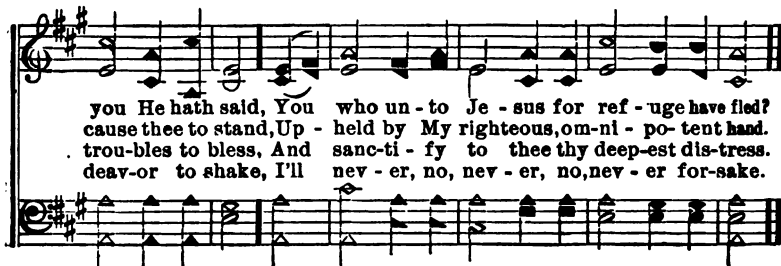
ANNIE STEELE.



1. How firm a founda-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismay'd! For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid. I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor - rows shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
 will not de - sert to His foes. That soul, tho' all hell should en -



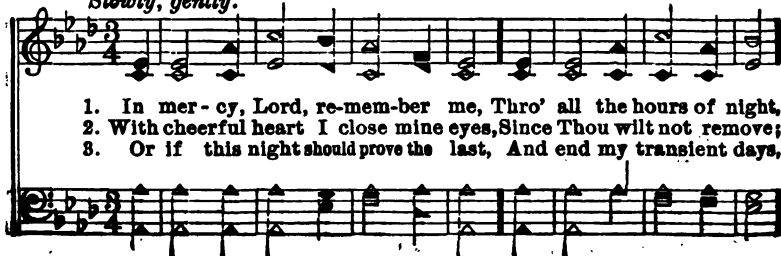
you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My righteous, om-ni - po-tent hand.
 trou-bles to bless, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake.

No. 196.

Evan. C. M.

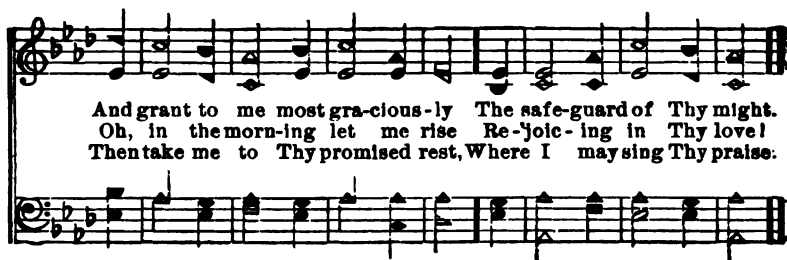
REV. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

Slowly, gently.



1. In mer - cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Thro' all the hours of night,
 2. With cheerful heart I close mine eyes, Since Thou wilt not remove;
 3. Or if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days,

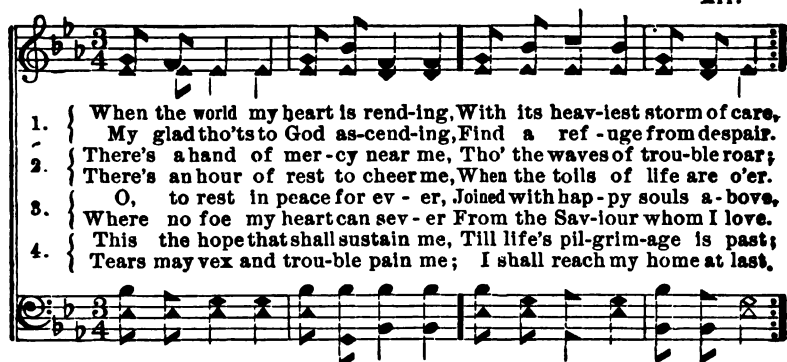
Evan. (Concluded.)



And grant to me most gra-cious-ly The safe-guard of Thy might.
Oh, in the morn-ing let me rise Re-joic-ing in Thy love!
Thentake me to Thy promised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.

No. 197. I Love Jesus. 8s & 7s.

Arr.



1. When the world my heart is rend-ing, With its heav-lest storm of care,
My glad tho'ts to God as-cend-ing, Find a ref-uge from despair.
2. There's a hand of mer-cy near me, Tho' the waves of trou-ble roar;
There's an hour of rest to cheer me, When the tolls of life are o'er.
3. O, to rest in peace for ev-er, Joined with hap-py souls a-bove,
Where no foe my heart can sev-er From the Sav-lour whom I love.
4. This the hope that shall sustain me, Till life's pil-grim-age is past;
Tears may vex and trou-ble pain me; I shall reach my home at last.

CHORUS



I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! I love Je-sus, yes, I do, I do love



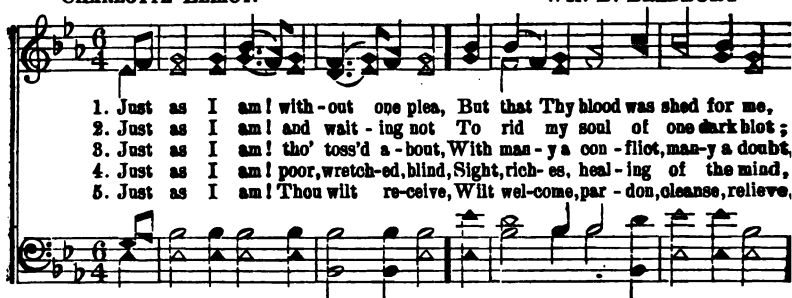
Je - sus; He's my Sav-lour; Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

No. 198.

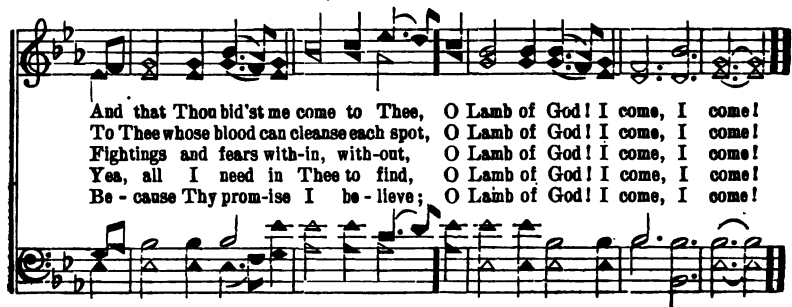
Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. B. BRADBURY



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout, With man-ya con-flict, man-ya doubt;
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretch-ed, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve,



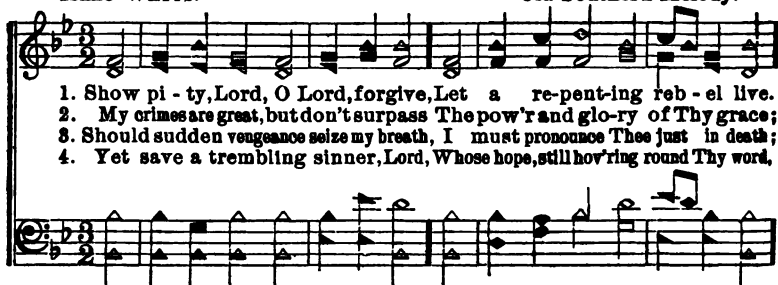
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 199.

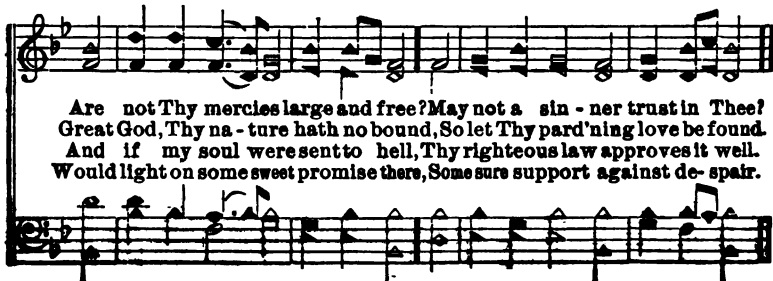
Devotion. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Old Southern Melody.



1. Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live.
 2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
 3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
 4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,



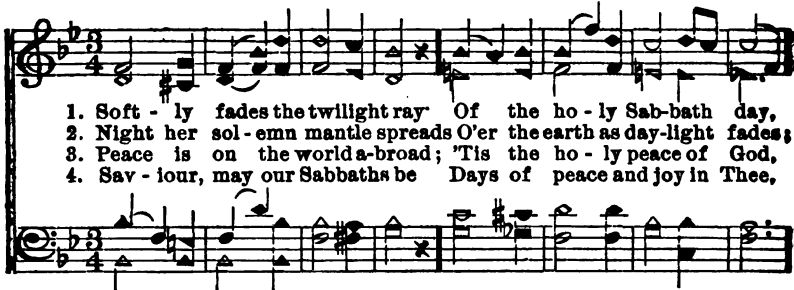
Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?
 Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against de-spair.

No. 200.

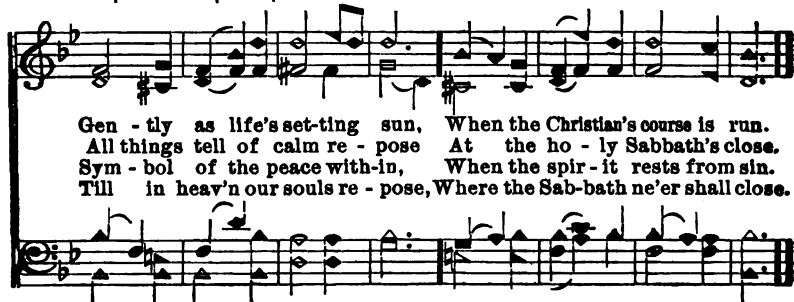
Last hope. 7s.

S. F. SMITH, 1848.

Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK, 1854.



1. Soft - ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day,
 2. Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as day - light fades;
 3. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
 4. Sav - iour, may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in Thee,



Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
 All things tell of calm re - pose At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
 Sym - bol of the peace with - in, When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Till in heav'n our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.

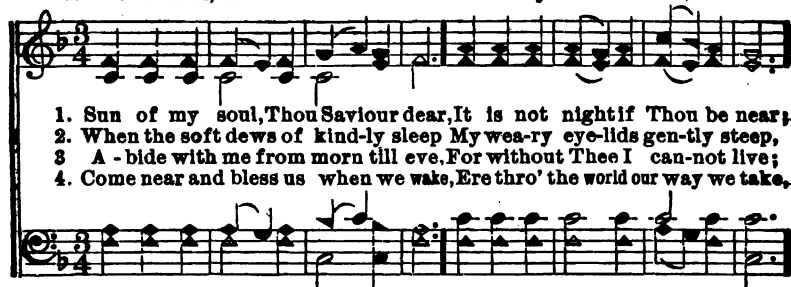
No. 201.

Bursley. L. M.

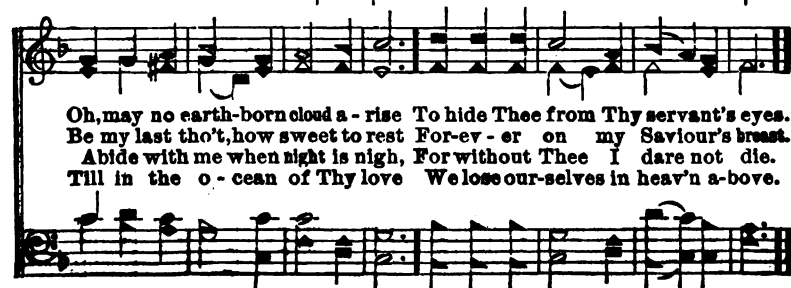
Rev. J. KEBLE, 1827.

PETER RITTER, 1792.

Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861.




1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,





Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

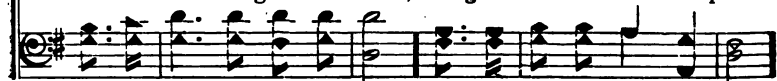
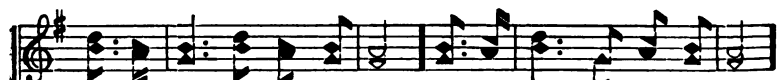
LOWELL MASON.



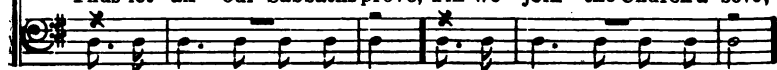
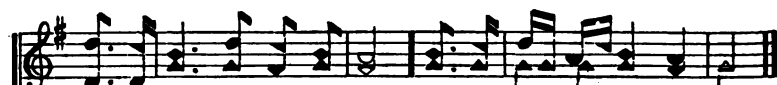
1. Safe-ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deemer's name,
 3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres-ence near;
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Conquer sin - ners, com-fort saints,


Let us now a blessing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day,
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face— Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear.
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief from all com-plaints.

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast;
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.



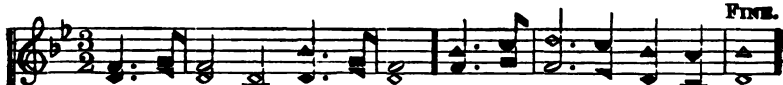
No. 203.

Toplady. 7s.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

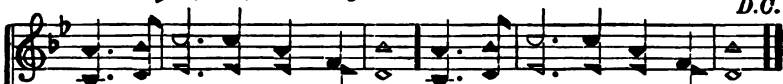
FINE.



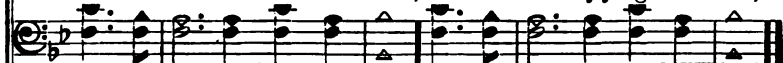
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fl Thy laws' demands;
 D.C. All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 D.C. Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
 D.C. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



D.C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, —



No. 204.

Trusting. 7s.

WM. McDONALD.

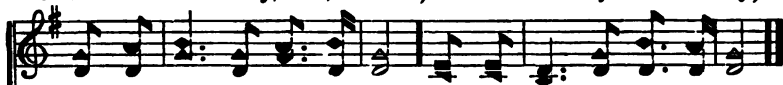
W. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil reign'd with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee—Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
 5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am!



CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Thou dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



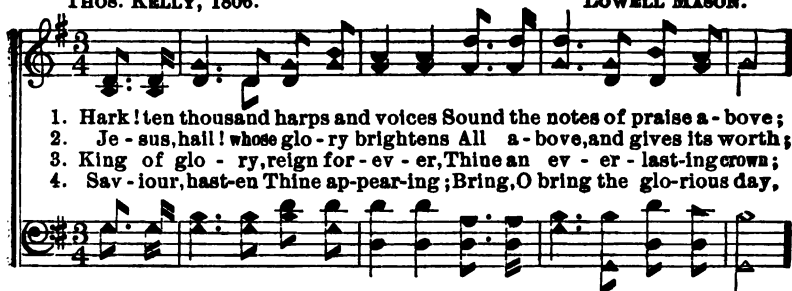
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me— I will cleanse you from all sin.
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be—Whol - ly Thine—for - ev - er - more.
 I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fled.
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!



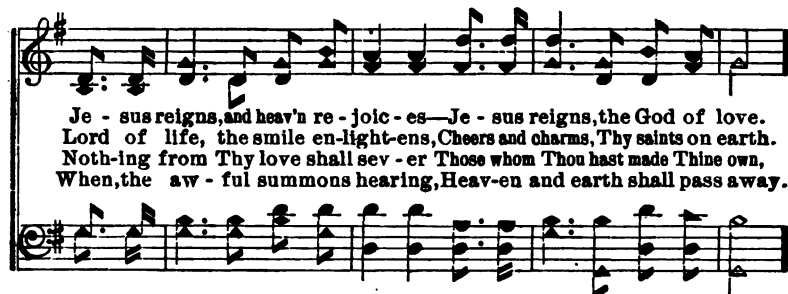
Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

THOS. KELLY, 1806.

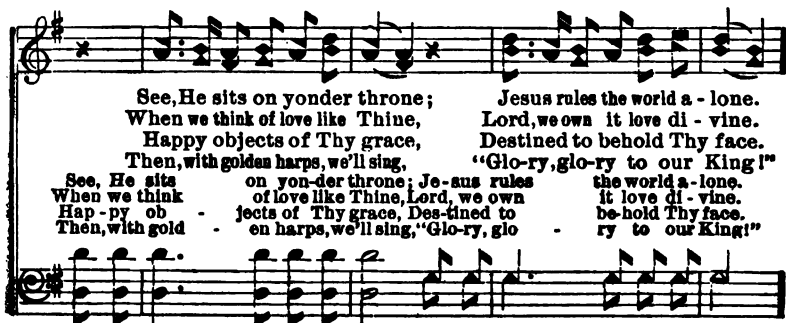
LOWELL MASON.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a - bove;
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth;
 3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
 4. Sav - iour, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,

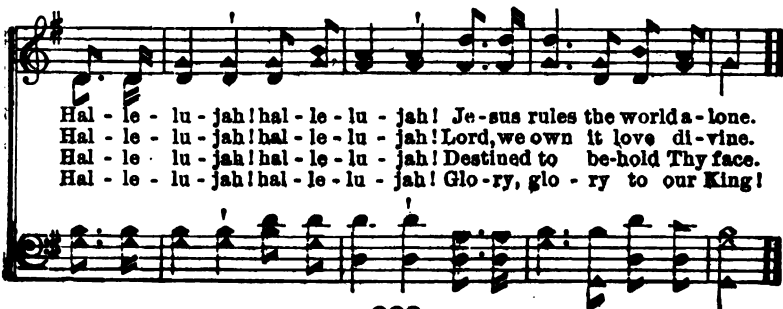


Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es—Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
 Lord of life, the smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charms, Thy saints on earth.
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
 When, the aw - ful summons hearing, Heav - en and earth shall pass away.



See, He sits on yonder throne;	Jesus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine,	Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Happy objects of Thy grace,	Destined to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,	"Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
 Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Destined to be - hold Thy face.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

No. 206.

I Do Believe. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

American Spiritual.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO. I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - mazing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 207.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im-plore! Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 3. Has - ten, sin - ner, to re - turn! Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 4. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be blest! Stay not for the morrow's sun,

Wis-dom, if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
 Lest thy sea - son should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage is run.
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn, Ere sal - va-tion's work is done.
 Lest per-di - tion thee ar - rest, Ere the mor-row is be - gun.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Sin-ner, oh why so tho'tless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die?
 2. Wilt thou de-spise e - ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lusive dreams?
 3. Stay, sin-ner, on the gos-pel plains! And hear the Lord of life unfold

Dar-ing to leap to worlds unknown, Heedless a - gainst thy God to fly.
 Mad-ly at the in - fer-nal gate, And force thy pass - age to the flames.
 The glo-ries of His dy-ing pains, For-ev-er tell - ing, yet un - told.

No. 209.

Olivet. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

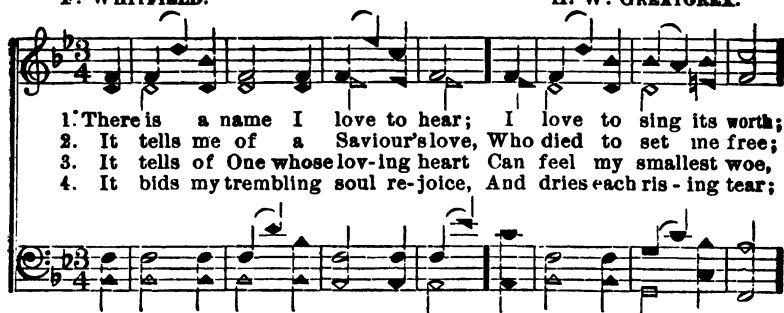
I. B. WOODBURY, 1852.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

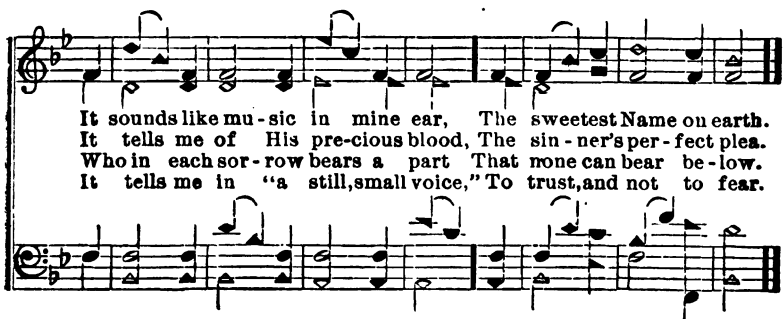
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

F. WHITFIELD.

H. W. GREATORRY.



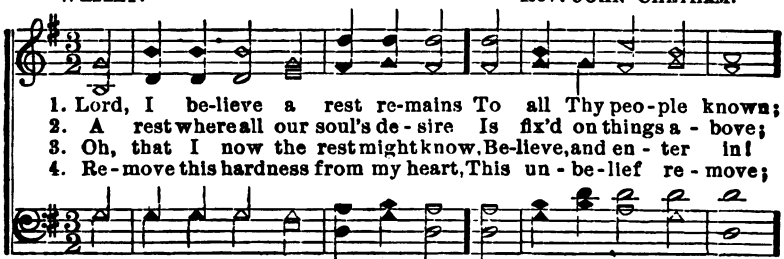
1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my smallest woe,
 4. It bids my trembling soul re-joice, And dries each ris-ing tear;



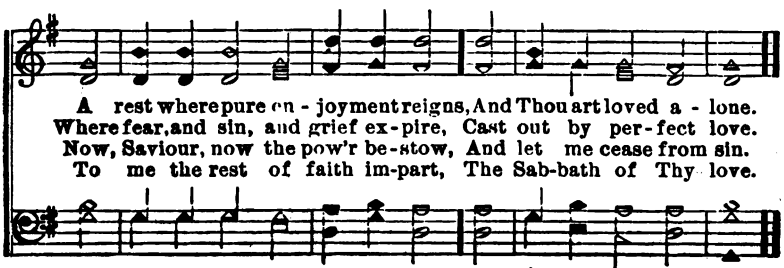
It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest Name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
 Who in each sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.
 It tells me in "a still, small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

WESLEY.

Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.



1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy peo-ple known;
 2. A rest where all our soul's de-sire Is fix'd on things a - bove;
 3. Oh, that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en-ter in!
 4. Re-move this hardness from my heart, This un-be-lief re-move;



A rest where pure en-joyment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone.
 Where fear, and sin, and grief ex-pire, Cast out by per-fect love.
 Now, Saviour, now the pow'r be-stow, And let me cease from sin.
 To me the rest of faith im-part, The Sab-bath of Thy love.



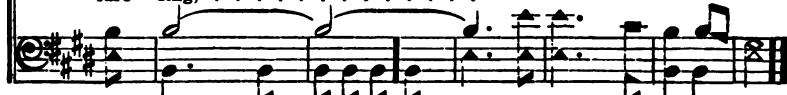
1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth—the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove



Let ev-'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
He comes to make His blessings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo-ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love,



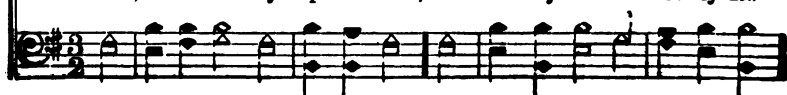
And heav'n and nature sing,	And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
Re-peat the sounding joy,	Re-peat, re-peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found,	Far as, far as the curse is found.
And wonders of His love,	And wonders, and won-ders of His love
ture sing,	



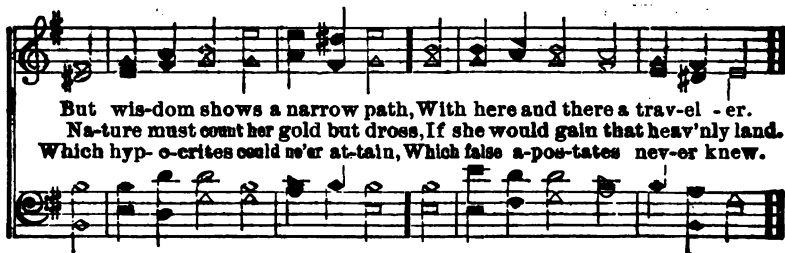
ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. De-ny thyself, and take thy cross. Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre-ate my heart en-tire-ly new—



Windham. (Concluded.)

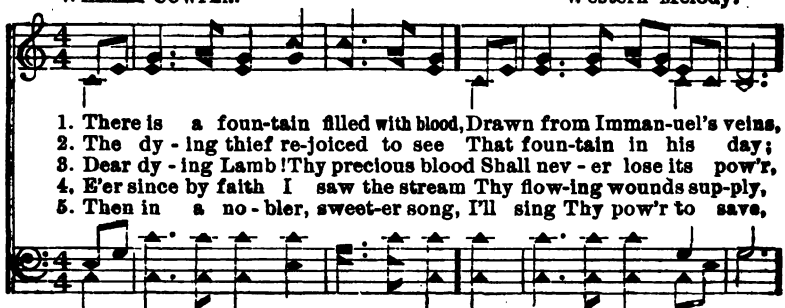


But wis-dom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.
Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a-pos-tates nev-er knew.

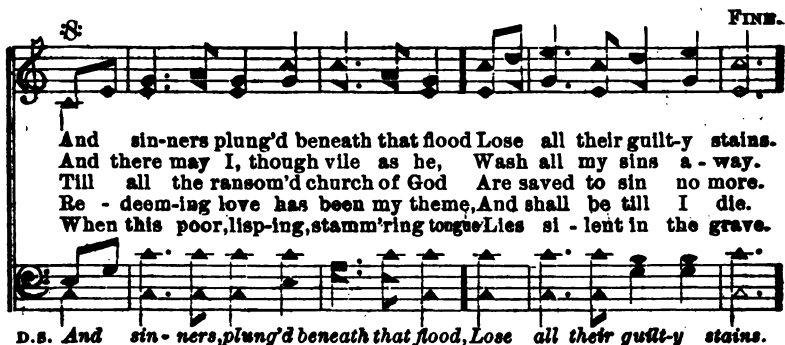
No. 214. There is a fountain. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.



1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransom'd church of God Are saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

D.S. And sin-ners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.



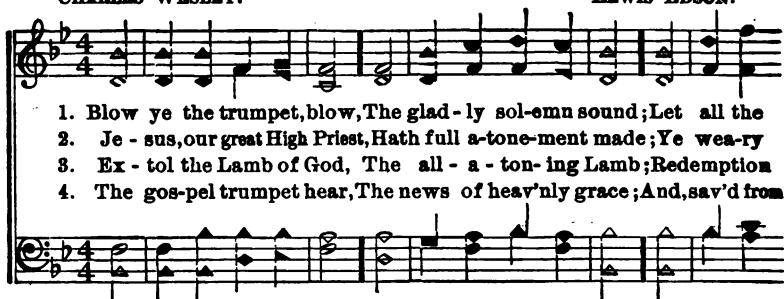
Lose all their guilt-y stains, . Lose all their guilt-y stains;

No. 215.

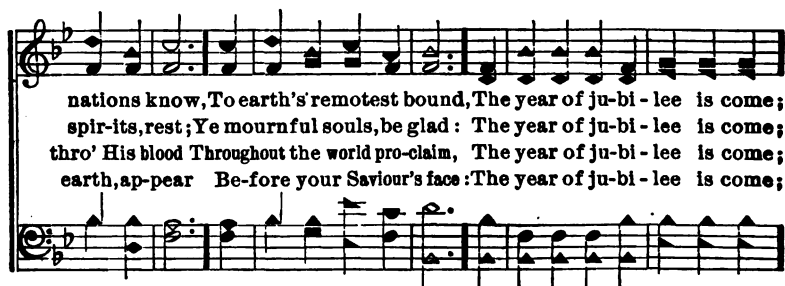
Lenox. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.



1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly sol-emn sound; Let all the
 2. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a-tone-ment made; Ye wea-ry
 3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a - ton-ing Lamb; Redemption
 4. The gos-pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, sav'd from



nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
 spir-its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
 thro' His blood Throughout the world pro-claim, The year of ju-bi-lee is come;
 earth, ap-pear Be-fore your Saviour's face: The year of ju-bi-lee is come;

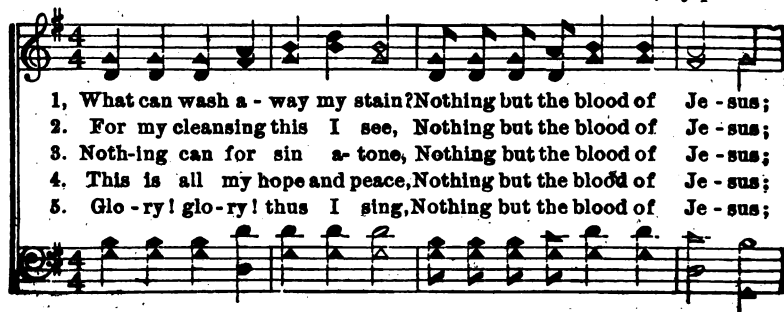


The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home.

No. 216. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. LOWRY.


Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.




1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my cleansing this I see, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 5. Glo-ry! glo-ry! thus I sing, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus. (Concluded.)


8. **FINE.**




What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my par-don this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my righteousness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
 All, my praise for this I bring—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.



REFRAIN. **D.S.**




Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No oth-er feast I know,




No. 217. I will Follow Jesus.

ARR.




1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Saviour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

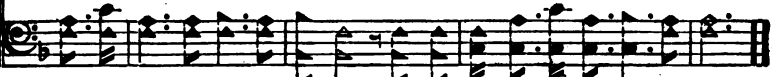


D.C. Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib. **D.C.**



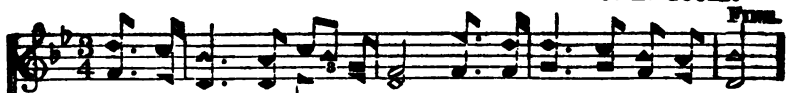
I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



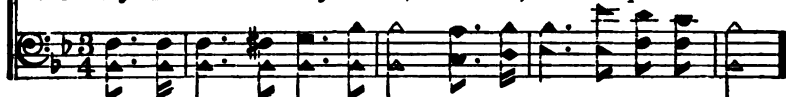
Where He leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 218. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C. Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
D.C. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



Unknown waves before me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treacherous shoals;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

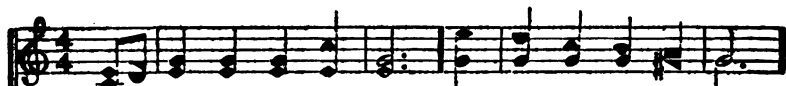


No. 219.

Laban. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

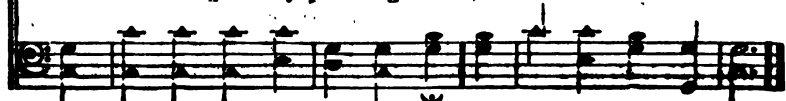
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

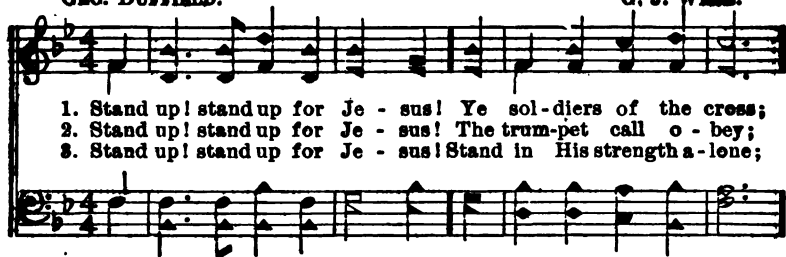


The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - beds.

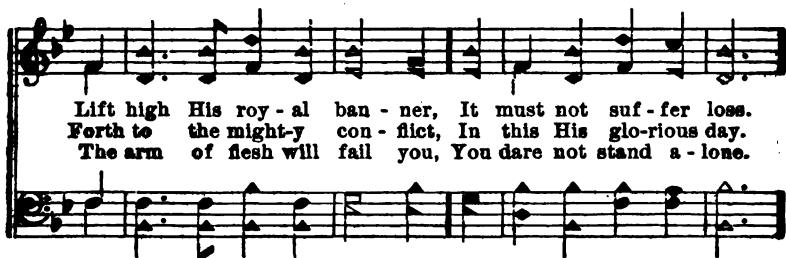


GEO. DUFFIELD.

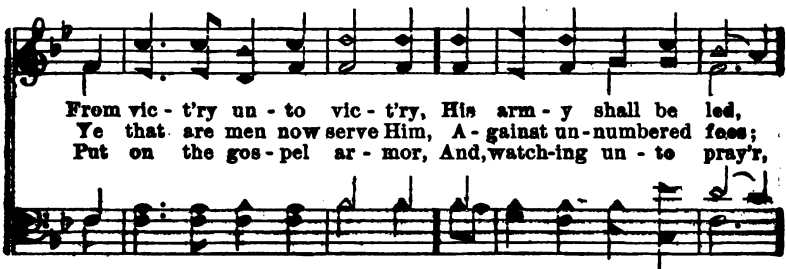
G. J. WARR.



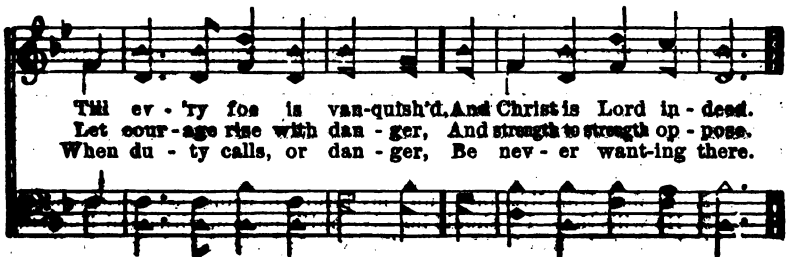
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a-lone;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
 Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day.
 The arm of flesh will fall you, You dare not stand a-lone.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His arm - y shall be led,
 Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un-numbered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch-ing un - to pray'r,



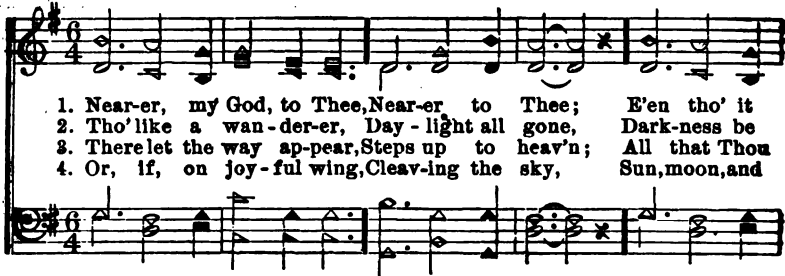
Thi ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 When du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

No. 221.

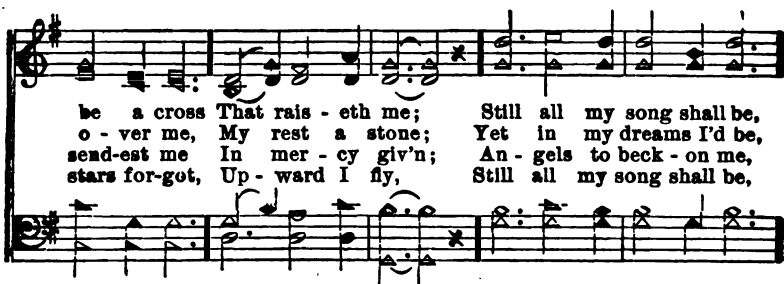
Bethany. 6s & 4s.

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps up to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Or, if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send-est me In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me,
 stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,



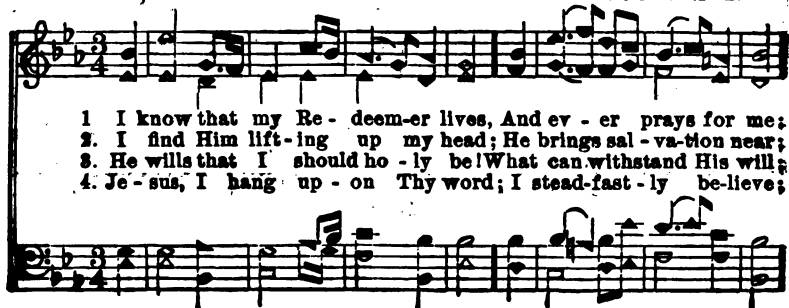
Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

No. 222.

Bradford. C. M.

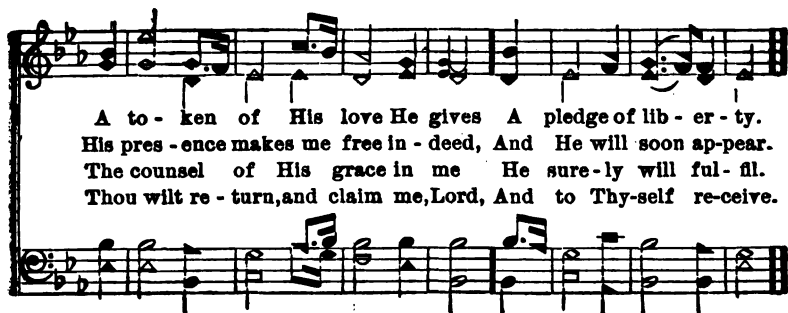
CHARLES WESLEY.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



1 I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
 2 I find Him lift-ing up my head; He brings sal-va-tion near;
 3 He wills that I should ho-ly be! What can withstand His will;
 4 Je-sus, I hang up-on Thy word; I stead-fast-ly be-lieve;

Bradford. (Concluded.)



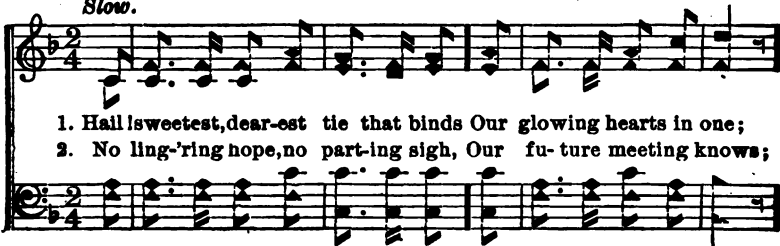
A to - ken of His love He gives A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
The counsel of His grace in me He sure - ly will ful - fil.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.

No. 223.

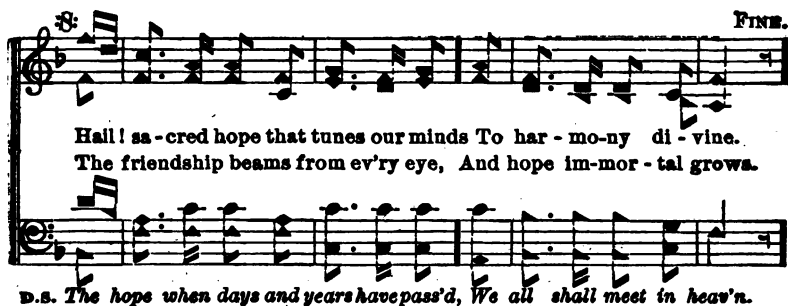
Fair Haven. C. M.

Scotch A'ir.

Slow.

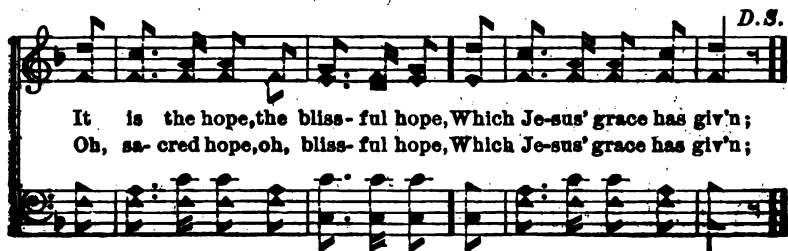


1. Hail! sweetest, dear - est tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one;
2. No ling - ring hope, no part - ing sigh, Our fu - ture meeting knows;



Hail! sa - cred hope that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.
The friendship beams from ev'ry eye, And hope im - mor - tal grows.

D.S. The hope when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.



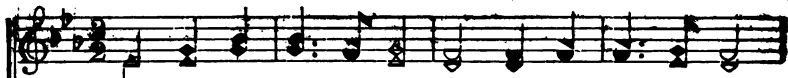
D.S.

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;
Oh, sa - cred hope, oh, bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;

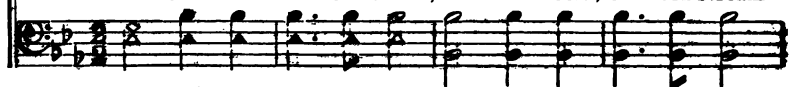

No. 224. My faith Looks up to Thee. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER, 1830.

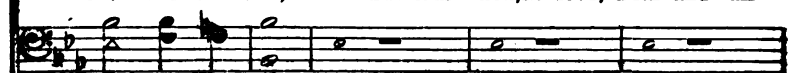

DR. LOWELL MASON.



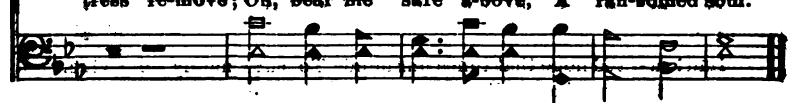
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - lour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide. Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-lour! then, in love, Fear and dis -


guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.




No. 225. Balerna. C. M.

W. H. BATHURST, 1831.

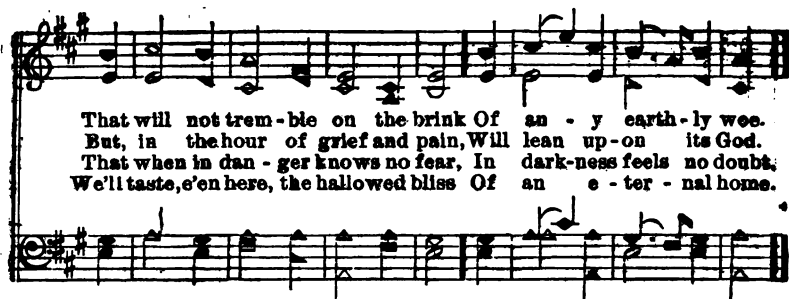
R. SIMPSON.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
 2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain, Be-neath the chast'ning rod;
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
 4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,



Balerna. (Concluded.)

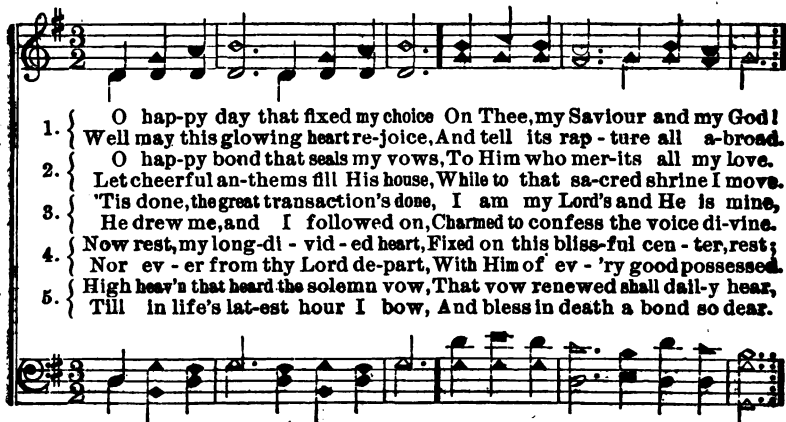


That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth-ly wee.
 But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up-on its God.
 That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt;
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

No. 226. The Happy Day. L. M.

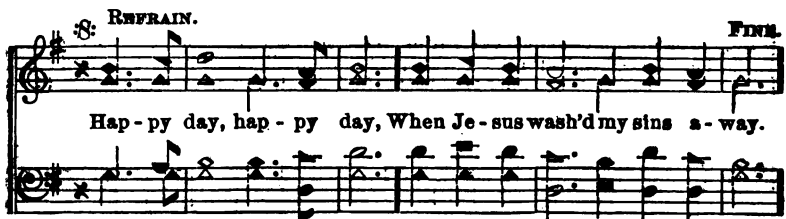
REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.



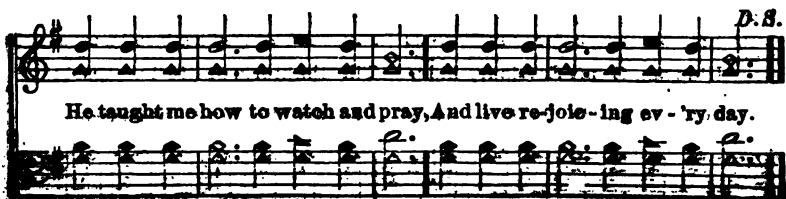
- O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-ture all a-broad.
- O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love.
 Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
- 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine,
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
- Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest;
 Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed.
- High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dail-y hear,
 Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRAIN.



Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

D.S.



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joice-ing ev-'ry day.

No. 227.

Rockingham. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run;
 2. Wake, and lift up thy-self, my heart, And with the an-gels bear the part,
 3. Glo-ry to Thee, who safe has kept, And has refresh'd me while I slept;
 4. Di-rect, con-trol, sug-gest, this day, All I de-sign, or do, or say;

Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-tice.
 Who, all night long un-wearied sing High praise to the e-ter-nal King.
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end-less life par-take.
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo-ry may u-nite.

No. 228.

Martyn. 7s, D.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.


FIN.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
 While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
 D.C. Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
 2. { Oth-er re-fuge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
 D.C. Cov-er my de-fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
 3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fall-en! cheer the faint! Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
 D.C. Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

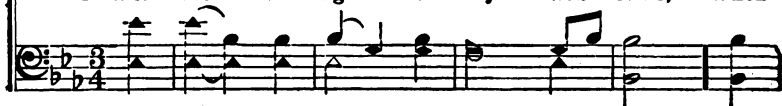
Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
 D.C.

S. MEDLEY.


DR. LOWELL MASON.




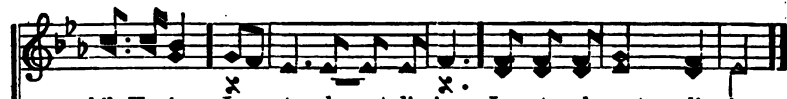
1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh,
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter He bears, And
 4. Well—the de-light-ful day will come, When





could I sound the glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-iour shine,
 ran-som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine!
 all the forms of love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne.
 my dear Love will bring me home, And I shall see His face.

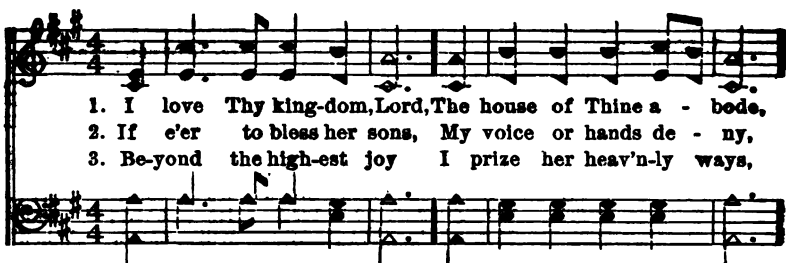



I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel
 I'd sing His glo-rious righteousness, In which all per-fect
 In lof-tiest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er
 Then with my Sav-iour, broth-er, friend, A blest e-ter-ni-

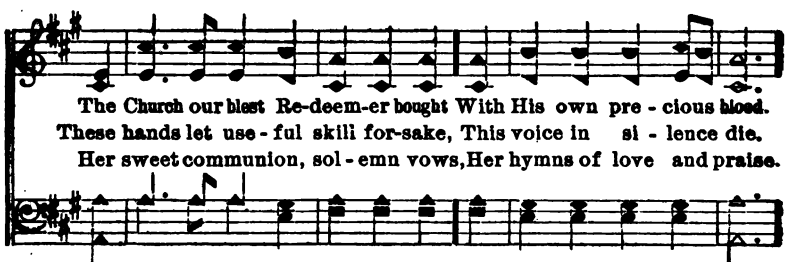



while He sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 last-ing days, Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phiant in His grace, Tri-um-phiant in His grace.

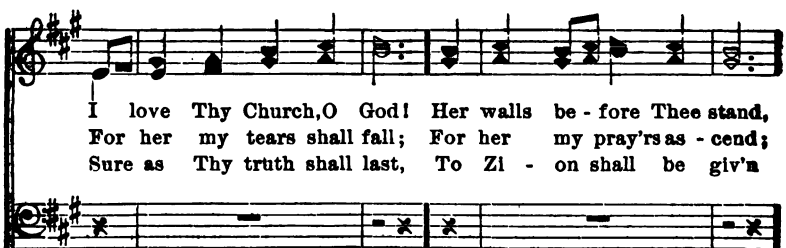




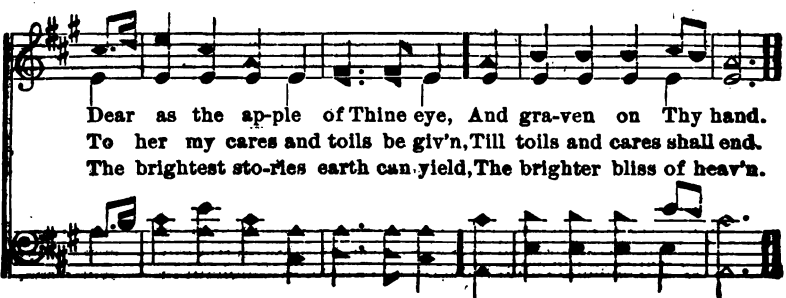
1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bede,
 2. If e'er to bless her sons, My voice or hands de - ny,
 3. Be-yond the high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,



The Church our blest Re-deem-er bought With His own pre - cious blood.
 These hands let use - ful skill for-sake, This voice in si - lence die.
 Her sweet communion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
 Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



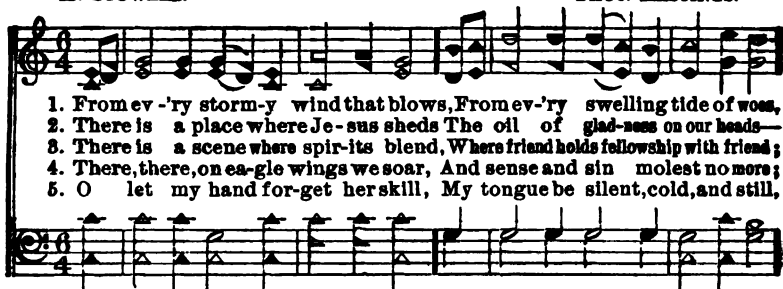
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 The brightest sto-ries earth can yield, The brighter bliss of heav'n.

No. 231.

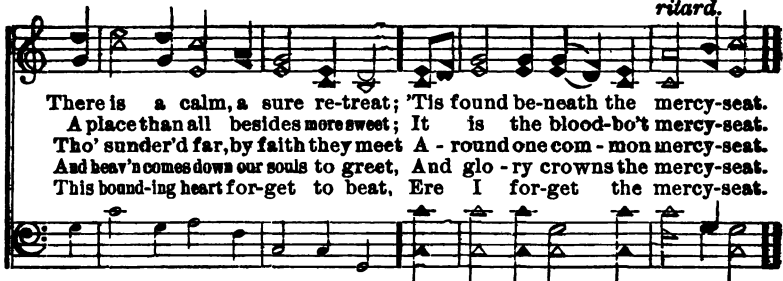
Retreat. L. M.

H. STOWELL.

THOS. HASTINGS.



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sense and sin molest no more;
5. O let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be silent, cold, and still,

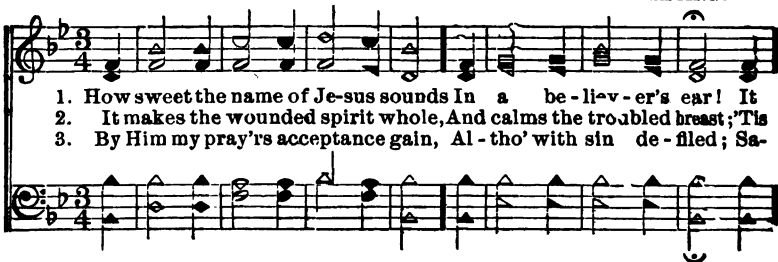
ritard.


There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mercy-seat.
 A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mercy-seat.
 Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mercy-seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mercy-seat.
 This bound-ing heart for-get to beat, Ere I for-get the mercy-seat.

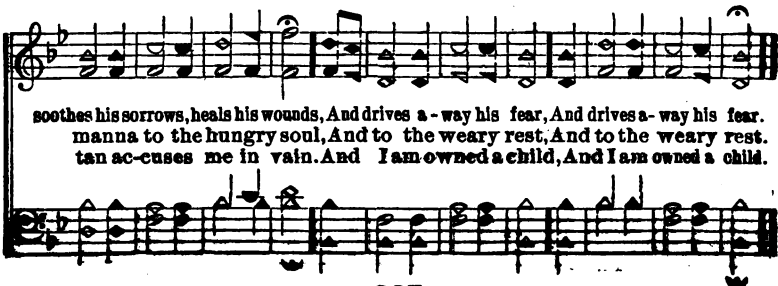
No. 232.

Ortonville. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-li-ev-er's ear! It
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. By Him my pray'rs acceptance gain, Al- tho' with sin de-filed; Sa-



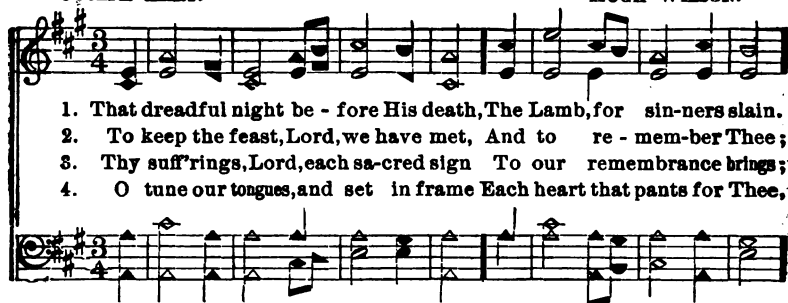
soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
 manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest, And to the weary rest.
 tan ac-cuses me in vain. And I am owned a child, And I am owned a child.

No. 233.

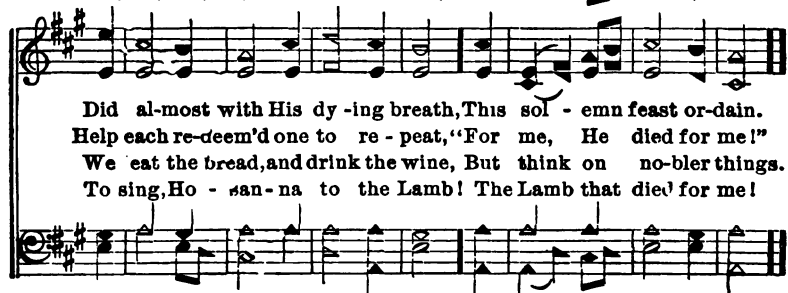
Hyon. C. M.

JOSEPH HART.

HUGH WILSON.



1. That dreadful night be - fore His death, The Lamb, for sin - ners slain.
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re - mem - ber Thee;
3. Thy suf - f'ings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our remembrance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee;



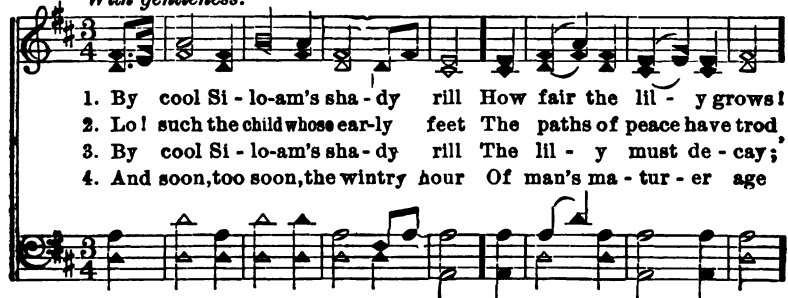
Did al - most with His dy - ing breath, This sol - emn feast or - dain.
 Help each re - deem'd one to re - peat, "For me, He died for me!"
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no - bler things.
 To sing, Ho - san - na to the Lamb! The Lamb that die'd for me!

No. 234.

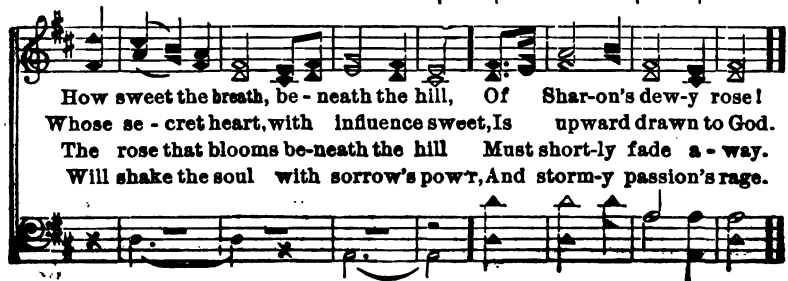
Siloam. C. M.

REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1850.

With gentleness.


1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's ma - tur - er age

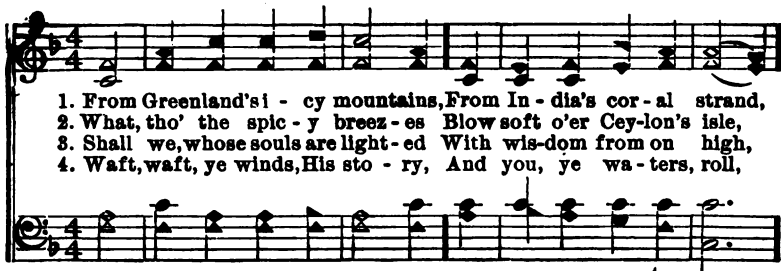


How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!
 Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
 The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r, And storm - y passion's rage.

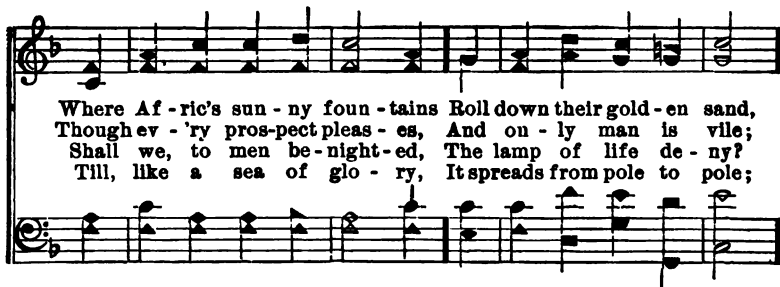
No. 235. **Missionary Hymn.** 7s & 6s, D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

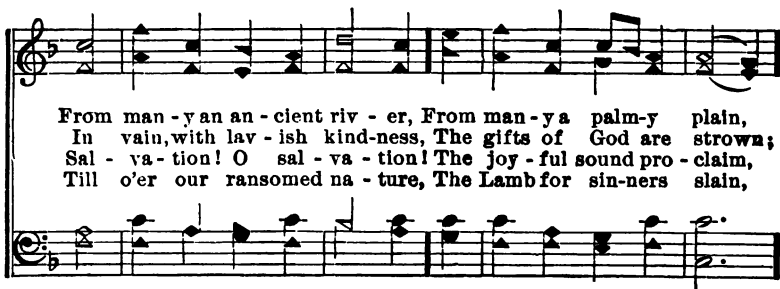
LOWELL MASON, 1824.



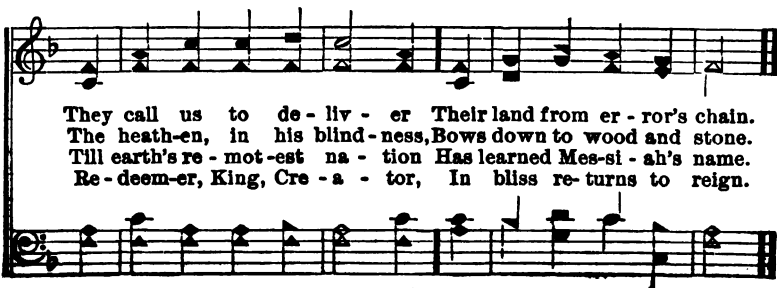
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What, tho' the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
 Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From man - y an an - cient riv - er, From man - ya palm - y plain,
 In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ransomed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



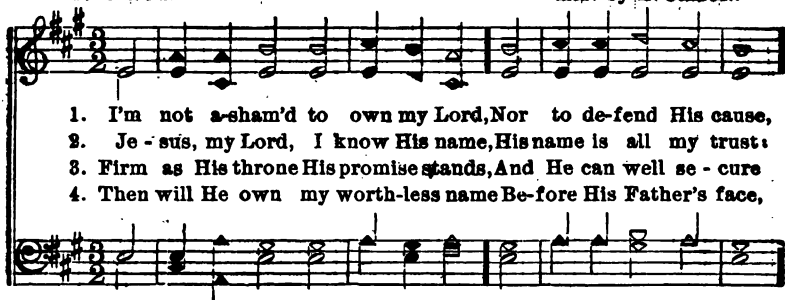
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heath - en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

No. 236.

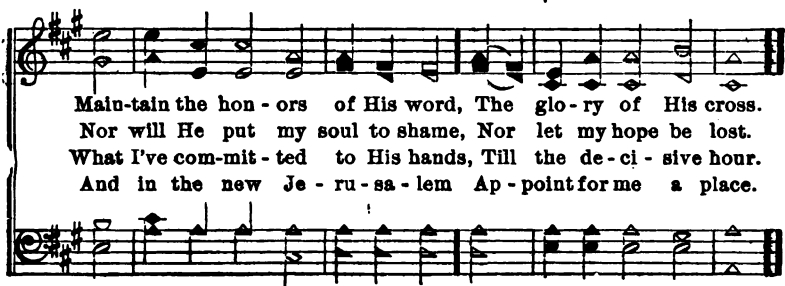
Hymn. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by L. MASON.



1. I'm not a-sham'd to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend His cause,
 2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know His name, His name is all my trust.
 3. Firm as His throne His promises stands, And He can well se - cure
 4. Then will He own my worth-less name Be-fore His Father's face,

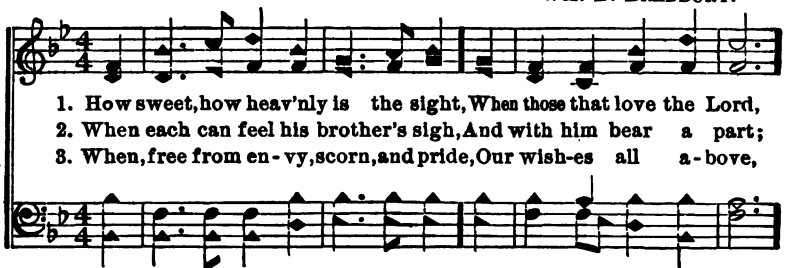


Main-tain the hon - ors of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've com-mit - ted to His hands, Till the de-ci - sive hour.
 And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point for me a place.

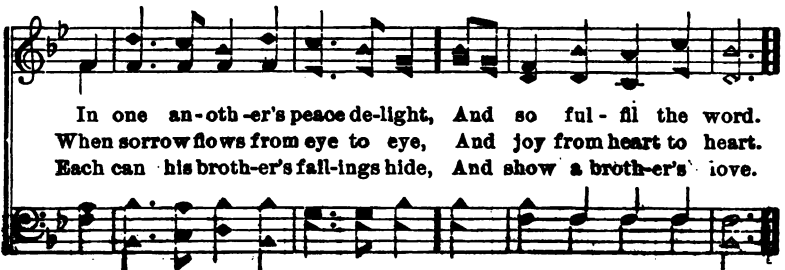
No. 237.

Brown. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord,
 2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
 3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a - bove,




In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil the word.
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
 Each can his broth - er's fail - ings hide, And show a broth - er's love.


J. H. WALL.



1. Here at Thy ta - ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di - vine;
 2. He that pre-pares this rich re-past, Him-self comes down and dies;
 3. Sure there was nev - er love so free, Dear Sav-iour, so di - vine!


Thy bod-y is the bread we eat, Thy pre-cious blood the wine.
 And then in-vites us thus to feast Up - on the sac - ri - fice.
 Well Thou mayst claim that heart of me, Which owes so much to Thine.




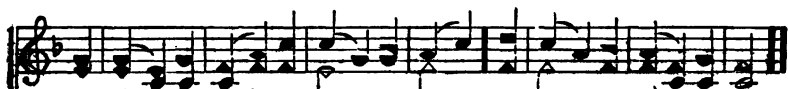
The Rushnut-Kieffer Co., owners.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

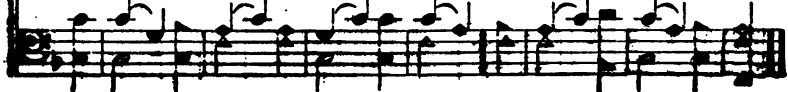
H. G. NAGELL.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

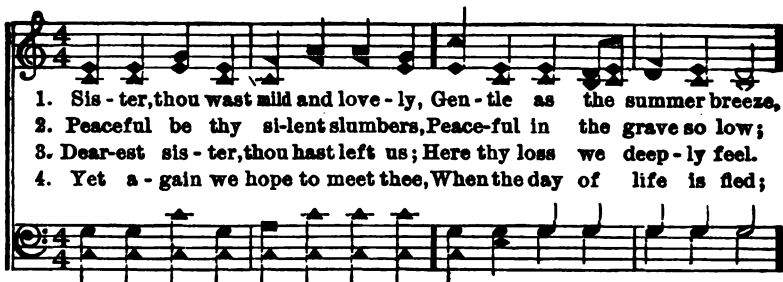
The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.



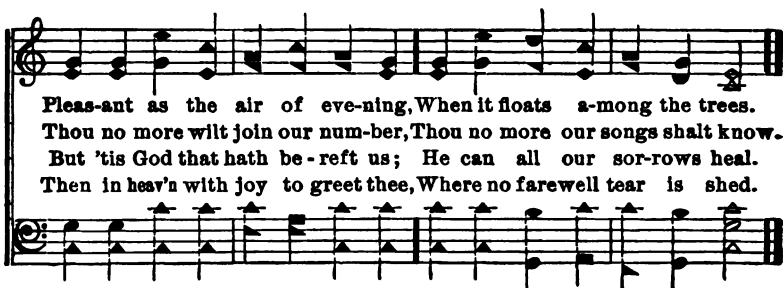
No. 240. Mount Vernon. 8s & 7.

S. F. SMITH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the summer breeze,
2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumbers, Peace - ful in the grave so low;
3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel.
4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;

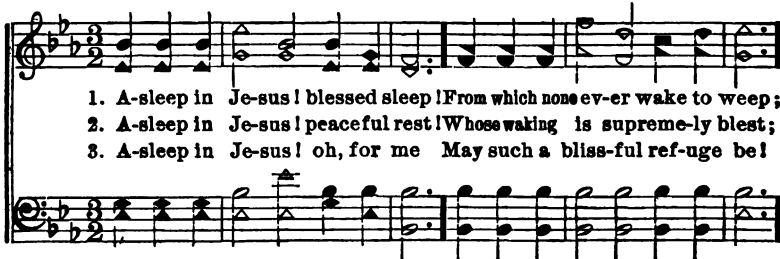


Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 But 'tis God that hath be - reft us; He can all our sor - rows heal.
 Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

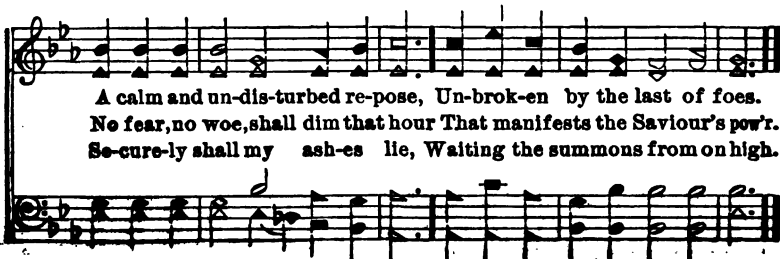
No. 241.

Rest. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supreme - ly blest;
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!



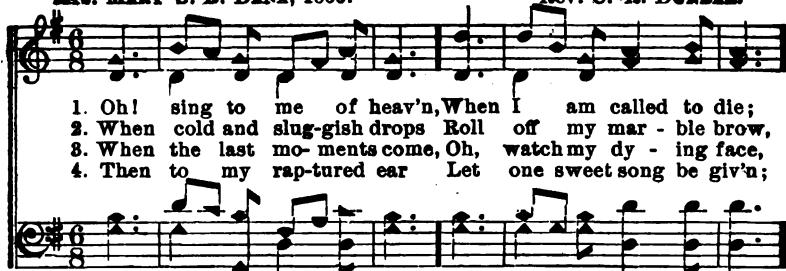
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 242.

Dunbar. S. M.

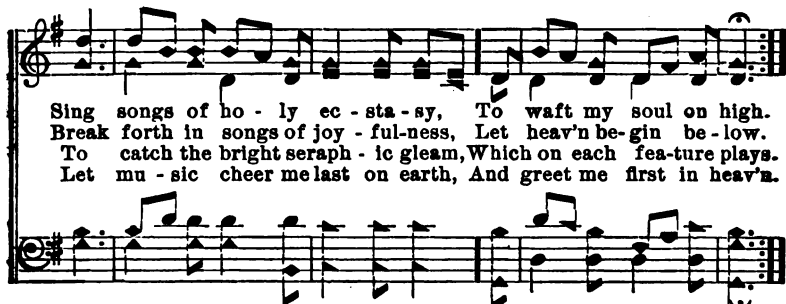
Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA, 1800.

Rev. G. R. DUNBAR.



1. Oh! sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
 2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar-ble brow,
 3. When the last mo-ments come, Oh, watch my dy-ing face,
 4. Then to my rap-tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;

CHO. There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there;



Sing songs of ho-ly ec-sta-sy, To waft my soul on high.
 Break forth in songs of joy-ful-ness, Let heav'n be-gin be-low.
 To catch the bright seraph-ic gleam, Which on each fea-ture plays.
 Let mu-sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.


In heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

No. 243.

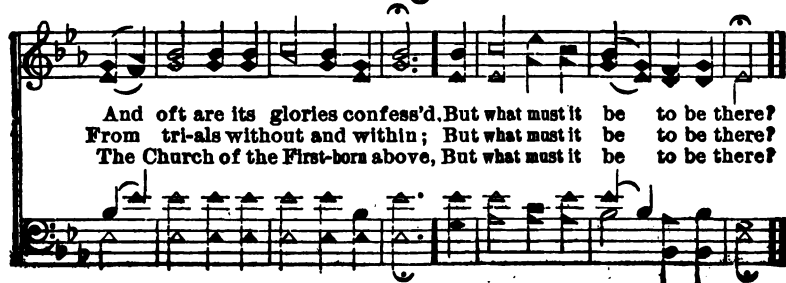
Pierce. 8s.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair;
 2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temptation, and care,
 3. We speak of its service of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,



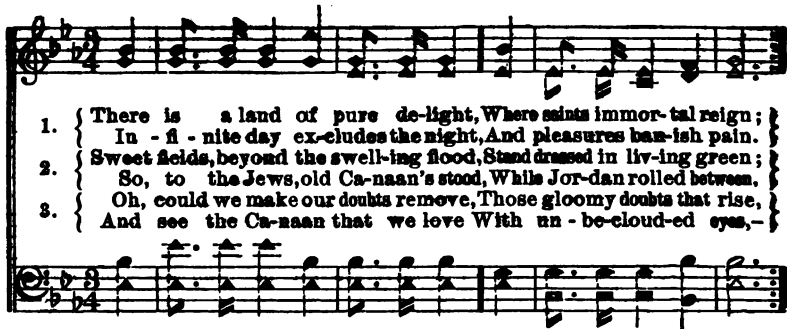
And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there?
 From tri-als without and within; But what must it be to be there?
 The Church of the First-born above, But what must it be to be there?

No. 244.

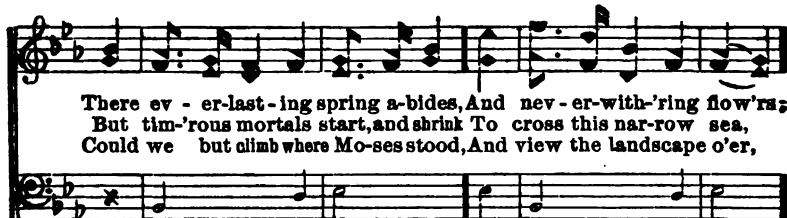
Land of Promise.

IMAG WATTS.

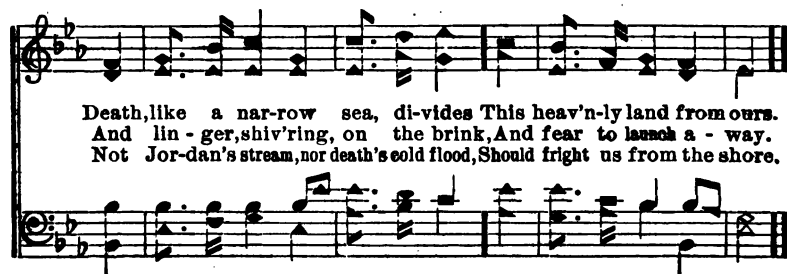
Arr. from RINK by G. F. Root.



1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign; }
 In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields, beyond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }
 So, to the Jews, old Ca-naan's stood, While Jor-dan rolled between. }
 3. { Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, }
 And see the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes. }



There ev - er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev - er-with-'ring flow'rs;
 But tim-rous mortals start, and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
 And lin - ger, shiv'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 245.

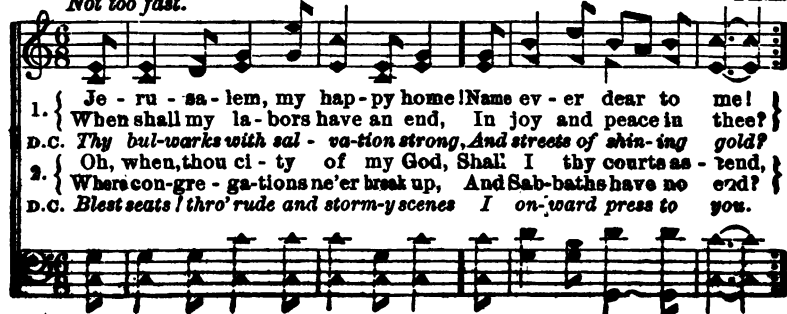
Home. C. M., D.

MONTGOMERY.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Not too fast.

FIVE.



1. { Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! }
 When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee? }
 D.C. Thy bul-warks with sal - va-tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold? }
 2. { Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - tend? }
 Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sab-baths have no end? }
 D.C. Blest seats thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on-ward press to you. }

Home. (Concluded.)

D.C.

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl-y gates be - hold?
There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor-row know.

No. 246. Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM.

H. R. BISHOP.

1. { 'Midsce - nes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, } with salu - t:
How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (*omit.*)
2. { An a - lien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, } to trace;
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (*omit.*)
3. { The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; } de - cay;
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (*omit.*)

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
In the path - way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful, a -
But pleas - ures more last - ing in Je - sus are given: Sal - va - tion on

D.S. There's no friend like

FINE.

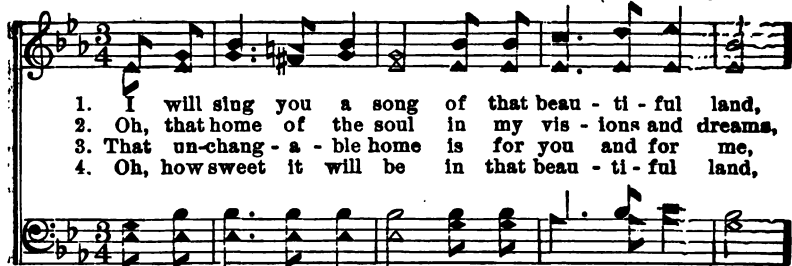
D.S.

pres - ence of Je - sus at home Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
las! that it led me from home.
earth, and a man - sion in heav'n.

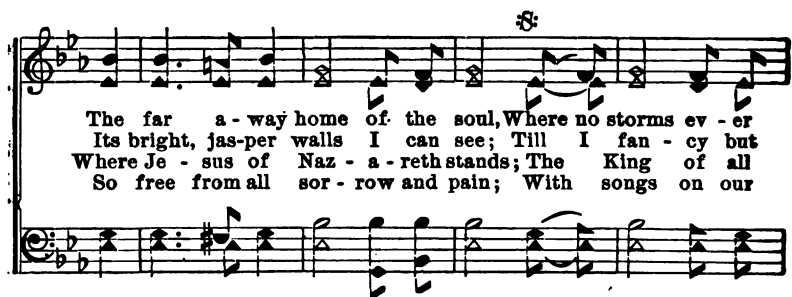
Je - sus, there's no place like home.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

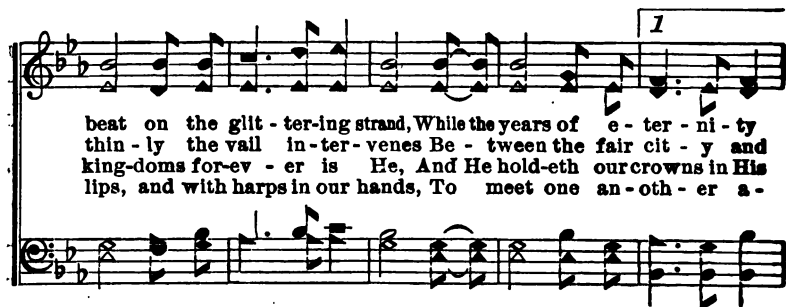
PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



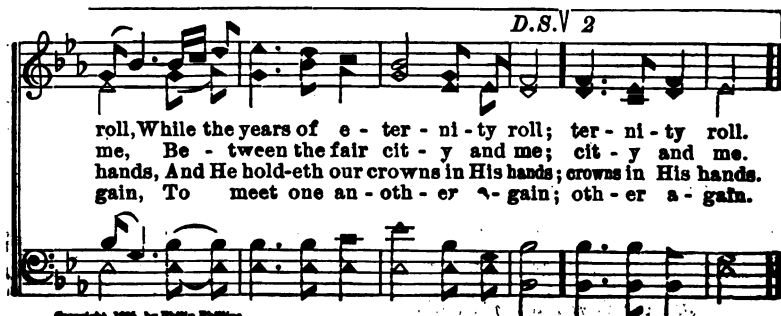
1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
 3. That un - chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
 4. Oh, howsweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,



The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
 Its bright, jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
 Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
 So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our



beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
 thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
 king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
 lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a -



roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
 me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
 hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
 gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

FIN

1. { Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world a-round, }
 Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found. }
 D.C. Brethren, where your al-tar burns, O re-ceive me in-to rest.

2. { Lone-ly I no long-er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; }
 Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave; }
 D.C. Earth can fill my soul no more,—Ev-'ry i-dol I re-sign.

D.C.

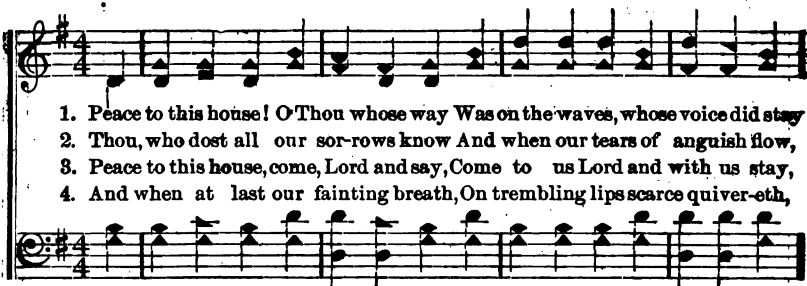
Now to you my spir-it turns— Turns a fu-gi-tive un-blest;
 Mine the God whom you a-dore, Your Re-deem-er shall be mine;

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

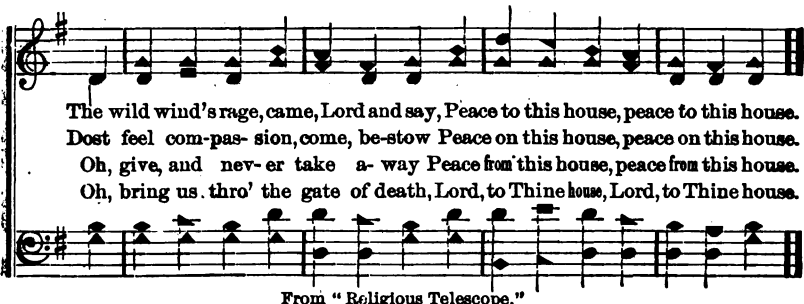
1. Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 2. Bless'd is the pi-ous house, Where zeal and friend-ship meet;
 3. Thus, on the heav'n-ly hills The saints are bless'd a-bove,

Whose kind de-signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac-tions run.
 Their songs of praise, their min-gled vows, Make their commun-ion sweet.
 Where joy, like morn-ing dew, dis-tills, And all the air is love.

JACOB GOOD.



1. Peace to this house! O Thou whose way Was on the waves, whose voice did stay
 2. Thou, who dost all our sor-rows know And when our tears of anguish flow,
 3. Peace to this house, come, Lord and say, Come to us Lord and with us stay,
 4. And when at last our fainting breath, On trembling lips scarce quiver-eth,



The wild wind's rage, came, Lord and say, Peace to this house, peace to this house.
 Dost feel com-pas-sion, come, be-stow Peace on this house, peace on this house.
 Oh, give, and nev-er take a-way Peace from this house, peace from this house.
 Oh, bring us thro' the gate of death, Lord, to Thine house, Lord, to Thine house.

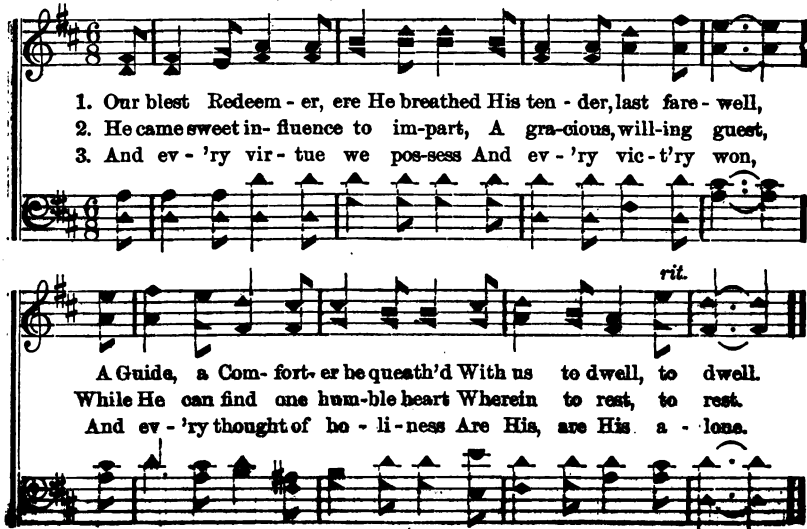
From "Religious Telescope."

No. 251.

THE COMFORTER.

Rev. EDWARD JUDSON, D.D.

JACOB GOOD.



1. Our blest Redeem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare - well,
 2. He came sweet in - fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing guest,
 3. And ev - 'ry vir-tue we pos-sess And ev - 'ry vic-t'ry won,

rit.

A Guide, a Com- fort- er he questh'd With us to dwell, to dwell.
 While He can find one hum-ble heart Wherein to rest, to rest.
 And ev - 'ry thought of ho - li-ness Are His, are His a - lone.

No. 252.

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"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Ps. 28: 22.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CARRY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty.

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rock's and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's

cres.
 Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 253.

Benediction.

J. H. HALL.

{ The grace of our Lord } love of God { And the communion of }
 { Jesus Christ, and the } { the Holy Ghost, be }

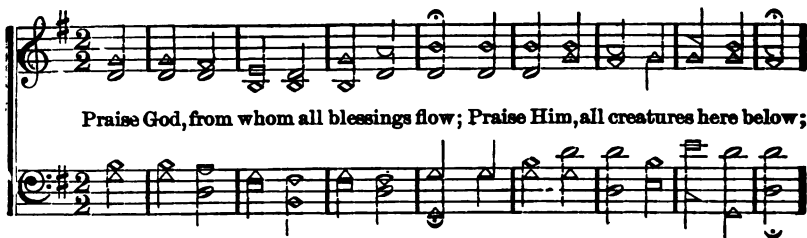
with you all, | Now and ev - er - more. A - MEN.

No. 254.

OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

LEWIS BOURGEOIS.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;



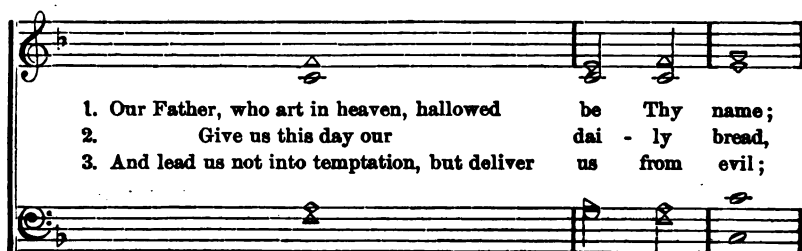
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 255.

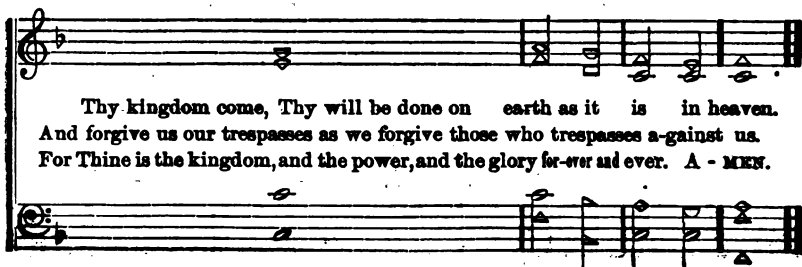
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

CHANT.

Dr. H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;



Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespasses a-against us.
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for-~~er~~ ever. A - MEN.

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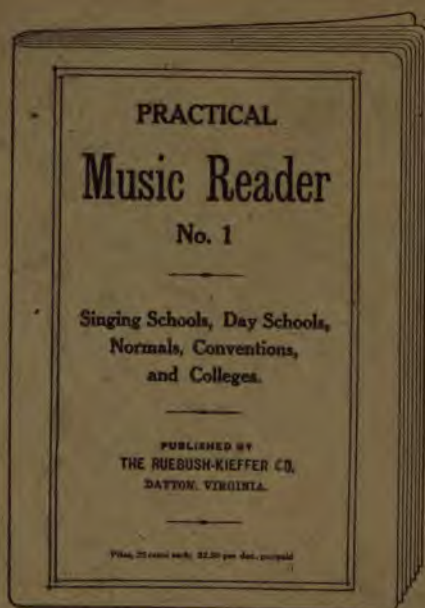
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